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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Affairs of State—Love in Washington, D.C., from the viewpoint of a Frenchman, Louis Verneuil, who, in his first play in English, manages to sound a good deal like American playwrights on the same subject. Celeste Holm, gay and handsome, heads a cast that includes Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Black Chiffon—A mighty slender British exercise in psychiatry, played for more than it is worth by Flora Robson and the other members of a mighty strong British cast. (48th St. Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Daphne Laureola—A small, somewhat muddy comedy from England, notable chiefly for its acting, which is spearheaded by Dame Edith Evans, as a drunk of great charm and refinement. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Happy Time—If you liked "I Remember Mama," you may enjoy this portrait of a breezy and irresponsible French-Canadian family, though it is really a far more elementary piece of work. Roger Dann has taken over the lead from Claude Dauphin. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 11, and Saturdays at 2:35. Special performance, for the Stage Relief Fund, Sunday evening, Oct. 8, and special matinée, Thursday, Oct. 12.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is the boy who wouldn't grow up in this spirited revival of Barrie's fantasy, which undoubtedly still has its enthusiasts. Boris Karloff is Captain Hook, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and there is some excellent incidental music by Leonard Bernstein. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursdays at 2:40.)

Season in the Sun—The first comedy hit to come along this semester. It was written by Wolcott Gibbs, and is based, loosely, on his stories about Fire Island in *The New Yorker*. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Paula Laurence, and Anthony Ross. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**the cocktail party:** T. S. Eliot's play about a rather unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients. Now with Henry Daniell, Margaret Phillips, and Hugh Williams, as well as Cathleen Nesbitt. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **death of a salesman:** A solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope. Thomas Mitchell is now playing the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the member of the wedding:** Carson McCullers' novel concerning a lonely adolescent, turned into a play, with Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** Henry Fonda, Paul Stewart, William Harrigan, and Dick Van Patten patrolling the deck of that Navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 11, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Oct. 12.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

The Gioconda Smile—Basil Rathbone and Valerie Taylor in a play by Aldous Huxley. Directed and produced by Shepard Traube. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Consul—Considered separately, neither the libretto nor the score of this unique production, written and staged singlehanded by Gian-Carlo Menotti, amounts to a great deal, but they combine to give Broadway its first successful all-out opera—and a stirring work of art. Patricia Neway and Gloria Lane contribute some noteworthy singing. Bruni Falcon substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Six former burlesque comics provide the humor in this scuffle of Mr. Todd's with the theatre, and sex is attended to by a bevy of appetizing girls wearing as little as possible. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music includes an offering from the King of Thailand; and the scenery and costumes are the work of Howard Bay and Irene Sharaff, respectively. Only for those who like their entertainment rough and noisy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Tickets, Please!—Paul and Grace Hartman are very funny in this revue, but the subordinate performers and their material seem quite a bit below standard. Among them are Dorothy Jarnac, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. No fewer than four people collaborated on the sketches, and five on the lyrics and music. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 11, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Oct. 12.)

Long Runs—**gentlemen prefer blondes:** Lorelei Lee and Dorothy Shaw, brought back to life and set to music. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **kiss me, kate:** Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott now play the leads in this Cole Porter musical. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Melodious life on an island within small-boat distance of Bali Ha'i. Ray Middleton has assumed Ezio Pinza's chores, but Mary Martin is with us still. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Pardon Our French—A new uproar by Olsen and Johnson, with music by Victor Young and lyrics by Edward Heyman. In the cast are Denise Darcel, Marty May, June Johnson, and Bill Shirley. Opens Thursday, Oct. 5. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Legend of Sarah—Included in the cast of this comedy by James Gow and Arnaud D'Usseau are Marsha Hunt, Tom Helmore, and Ethel Griffies. Directed by Benn W. Levy and produced by Kermit Bloomgarden. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 11. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Call Me Madam—Ethel Merman and Paul Lukas in a musical by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, with music and lyrics by Irving Berlin. Produced by Leland Hayward and directed by George Abbott. Dances by Jerome Robbins, and scenery and costumes by Raoul Pène duBois. Opens Thursday, Oct. 12. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET

Les Ballets de Paris—"Les Demoiselles de la Nuit," "L'Œuf à la Coque," "Les Forains," and "Carmen." With Renée Jeanmaire, Roland Petit, and Colette Marchand. Opens Sunday, Oct. 8. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Medium and **The Telephone**—A double-bill theatre-in-the-round production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's operas, with Zelma Watson George, Edith Gordon, and Paul King. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 14.)

Rodeo—Round-up time on Eighth Avenue, with Gene Autry and a couple of hundred cowboys

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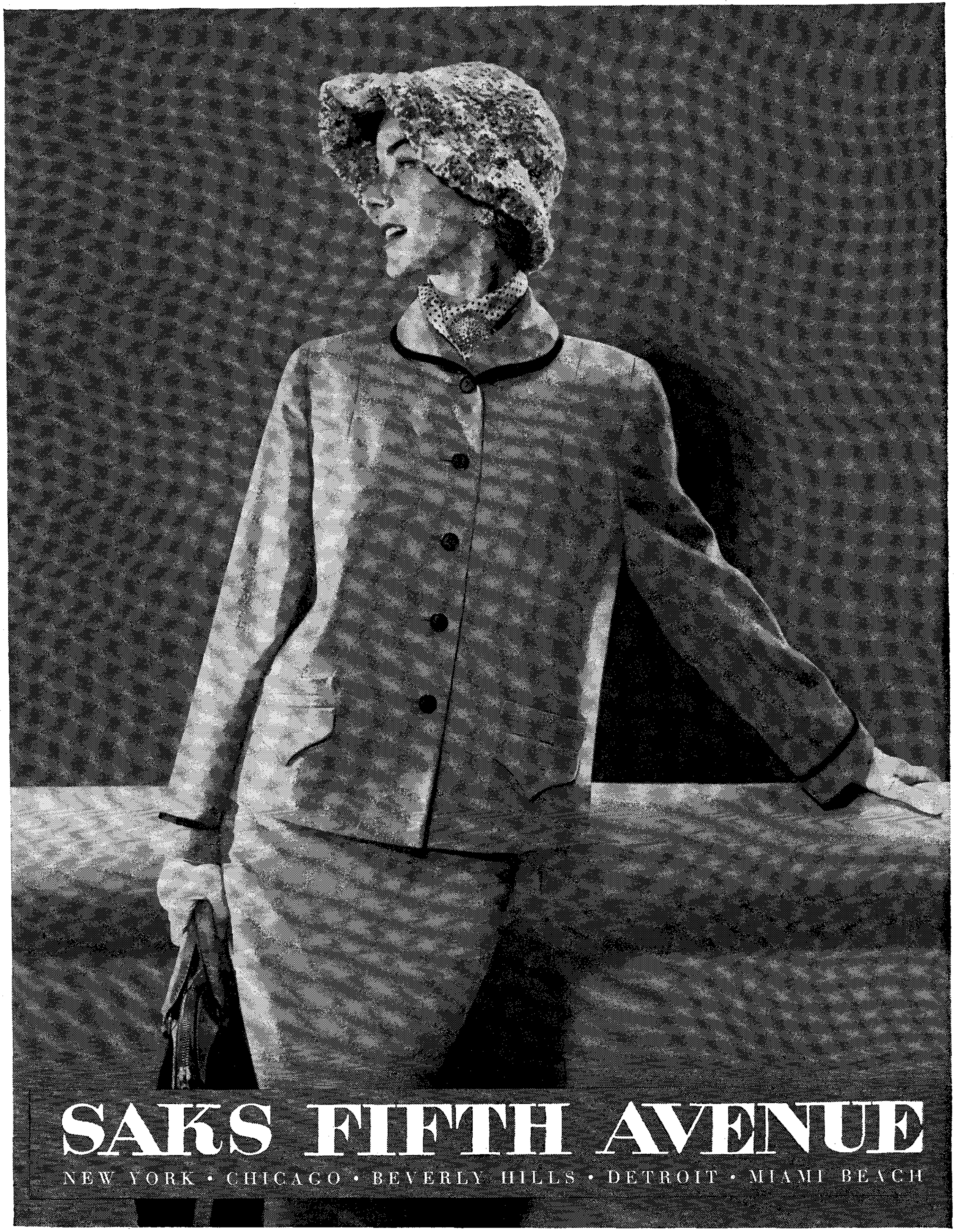

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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8	9	10	11	12	13	14

and Indians. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Oct. 12, at 2:30. Through Sunday, Oct. 22.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Through Monday, Oct. 9, William Scotti's band will play for dancing in the subterranean but pleasant Garden. Quiet on Sunday.... ¶ The Trianon Room will reopen Tuesday, Oct. 10, with a benefit for the East Side House. The orchestras of Jules Lande and Nino de Moraes will provide the sound effects.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra plays during dinner in the Madison Room, which is closed Sundays, and, except Sundays, for cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing in either room.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Through Wednesday, Oct. 11, this emporium, recently rededicated to jazz, will be occupied by Errol Garner, whose hot little hands work wonders with a piano, and Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five. The row starts around nine. Next night, another mighty pianist, Joe Bushkin, moves in with the new band he has assembled. Cliff Jackson is, as always, the interlude operator of the keyboard. Dancing.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Billy Rose's lengthy reminiscences of early New York café life as it surely never was. The most entertaining mementos are the Rigoletto Brothers. W. C. Handy and Harry Armstrong, ancient and heartwarming, are also around. Noble Sissle and Billy Banks are the bandmasters. Dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A gathering place for those who feel that it's always brightest just before the dawn. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room has an ice show at dinner and supper, looking like all other ice shows but demonstrating how much can be done with a cake of ice, a dozen pairs of skates, and six pairs of beautiful legs. Jean Arlen has the best pair of each. Bernie Cummins' big band, happily, is softer-voiced than most. Peter Kent's orchestra helps out. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, there is Mimi Benzell, a fetching but sometimes coy graduate of the Met's finishing school, plus Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band. They all perform at dinner and, except Sundays, at supper. Closed Mondays.... ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the elegant Café Pierre. Page Morton, who sings in several tongues (seriatim, that is), is at the piano between sets.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room has another of its true-to-form confections. Jane Froman sings, Mary Raye and Naldi dance, and Mark Monte's Continentals and Dick La Salle's orchestra play pretty music.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a rapturous idealization of "Wien, Wien," has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras after 8:30. Thursday, Oct. 5, is a benefit occasion for a Bellevue charity.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court from the cocktail hour to midnight. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Emery Deutsch's dinner music in the Oval Room, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's orchestra fills in.... ¶ The Palm Court offers Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo is again exercising his squatter's rights. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, one of the best-dressed wine cellars in town, Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz, those old family retainers, do the dance music, and Margaret Phelan sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, which serves as a town house for a fairly regal element of our population, has the dinner and supper dance music of Lester Lanin's orchestra and Jan Brunesco's gypsies. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Don Abney's piano, in the Café bar, from six to twelve, except Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, from dinnertime on, through Saturday, Oct. 14, Ralph Flanagan's orchestra for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—An elaborate treatise on the care and feeding of children. Suzy Mulligan sings, and Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band supply the dance music.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, whose basic little black dress is the very least of her talents, is paying her annual visit to America. It's hard to say whether she's first an actress or first a ballad-singer, but there's a rich flavor to the blend. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band work on the dance music.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Wedgwood Room, Roger Price, famed author, lecturer, and explorer, presents his extraordinary findings on the human mind and map. Kitty Kallen is the house soprano; Emil Coleman's orchestra is the main music-maker. Mischa Borr's dance band alternates with Mr. Coleman's and on Sundays plays until midnight all by itself.... ¶ In the Flamingo Room, Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing every evening after six. Closed Sundays.

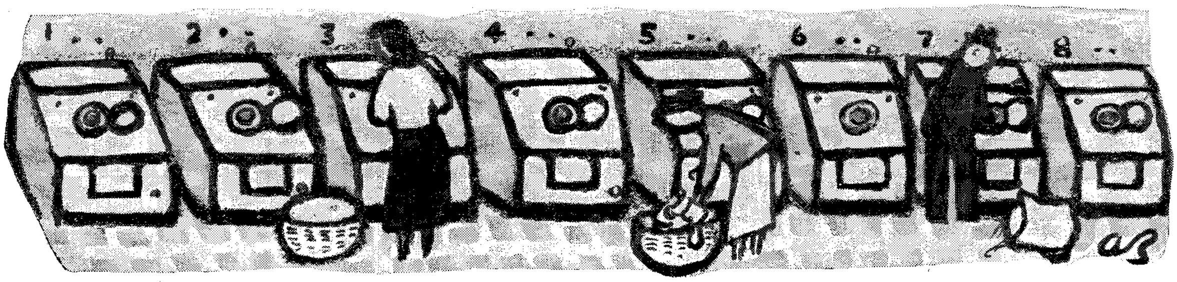
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): That famous ceramic tree glitters brightly once more, but no more brightly than the piano arabesques of Cy Walter, who's back on the dais at dinner and again at supper, except Sundays.... **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who was on the bandstand at Helen of Troy's coming-out party, is still applying his light touch to the dance music here. He starts at eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio plays, too. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Felix Romaine's tableside violin from dinnertime on, and Ernie Warren's trio, which gets pleasantly warm at times, later in the evening. Sundays, Nancy Reed's piano is the only competition for the small talk.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and fiddle after nine-thirty for a not especially subdued audience. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborhood level, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Simone Dolphen, a sassy little French singer who uses the top of a piano as both a running track and a swimming pool. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play valiant double piano when Mlle. D. leaves room for them, and Hazel Webster, of course, is still the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays; Monday is amateur night.... **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy bit of 1960 décor, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays.... **VIEUX CARRÉ,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Except Mondays, Louis Hawkins turns his fine Southern hand to lighthearted piano and conversation in this reminder of a New Orleans balcony. He is an obbligato to cocktails, dinner, and supper. The room is over L'Aiglon Restaurant.... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, up over the tumultuous Show Spot bar, Mabel Mercer sings her one-of-a-kind sad songs about the loveless love life of the moderns. Sam Hamilton is her pianist.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy shows up in her Swiss chalet around ten to begin her night-blooming ballads. Closed Sundays.... **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Maxine Sullivan's cool little voice fills the midnight air with gratifying sound. Laurie Brewis, who by now is part of the family, dips into his reserve of show tunes about eight, and also does Miss Sullivan's piano background. Closed Sundays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels, flanked by three of his lifelong coworkers—Mae Barnes, a brass-lunged shouter who could probably take Ezzard Charles in about the fourth round; Norene Tate, singing and playing piano; and Garland Wilson, playing piano and clowning—begins around ten-thirty. A surprise (and prize) package named Alice Ghostley contributes some amusing songs and an amusing face. Closed Mondays.... **RALEIGH ROOM,** Hotel Warwick, 65 W. 54th St. (CI 7-2700): Cy Coleman puts considerable thought and sometimes almost too much energy into the music performed by his trio, but it's something worth listening to. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano and cymbalon music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's band for dancing between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, a well-known horseplayer, reviewing his life and hard times. Patti Page, a handsome songbird, takes care of visiting romanticists. Dancing.... **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Billy Daniels, casting ditties left and right in the course of his



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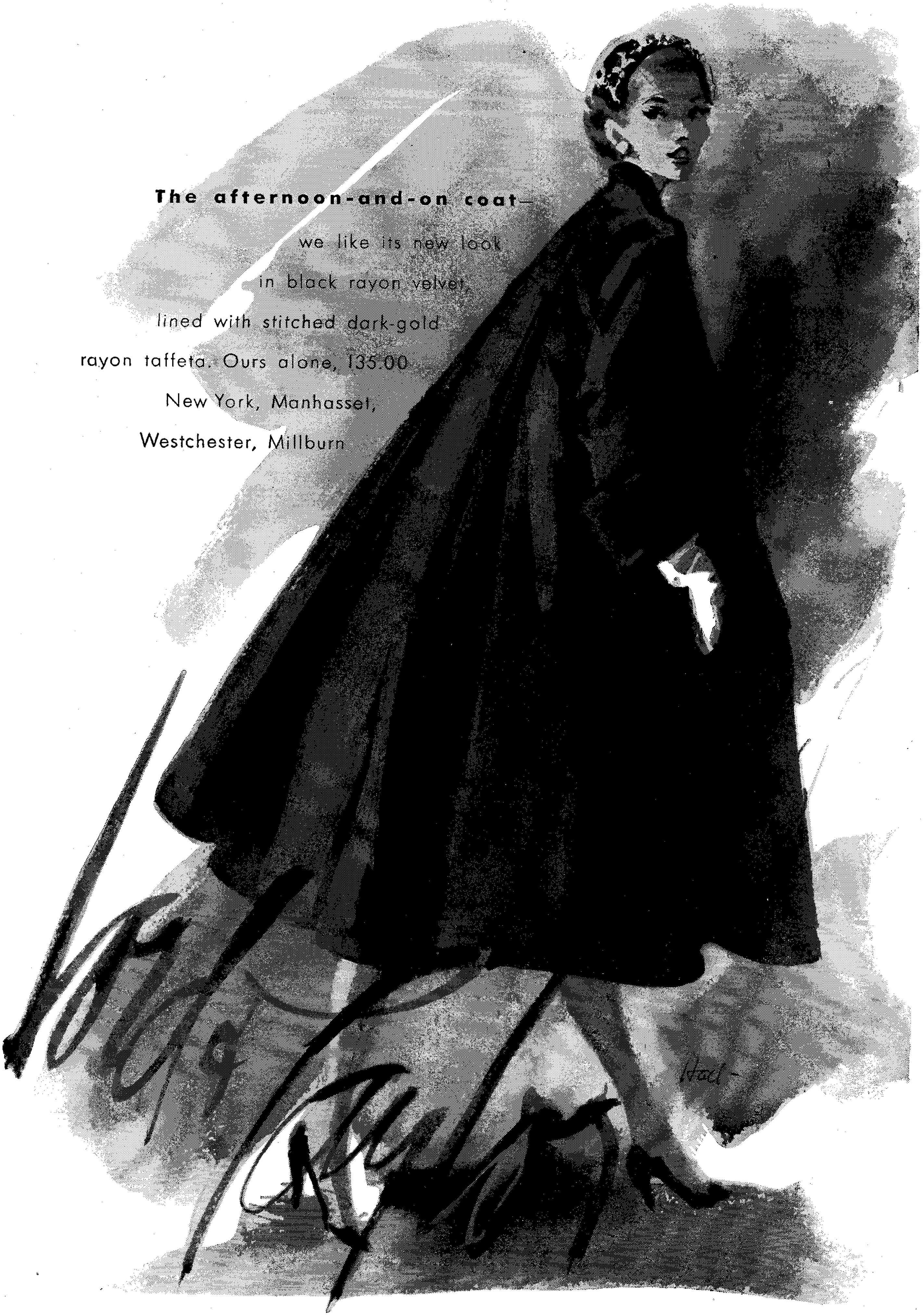

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Wally Cox, a murderously incisive and equally funny parodist; and the Weavers, a group of ingenious singers who manage the neat trick of being funny as well as folksy. Stuart Ross, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Harold Cooke provide the customary luxurious musical background, and the Mad Moiselles the customary rowdiness. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Ralph Strain's persuasive dinnertime piano and the after-theatre piano fantasies of the celebrated Eadie and Rack. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Michael Brown, one of Julius Monk's cleverest inventions, having a field day with his songs of the subconscious. A willowy blonde called Shirl Conway and some tots called the Four Lads do their special ballads, and two newcomers called the Deuces Wild try out some gags. The light, fantastic chamber music of the Norman Paris Trio is the setting. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The words and music of Richard Dyer-Bennett, for which "spellbinding" is but medium praise. Also a dash of reasonably smart comedy by Charlotte Rae, as well as the brisk dance music of Clarence Williams, Karl Lynch, et al. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Johnny Windhurst, and sometimes Mr. Condon, letting joy reign unrefined. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is working here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, experimenting with their pet brand of mechanical therapy. Don Frye plays piano while they're out wiping their brows. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): "The Jazz Train," a history of hot music, involving Fletcher Henderson's and Earl Bostic's bands and a bunch of showgirls. Its message seems to be (a) that jazz is here to stay and (b) that history sometimes repeats itself. Of the singers, Irene Williams is the most memorable. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Al Hibbler sings, and a group led by Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt play. Machito and his Afro-Cubans compound the mischief. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rigadoons. On Oct. 6, the bands of Max Kaminsky (Bob Wilber, Sandy Williams, Elmer Schoebel, John Kirby, and George Wettling) and Oran Page (Rex Stewart, Cecil Scott, Wilbur de Paris, Frank Signorelli, and Freddie Moore) will offer their wares. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night fun in a boiler factory for the youngsters. Oct. 6, the roster includes Benny Morton, Big Sid Catlett, Big Chief Russell Moore, Sidney de Paris, Gene Sedric, Kansas Fields, and Willie the Lion Smith. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, weekdays.)

GALLERIES

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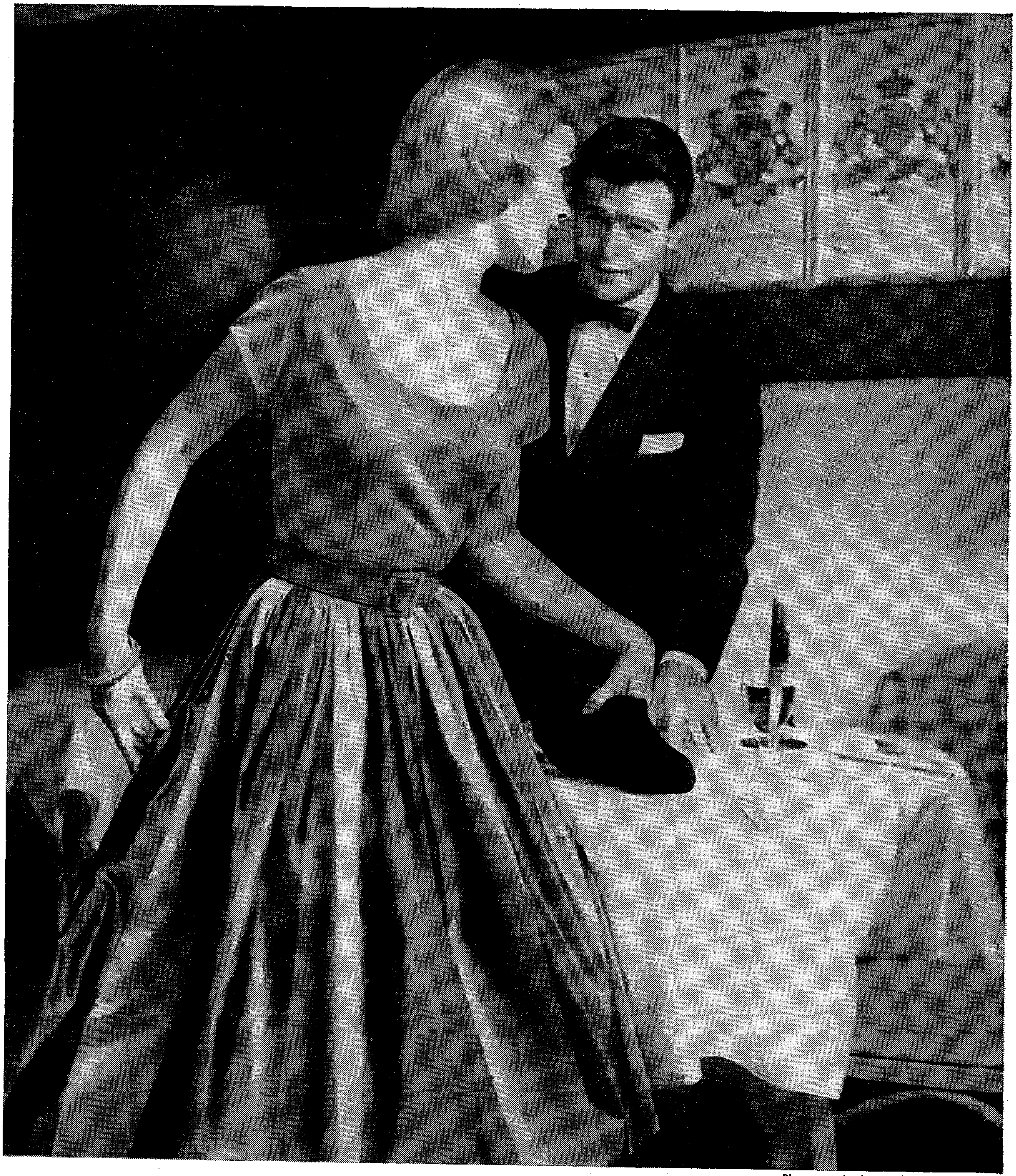

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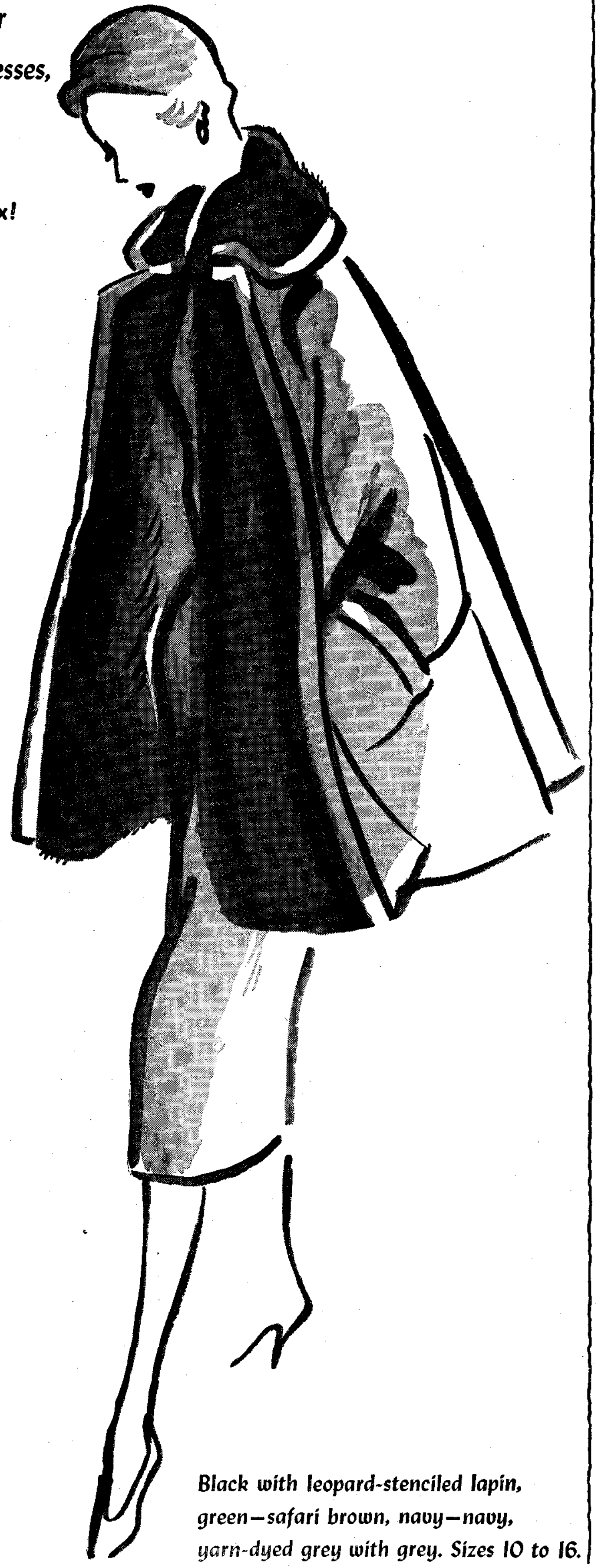

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Black with leopard-stenciled lapin, green—safari brown, navy—navy, yarn-dyed grey with grey. Sizes 10 to 16.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

European and American schools. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 14.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: The gallery's annual pre-season exhibition, consisting of over a hundred and thirty paintings and sculptures by as many artists. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; through Oct. 13.... **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: A generally lively twenty-fifth anniversary showing, including work by Julian Levi, Bernard Karfiol, and Niles Spencer; through Oct. 21.... **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Extreme modern pieces, some chosen as much for their shock quality as for their artistic value, by Paul Delvaux, Marcel Duchamp, and others; through Oct. 21.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Water colors and gouaches by Louise Stanton and John Hartell, among others, in a roundup of this gallery's younger artists; through Oct. 21.... **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and other works by members of the art-school faculty, including Stuart Davis, Abraham Rattner, and Chaim Gross. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 3:30; through Oct. 13.

LEO MANSO—Recent oils, most of them depicting the sea, wharves at night, or marine forms, in his first one-man show since 1947. (Levitt, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.; through Oct. 14.)

MODERN FRENCH—Paintings by such well-known artists as Vlaminck, Dufy, and Utrillo, along with some interesting work by two young Parisians, François Arnal and Bernard Buffet. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 13.)

LEO QUANCHI—Rather rigidly patterned but effective abstractions. (Salpeter, 36 W. 56th St. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Oct. 20.)

REMBRANDT—Etchings, including portraits, self-portraits, religious subjects, and landscapes, many of them at very low prices. (Kleemann, 65 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 7.)

GERTRUDE ROGERS—Farm scenes and still-lifes, mostly, by a self-taught Michigan artist who paints with taste and integrity. (American British Art Gallery, 122 E. 55th St.; through Oct. 7.)

HARRY STERNBERG—Chiefly whimsical studies in which harlequins and acrobats perform tricks on housetop television antennae. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 7.)

MURIEL STREETER—Paintings, mainly landscapes, with a wistful touch that is reminiscent of some of the neo-romantics. (Hewitt, 18 E. 69th St.; through Oct. 14.)

THE WOMAN IN FRENCH PAINTING—As seen through the eyes of painters of the more or less ascetic sixteenth century, the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth, and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Oct. 31.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Benjamin Kopman; through Oct. 21.... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Darrel Austin; through Oct. 28.... ¶ Group shows at the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 21. **GANSO**, 125 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 28. **NEW GALLERY**, 63 W. 44th St. Weekdays, 10 to 8; through Oct. 24. **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.; through Oct. 21.

NOTE—The semiannual art exhibit in Washington Square is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sunday, Oct. 15.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A showing of oils, water colors, prints, and sculptures by members of the Museum's art-school faculty. The group includes Max Beckmann, William Baziotes, Reuben Tam, and Milton Hebald. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5; through Oct. 15.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Thirty-five models of important Jewish historical scenes, from the time of Abraham to the proclamation of Israel's independence. The models were built by an Englishman, Denny C. Stokes. Through March 30.... ¶ Paintings and drawings of Jerusalem and Haifa, along with portraits and figure studies, by an Israeli, Rabbi Abraham J. Shapira; through

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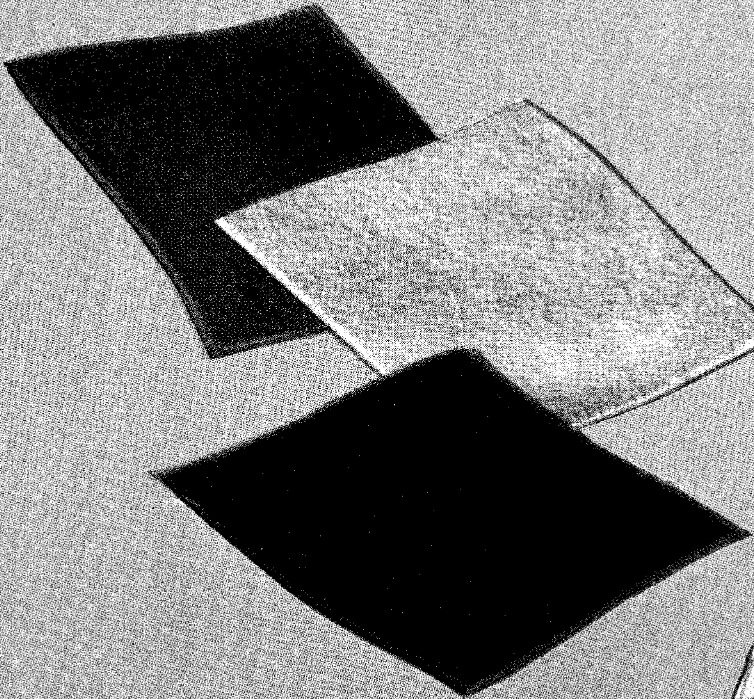

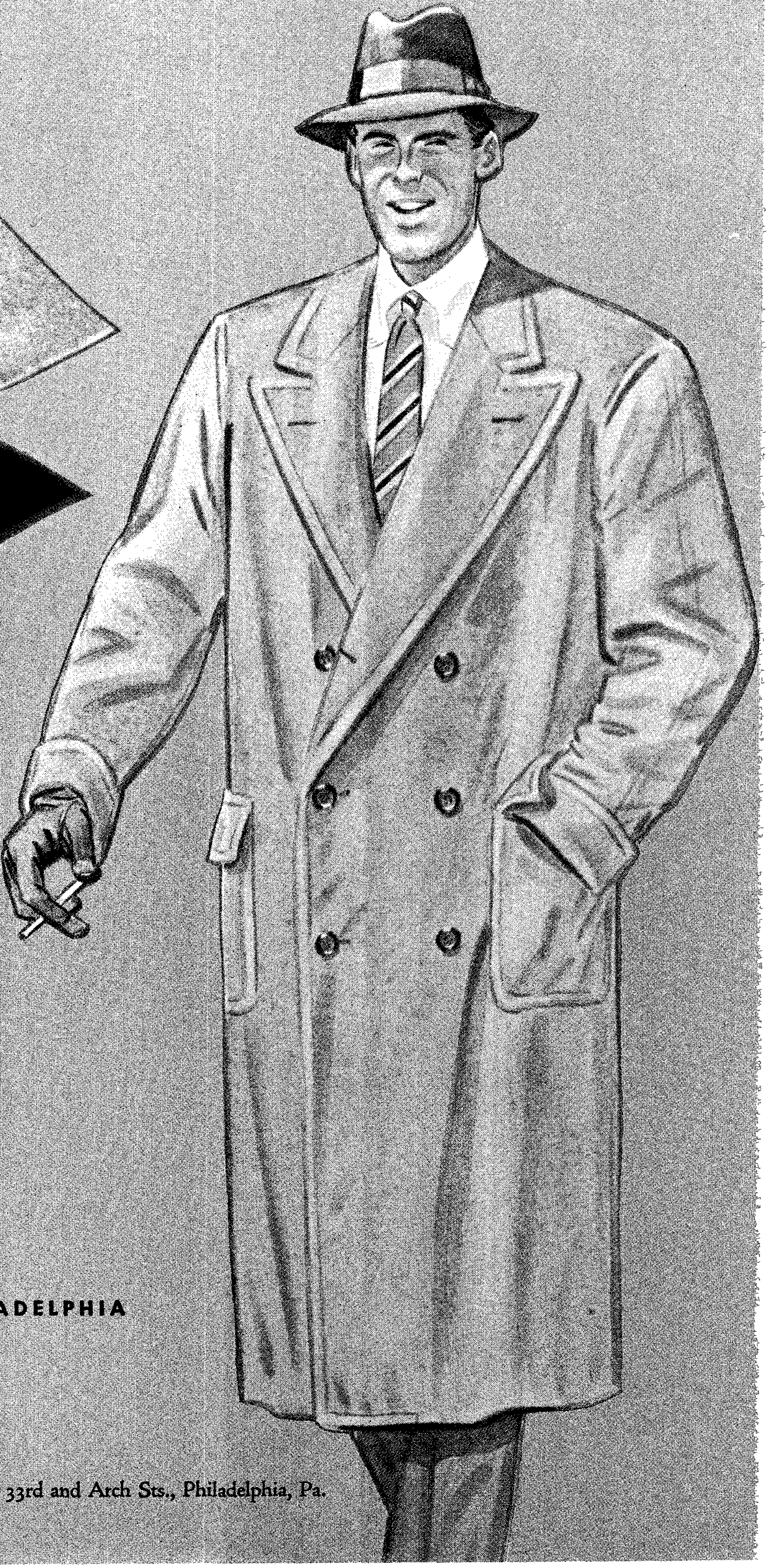

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Oct. 9. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Oct. 12, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit taken from the permanent collection of American paintings, drawings, and prints, and covering, roughly, the last fifty years; through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Chess sets and boards given to the Museum in 1948 by Gustavus A. Pfeiffer; through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of twentieth-century paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection. There are groupings of American, British, pre-Nazi German, and Latin-American art, as well as a section devoted to portraits; through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Models, photographs, and plans of buildings designed by the firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, among them the N.Y.U.-Bellevue Medical Center, at 1st Ave. and 34th St., and the Lever House, at Park Ave. and 53rd St.; through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ In the Museum garden (entrance at 4 W. 54th St.), a one-story house designed by Gregory Ain; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 7.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A showing by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay, Josef Albers, and Alice Mason, as well as by some Europeans who are new exhibitors here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Nov. 7.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—A display of American art, part of the permanent collection, and including oils, water colors, sculpture, and drawings. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through Nov. 5.)

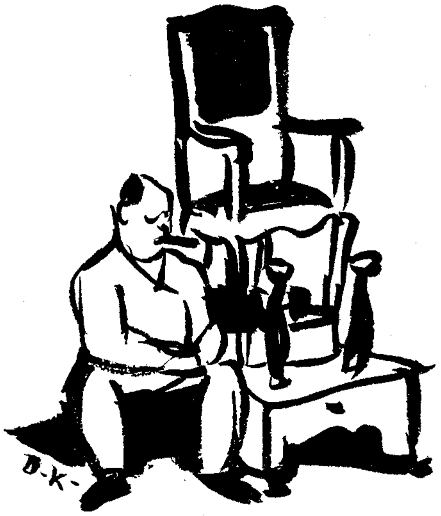
MUSIC

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, Oct. 5, at 8:15: "Der Rosenkavalier." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 6, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 7, at 8:15: "Turandot." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 8, at 2:30: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 8, at 8:15: "Faust." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 13, at 7:30: The company's première of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 14, at 2:30: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 14, at 8:15: "Carmen." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, April 22. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 13, at 2:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in an all-Bach program. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexing-



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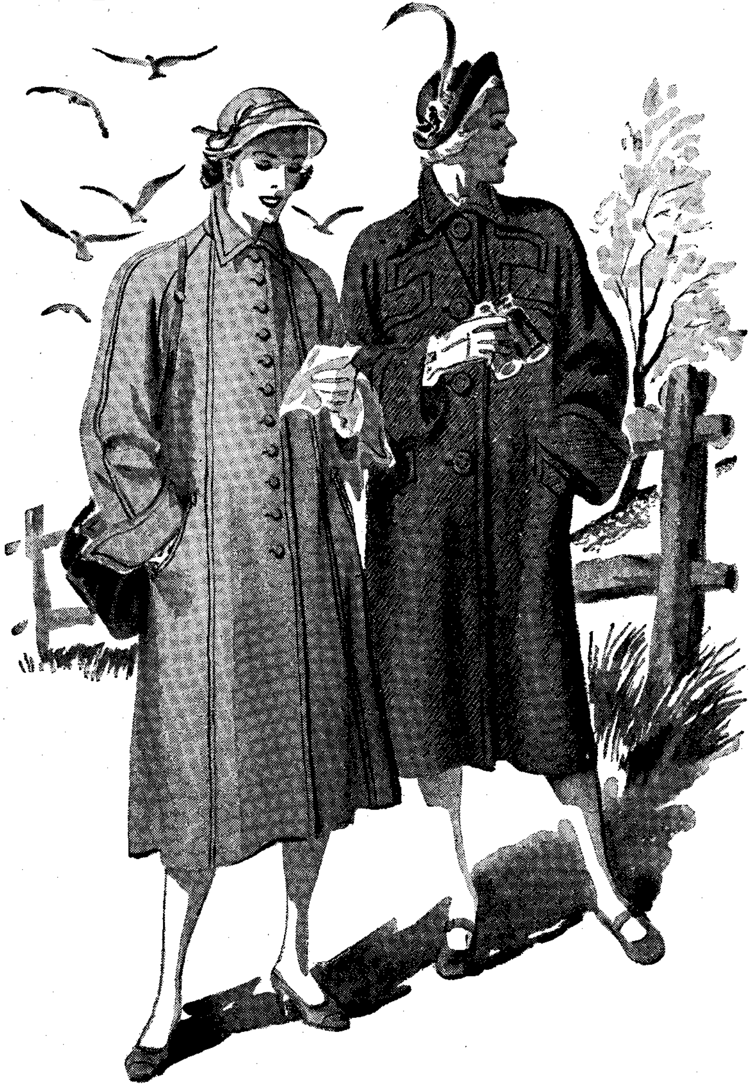

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ton Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Oct. 11, at 8:40.)

ADOLF BUSCH AND RUDOLF SERKIN—In a violin-and-piano recital. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY—Locust Valley Music Festival—The New Music String Quartet, a chamber orchestra conducted by Clara Burling Roesch, and Patricia Neway, soprano. (Mrs. Alma Morgenthau's residence, Lattingtown Estates, Locust Valley. Sunday, Oct. 8, at 3:15. For tickets, call Glen Cove 4-5951J.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—World Series—Yankees vs. Phillies: Second game at Philadelphia, Thursday, Oct. 5; third, fourth, and, if necessary, fifth games at Yankee Stadium, Friday through Sunday, Oct. 6-8. After that, if the battle still rages, back to Philadelphia for final games on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 9-10. The New York Telephone Company is furnishing running scores along with its time reports; call MEridian 7-1212.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—On SATURDAY, OCT. 7, all at 2: Army vs. Penn State, at West Point.... ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge. ... ¶ Holy Cross vs. Brown, at Worcester.... ¶ Michigan vs. Dartmouth, at Ann Arbor. ... ¶ Navy vs. Northwestern, at Baltimore. ... ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton.... ¶ Syracuse vs. Cornell, at Syracuse.... ¶ Yale vs. Fordham, at New Haven.... FRIDAY, OCT. 13: Boston College vs. Fordham, at Boston, at 8:30.... SATURDAY, OCT. 14: Army vs. Michigan, at Yankee Stadium, at 2.... ¶ Brooklyn College vs. N.Y.U., at Ebbets Field, at 8.... ¶ Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton, at 2.... ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 2.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at 2.... ¶ Princeton vs. Navy, at Princeton, at 2.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Temple, at New Brunswick, at 2.... ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Yanks vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8:30. ... ¶ Yanks vs. Green Bay Packers, Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:30. (Both at Yankee Stadium.)

DOG SHOW—Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 7.)

HUNT RACING—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 4, and Saturday, Oct. 7.) ... ¶ Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club. (Flourtown, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 14.)

POLO—At BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30.... BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3.

RACING—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, Oct. 9. The Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, Friday, Oct. 6; the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 7; and the Champagne, Monday, Oct. 9. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track weekdays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturday between 10:45 and 1:25.) ... UNITED HUNTS AT BELMONT PARK: Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 10-11, at 1:15. (Trains will leave Penn Station for the track between the times given above.) ... JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15, from Thursday, Oct. 12, through Wednesday, Oct. 18. The Interborough Handicap, Thursday, Oct. 12, and the Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 14. (Trains will leave Penn Station for the track between the times given above.) ... GARDEN STATE PARK: Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Mondays, at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 4. The Vineland Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 14. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track daily at 10.)

TROTTING—At SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 14.... YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Nov. 11. (A train leaves Grand Central Station for the track daily at 7:11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The General Assembly is in session weekdays. Plenary meetings are held at Flushing Meadow, where about nine hundred visitors are admitted to each meeting. When the full Assembly is not meeting, its

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

committees confer in rooms at Lake Success that accommodate up to a hundred onlookers each; also at Lake Success, visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets to any meeting, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, after 8:30 A.M., the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the United Nations Station, at Flushing Meadow, and for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

WASHINGTON SQUARE ANTIQUES SHOW—Antiques, chiefly of the Federal period, including mechanical toys, souvenirs of Jenny Lind, portraits of famous Americans, and assorted knickknacks, as well as Pennsylvania and New York primitives and other furniture. The setting is the one-time coach house of the Rhinelander mansion. (Engineering Woman's Club, 2 Fifth Ave. Tuesday through Friday, Oct. 10-13, from 11 to 10, and Saturday, Oct. 14, from 11 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The October show is called "The Oldest Story Ever Told," and deals with the universe way back when. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Oct. 12, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Eighteenth-century French furniture, tapestries, laces, china, and other decorations, from the estate of the late Elizabeth Cossitt Stokes Terrien and from other sources. (Exhibition Thursday, Oct. 5, from 9:30 to 5; auction Friday, Oct. 6, at 10:15 and 2.) . . . ¶ English and American furniture of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, miniatures, English silver, and other objects of art, owned by Mrs. Chester L. Dane and others. (Exhibition Thursday and Friday, Oct. 5-6, from 9:30 to 5; auction Saturday, Oct. 7, at 2.) . . . ¶ French, English, and American furniture, and garden sculptures, porcelains, and decorations, property of the late Samuel Rubel. (Exhibition Saturday, Oct. 7, and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 9-10, from 9:30 to 5; auction Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 11-14, each day at 2.) . . . KENDE GALLERIES, 119 W. 57th St.: Oriental art, Colonial furniture and decorations, paintings, and prints, from the collections of Prince Takamatsu of Japan, William R. Sands, and others. (Exhibition Thursday, Oct. 5, from 10 to 5; auction Friday and Saturday, Oct. 6-7, at 2.)

NOTES—The registration period for the Nov. 7 elections is Monday through Friday, Oct. 9-13, from 5 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 14, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Columbus Day is Thursday, Oct. 12.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 21: Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence; Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Lehigh, at Hanover; Harvard vs. Army, at Cambridge; Holy Cross vs. Syracuse, at Worcester; Navy vs. Southern California, at Baltimore; and Rutgers vs. N.Y.U., at New Brunswick. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 28: Boston University vs. Syracuse, at Boston; Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence; Columbia vs. Army, at Baker Field; Fordham vs. San Francisco, at the Polo Grounds; Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge; Lehigh vs. Rutgers, at Bethlehem; Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton; Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown; and Yale vs. Holy Cross, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 4: Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field; Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge; Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Cleveland; Pennsylvania vs. Army, at Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton; Rutgers vs. Brown, at New Brunswick; and Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Oct. 15; Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, Oct. 22; Giants vs. Washington Redskins, Nov. 5; and Giants vs. Chicago Cardinals, Nov. 12. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yanks vs. Chicago Bears, Oct. 29.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Oct. 25 and 29, and Nov. 8, 12, and 15.

HORSE SHOWS—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Oct. 23-28.) . . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 31-Nov. 7.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Oct. 21.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Oct. 28.) . . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds. (Far Hills, N.J. Nov. 4.) . . . ¶ National Hunt Races. (Middleburg, Va. Nov. 7 and 11.)

RACING—At LAUREL PARK, Oct. 17-Nov. 1. . . . EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA, Oct. 19-Nov. 15. The Gold Cup, Oct. 28. . . . PIMLICO, Nov. 3-17.

TENNIS—Jack Kramer, Pancho Segura, Gussie Moran, and Pauline Betz Addie, in professional singles and mixed-doubles matches. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 26.)

MUSIC—OPERA: The Metropolitan Opera season will open Nov. 6, with "Don Carlo," and will run through March 24. . . . CARNEGIE HALL: Jeanette MacDonald, soprano, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Oct. 17 and Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Eileen Farrell, soprano, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Gorodnitzki, piano, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, Oct. 27 and 29. . . . ¶ Solomon, piano, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Joseph Fuchs, violin, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Isaac Stern, violin, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Alexander Brailowsky, piano, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Opening performances of the Boston Symphony, Charles Münch conducting, Nov. 15 and 18. . . . TOWN HALL: Philharmonic-Symphony Young People's concert, Igor Buketoff conducting, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Chamber Art Society, Robert Craft conducting, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ The Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting, Oct. 23 and Nov. 13. . . . ¶ The Bach Aria Group, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Beveridge Webster, piano, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Horszowski, piano, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ New Friends of Music, Nov. 5 and 12. . . . ¶ Richard Dyer-Bennett, folk singer, Nov. 11.

BALLET—The Marquis de Cuevas' Grand Ballet, at the Century Theatre, Oct. 30-Nov. 25. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet Company, at the City Center, Nov. 15-Dec. 3.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Burning Bright," a play by John Steinbeck, with a cast headed by Kent Smith, Barbara Bel Geddes, and Howard Da Silva. . . . ¶ Cyril Ritchard, John Emery, and Madge Elliott in a comedy by John Vanbrugh, "The Relapse." . . . ¶ A comedy, "The Curious Savage," by John Patrick, with Marta Linden, Isobel Elsom, and Brandon Peters. . . . ¶ A British comedy by Frederick Lonsdale, "The Day After Tomorrow." Included in the cast are Beatrice Pearson, Melville Cooper, and Ralph Michael. . . . ¶ Jessica Tandy, as well as Beulah Bondi and Frank Sundstrom, in "Hilda Crane," a play by Samson Raphaelson. . . . ¶ Marthe Errolle, Helmut Dantine, and Irene Bordoni in "The Lady from Paris," a musical by Franz Steininger. . . . ¶ "The Lady's Not for Burning," by Christopher Fry, with an all-English cast including John Gielgud and Pamela Brown. . . . ¶ A musical, "Guys and Dolls," by Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows, with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser. Among those in the cast are Robert Alda, Vivian Blaine, and Sam Levene. . . . ¶ Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer in a comedy by John van Druten, "Bell, Book, and Candle." . . . ¶ "The Barrier," a musical drama with Lawrence Tibbett and Muriel Rahn. Written by Langston Hughes, with a score by Jan Meyerowitz.

OTHER DATES—New York Antiques Fair, in the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 16-21. . . . ¶ Chrysanthemum Show, at the New York Botanical Garden, Oct. 27-29. . . . ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Autumn exhibition by the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Nov. 9-11. . . . ¶ Armistice Day is Saturday, Nov. 11.

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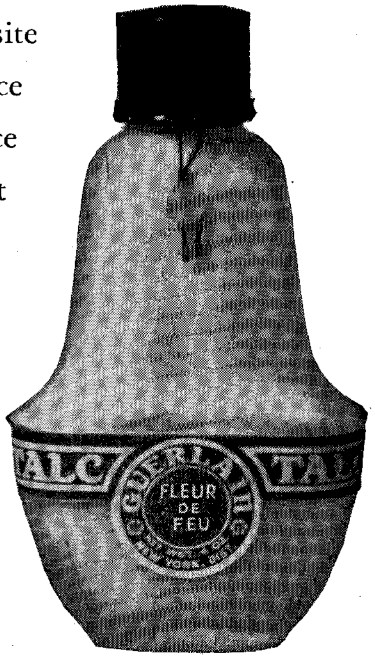

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Bitter Rice—A violent account of the way the lady rice-harvesters in the Po Valley conduct themselves in and out of the fields. Silvana Mangano is superb as the steamiest of the workers in this Italian film, which demonstrates that nature in the raw is seldom mild or, for that matter, dull. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Fallen Idol—A brilliant English job about a small boy's muddled attempts to prevent his hero, a butler, from being charged with the murder of his wife. Bobby Henrey is marvellously apt as the boy, and Ralph Richardson is impeccable as the butler. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 9-10.)

The Glass Menagerie—An adaptation of the Tennessee Williams play. It isn't very lively but does build up a moment of poignancy every now and then. With Gertrude Lawrence, Arthur Kennedy, Jane Wyman, and Kirk Douglas. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Happiest Days of Your Life—The dear old golden-rule days in a boys' school in England that is suddenly forced by the government to become coeducational. Alastair Sim and Margaret Rutherford are often hilarious as a pair of pedagogues in this English film. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

The Lawless—The race problem, this time involving natives of northern California and Mexican immigrants. A film that never lets social significance interfere with the fast pace of a spanking melodrama. With Macdonald Carey, Gail Russell, and Lalo Rios. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through Oct. 7.)

Madeleine—Desire under the gaslight, with Ann Todd as a Victorian maiden who loves well but unwisely: her lover ends up stuffed with arsenic, and she ends up with a subpoena. Worth while because of Miss Todd's capable performance. An English picture. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242; through Oct. 10.)

The Men—An earnest, interesting, and sombre description of the lives of paraplegic veterans in the postwar world. Marlon Brando is superb as one of the crippled veterans, and has fine support from Everett Sloane, Teresa Wright, and forty-five paraplegics from a government hospital in California. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; Oct. 7-10. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Oct. 10.)

Mister 880—Edmund Gwenn in a pleasant little sentimental film about an elderly counterfeiter who specializes, to no one's particular detriment, in manufacturing one-dollar bills. Dorothy McGuire and Burt Lancaster supply the hearts and flowers. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

No Way Out—A serious, quite moving, and often overly tense study of color prejudice in a county hospital. Sidney Poitier is memorable as a young Negro doctor. Richard Widmark is memorable, too, as a Negro-hater and one of the meanest and craziest men in the world. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; through Oct. 11, tentative.)

The Red Shoes—Tucked away in this interminable British study of life among devotees of the dance is a stylish ballet. Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina are in the cast. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Third Man—A fast melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Alida Valli. A Carol Reed-Graham Greene collaboration that has its moments. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 9-10.)

Treasure Island—They're all here—Long John Silver, Jim Hawkins, Squire Trelawney, Blind Pew, and the rest—in as lively a production of the wonderful old tale as you could hope to see. Produced by Walt Disney, in England, with Robert Newton, Bobby Driscoll, Basil Sidney, and a large cast of assorted cutthroats. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

The Walls of Malapaga—Jean Gabin as an aging French fugitive having a final romantic fling in Genoa. A French-Italian film that is first-rate all along the line. Isa Miranda assists M. Gabin. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 7.)

The Winslow Boy—A competent adaptation of the Terence Rattigan play about a father's struggle to clear the name of his son, unjustly accused of theft. An English film, with Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, and Margaret Leighton. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through Oct. 9. Last performance at 5.)

REVIVALS

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Remarque's grim description of what the common soldier was up against in the war to end wars. Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 5. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 10-11.)

Angel and Sinner (1947)—A French version of de Maupassant's "Boule de Suif" and "Mademoiselle Fifi." With Micheline Prelle. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Oct. 10, tentative.)

City Lights (1931)—The old, familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd, MU 7-8723; starting Oct. 6. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier and Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Oct. 8-10; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Oct. 8-10. . . . ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; Oct. 9-10.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; Oct. 7-9, tentative.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—Ronald Colman and Margo in Shangri-la, where people live forever. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 8-9.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. An English picture, with Wendy Hiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 6.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The Marx Brothers again, on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; Oct. 7-9, tentative.)

Pygmalion (1938)—More G.B.S. A British film, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 6.)

The Search (1948)—An account of the effects of war on the lives of some children in Europe. With Montgomery Clift. Made in Western Germany. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Oct. 8-9.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Revolutionaries and politics in the Orient. With Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 11.)

Tabu (1931)—The Flaherty film about life in the South Seas. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 7-11, tentative.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock derring-do. A British film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 5.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 7-11, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 8: "The Little Foxes" (1941), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, and Teresa Wright. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 9: "A Corner in Wheat" (1909), with Frank Powell; "Enoch Arden" (1915), with Lillian Gish; and "Broken Blossoms" (1919), with Lillian Gish. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Edge of Doom," Farley Granger.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through Oct. 11: "Born to Be Bad," Joan Fontaine, Robert Ryan.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Between Midnight and Dawn," Mark Stevens, Edmond O'Brien.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Oct. 6: "Good Time Girl," Jean Kent, Dennis Price.
From Oct. 7: "Surrender," Vera Ralston, John Carroll.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"The Paris Waltz" (in French), Pierre Fresnay, Yvonne Printemps; and "Birth of a Ballet," revival, the Sadler's Wells Ballet.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
TREASURE ISLAND.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE GLASS MENAGERIE.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Union Station," William Holden, Nancy Olson.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Oct. 11 (tentative): **NO WAY OUT.**

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
MISTER 880.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"The Toast of New Orleans," Kathryn Grayson, Mario Lanza.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Oct. 5: "Pretty Baby," Dennis Morgan, Betsy Drake.
From Oct. 6: "The Breaking Point," John Garfield, Patricia Neal.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"State Secret," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Glynis Johns.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).

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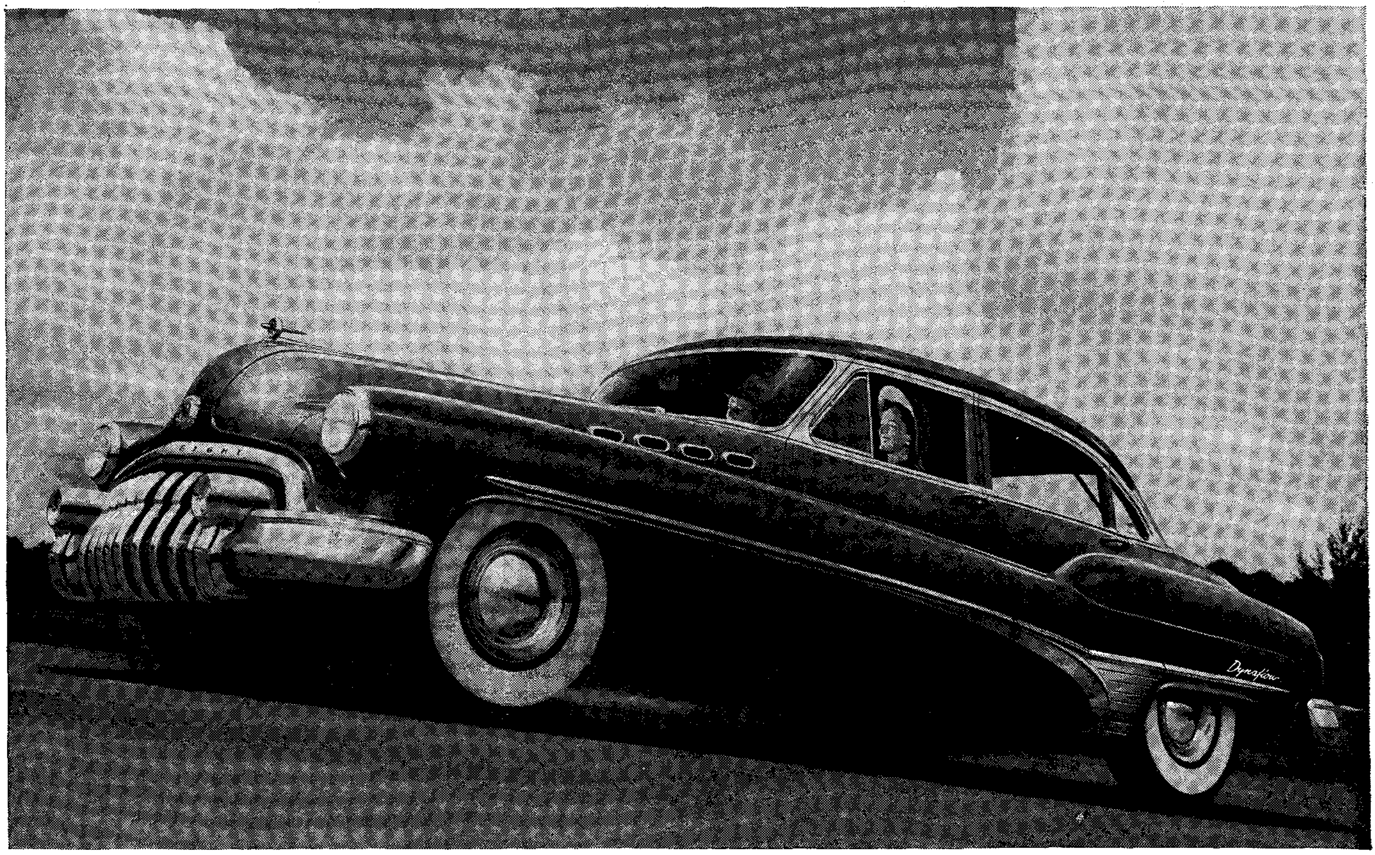

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An elastic circles
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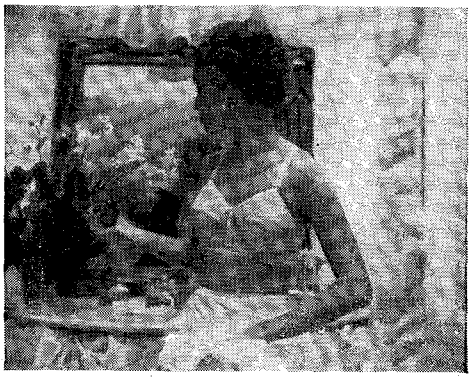

Vanilla frosted! Whisper-weight white nylon tissue taffeta topped with embroidered marquisette for a lovely, rounded lift. Comes in ice-cream pink and black, too. $3.50. Bra #2299

Photographed at El Morocco by Weitzen FURS BY FREDRICA

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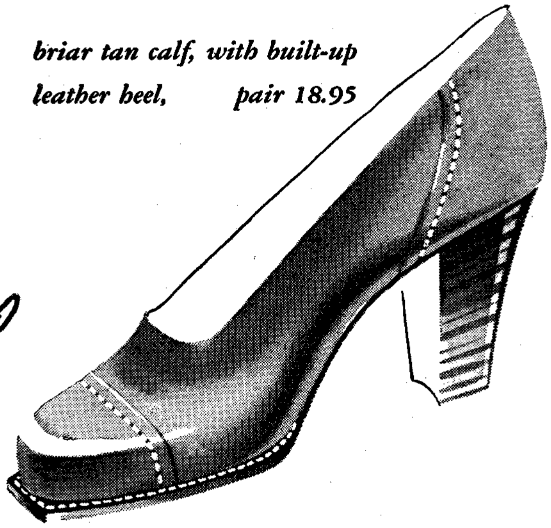

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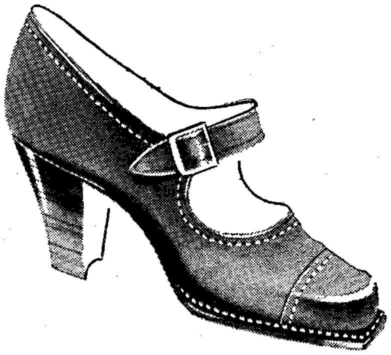

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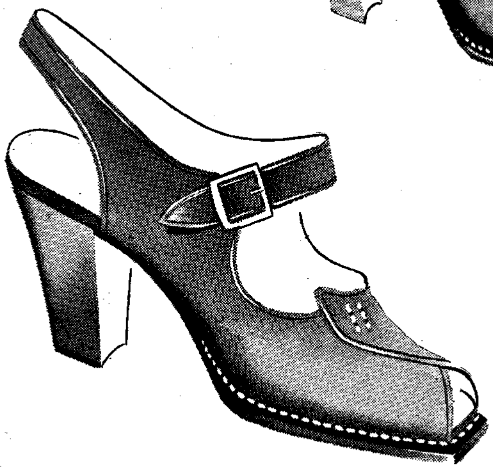

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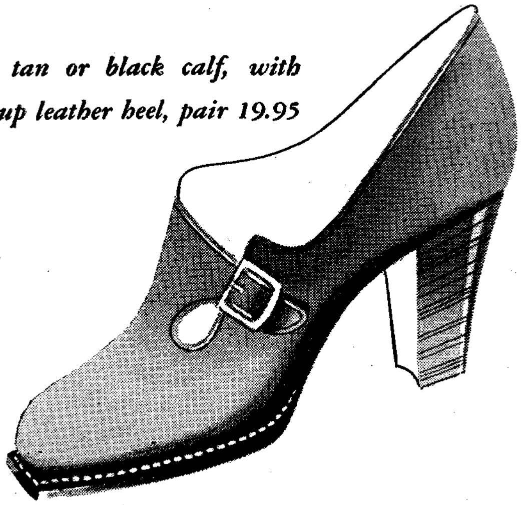


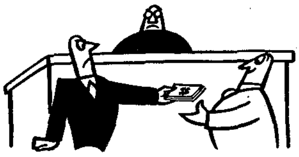
WRITE, OR PHONE MURRAY HILL 9-7000

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

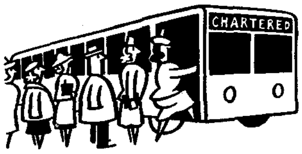
IT did our nostalgic old heart good last week to read of the settlement of a libel suit, on the West Coast, in which the plaintiff was awarded thirty-five hundred dollars' damages because the defendant had called him a "swashbuckling opportunist" and a "boastful ruffian." There was a time when nearly all libel suits involved some such intemperate appraisal of character, and to call a man a cad was generally considered far more insulting than to call him a Red. It's cheering to know, these days when so many libel suits have to do with ideological charges, that our judiciary still has the time and the patience to deal with the matter of one man's affront to the dignity of another man.

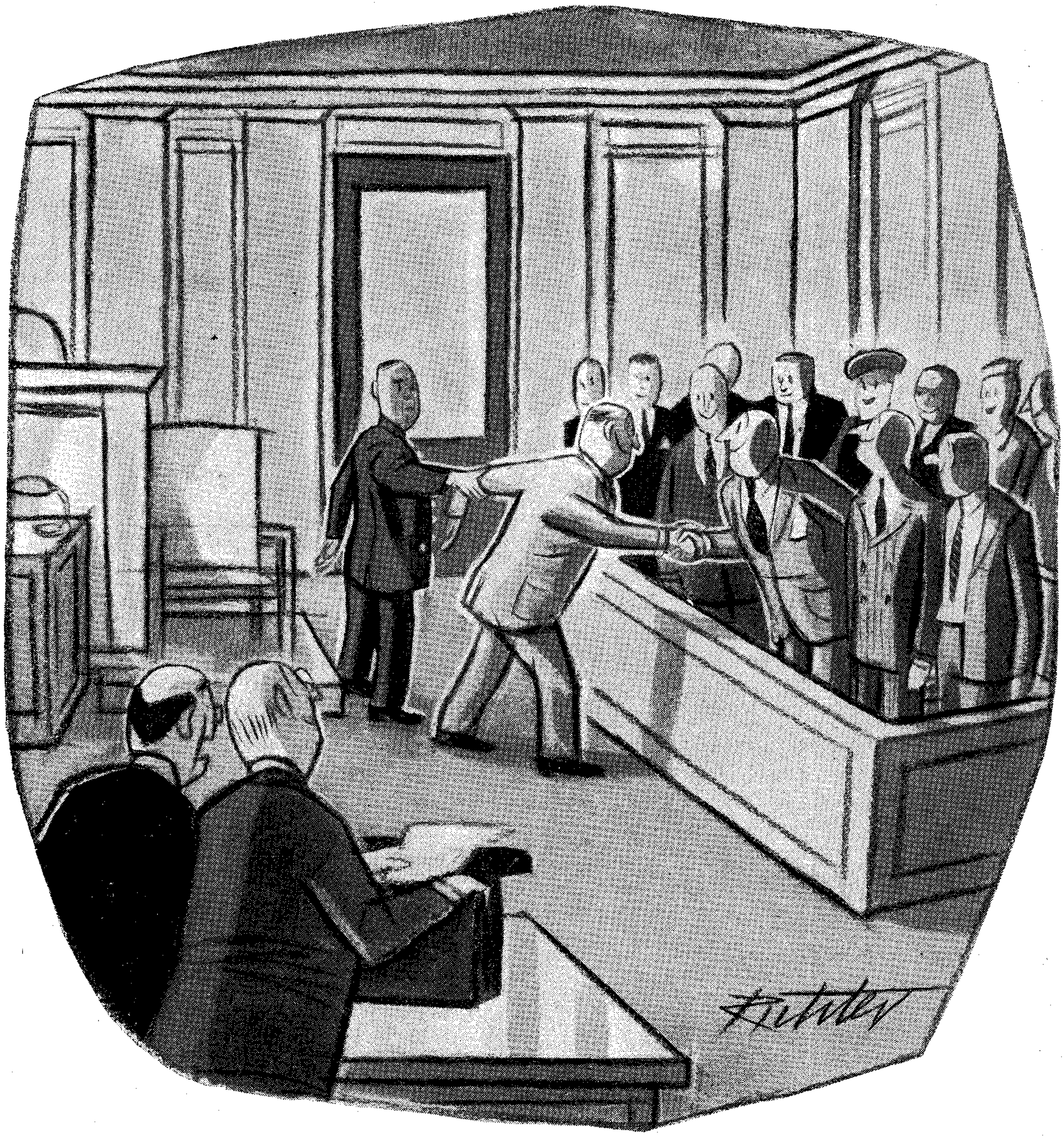


THE Chicago *Tribune* proposed the other day that the word "democracy" be given up entirely, on the ground that it has been bandied about so freely by Democrats, Communists, pinkos, foreigners, liberals, and other unreliable types that it has become meaningless. We sympathize with the World's Greatest Newspaper in its annoyance with individuals who persist in driving the language around without a license, hogging the road, cutting corners, and otherwise using the vehicle for their own irresponsible purposes. People privileged to see the Larger Picture have always had this trouble with the language, which is as twitchy as a fox terrier; just as you think you have it trained to lie at your feet, it hears a child's voice in the next room and runs off to make friends. We have no doubt that the Politburo, having pinned down the word "democracy" in its own fashion, is as annoyed as Colonel McCormick with foreigners who continue to use it as if they knew what they were talking about. If it's any consolation to the *Tribune*, we'd like to point out that theirs is an old, old dilemma, going back at least as far as 1773. In that year, the word was "liberty" and the man who lost his temper over it was Mr. Soame Jenyns, a member of the British Parliament, who, sick and tired of hearing the colonists kick the word around, declared, "Liberty [has become] synonymous for blasphemy, bawdry, treason, libels, strong beer, and cider."

Bus Ride to History

HAVING learned that the U.N. Gram Publishing Company—which issues *Discussion Guide*, a weekly about United Nations affairs that is designed for school and library use—is running bus tours to Lake Success and Flushing Meadow, we embarked on one of them last week. At 11 A.M., we boarded a bus marked "Chartered" in front of the Hotel Roosevelt, and found ourself in the company of eighteen ladies, travelling singly or in pairs, and five married couples. A young man collected our tickets, which we had bought from a travel agency in the hotel for five dollars. He was succeeded by another young man, who, as the bus started to roll, introduced himself as Paul Robinson, our guide, and said that, beginning the next week, the tour would leave from the Biltmore. Following this announcement, he dug right into his subject, talking into a microphone attached to an amplifier in an overhead luggage rack. "Iceland has made the highest per-capita financial contribution to the United Nations—eleven cents per person per year," he said. "Next comes the United States, with a little less than a dime." Mr. Robinson continued with his fiscal information as the bus swung south, then east, then north, past the new Secretariat Building, which caught him unawares. "Oh," he said, "we've reached the United Nations site—I wasn't paying attention! The chief architect on this building is Wallace K. Harrison. It contains heat-resistant glass and three thousand tons of Vermont marble. Note how it resembles an upended sandwich in some respects." "Who's paying for the buildings?" a lady asked. "The United Nations, with the aid of a sixty-five-million-dollar loan from the United States," Mr. R. told her. "Have they ever had any agreement on anything?" another lady asked. "Well, they agree on when to adjourn," said Mr. R. (Laughter.) "They agree on Palestine, don't they?" a male passenger asked. "They agree on the Palestine question," our guide said judicially, "but the people who are agreed about don't agree." (Laughter.) On the Queensboro Bridge, Mr. R. said, "We're crossing Welfare Island, an old-age-research center, where twenty-eight thousand old people live. Since most of you are probably not from New York, I'll tell you about the city's five boroughs." This he did, and then handed out copies of *Discussion Guide*. As we approached Lake Success, he outlined the structure of the United Nations, observing, among other things, "The legal decisions of the International Court of Justice are advisory. It's as though a man stopped for speeding had the option as to whether to accept a ticket, and, if he accepted it, had the further option as to whether to accept a fine." (Laughter.) He then explained, with reference to the Korean war, the current American effort to get discussion of future cases of aggression out of the Security Council and into the General Assembly, in order to duck the veto, and





"He's certainly a good loser."

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asked, "Is there anyone here who opposes the U.S.'s abandoning the veto?" No one replied.

Mr. Robinson sighed, the bus stopped at the interim Headquarters, and a lady asked, "How warm is it going to be?" Mr. R. said he didn't know. As our party entered the Public Reception Lounge, one of our married co-passengers said to her husband, "Well, no matter what, we'll have a better *idea* about things after we've been here." All hands followed Robinson to the cafeteria for lunch (included, up to one dollar, on the ticket). We were then shepherded into the empty Security Council Chamber, where, along with a score of non-Gram-tour visitors, we received a United Nations briefing by a lady volunteer worker. This pretty much duplicated what Mr. R. had told us on the bus. Next, our party reboarded the bus and drove to the General Assembly Hall, at Flushing Meadow, where, after being admitted by passes that our guide handed out, we listened to a member of the Polish delegation attack the United States for allegedly engineering armed intervention in Korea; Trygve Lie, he declared, had a grave share in this dastardly act. Lie, who was sitting at a high desk behind the speaker, didn't appear to be listening; he was whispering to a man with a goatee, who was rummaging in a briefcase. The Polish gentleman was followed by a delegate from Liberia, who said there can never be true world peace until all the peoples of the world enjoy freedom and independence. *He* was followed by a Russian, who reviewed previous criticisms of the Soviet Union in the Assembly and denounced them as crude slanders. He was still reviewing and denouncing when, at ten after five, we left for the bus.

Discussion was general on the way back. "I went to the Senate two years ago, and it's just the same," one lady said. "They don't have colored gentlemen talking in the Senate," her companion said, and asked, "Did you notice what a fine voice he had—that Liberian?" "If I saw any celebrities, I didn't know it," said another lady. "What a farce!" said a gentleman. "This war'll be over before they get *anything* done there." "The nice part when you're listening to it on the radio," said his wife, "is that this girl Dorothy Kilgallen gives you the high points on the finesse of the deal." "I wouldn't want to drive an automobile around New York," said another lady. "I wouldn't have any automobile left." When one of the male passengers was overheard to remark that Henry Fonda had been raised right in Omaha, where he himself lives, the lady in front of him asked him if he knew Milton Peters there, and he said he did. A lady who had maintained silence throughout the return trip broke it as we reached the Roosevelt. "It *isn't* like just going to a Western movie; it's history," she said to her husband. "That's right," he said. "It's history."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A new roadside stand in New Jersey is called the Geiger Counter.

Innovations

THE Benlee Company, which turns out more boxing equipment than any other firm in the country, went into the manufacture of baseball players' gloves three years ago, appointing as its head designer one Larry Sternlicht, a comparative newcomer to this country. Among the consequences of this action have been some radical innovations in glove design, the adoption of Benlee gloves by some pros and a vast number of sand-lotters, and the appearance on the Benlee premises of Buddy Kerr, of the Braves, and Don Newcombe, the Dodger pitcher, who went in to see about special jobs. Newcombe wanted a larger glove than he'd been using, to conceal the arrangement of his fingers on the ball, and Kerr wanted a glove that would enable him to stop infield grounders better. All this having come to our attention, we hustled down to the Benlee factory and office, on West Twenty-first Street, last Thursday to look into the phenomenon, and there established contact with Ben Golomb, founder of Benlee; Lester Golomb, his son, president and co-founder of Benlee; and Sternlicht, who came to Benlee in 1946, after designing and helping produce lead-lined, X-ray-proof gloves for the Army and Navy. "Larry was hired as floor manager," Lester Golomb told us, "but he got to changing our patterns, and little by little he changed them all. More efficient. He designed a slimmer football, a more nearly round basketball, and a safety-pad boxing glove, to reduce the cerebral-hemorrhage rate among fighters. So we made him chief designer." "Our sixteen-ounce training glove weighs twenty-two ounces," said Ben Golomb. "In most gloves," said Lester, "you can work the padding away from the knuckles, but in our safety-pad glove I defy anyone to work the padding away from the knuckles." We asked Sternlicht where and when he was born, and he told us Przemyśl—which was then in Austria but is now in Poland—in 1911.

Benlee, whose name is a welding of the senior founder's and his wife's first names, went into baseball gloves because of Sternlicht's resourcefulness and the need for something to keep the factory going during the spring. "We had designed some baseball gloves before Larry came along," Lester said, "and, honest, they were terrible. They were too small, for one thing, and against the tendency. The tendency is for bigger and bigger gloves, so every once in a while the umpire slips a ruler out of his pocket and measures the webbing between the thumb and forefinger—it's supposed to be not more than four and a half inches at the top. Then Larry took over, although he'd never seen a ball game—hasn't yet, as a matter of fact—and he came up with some three- and four-fingered gloves that were tremendous, had a terrific twist to them; if you got your glove on a ball, you held it. The three-fingered gloves didn't go so well, so now we just make the four-fingered and the five-fingered. Some pros screamed that they held on to the ball so well with the three-fingered that they couldn't pull it out of the glove; it was like extracting a tooth." Three- and four-fingered baseball gloves appeared on the market as early as 1941, the Golombs told us, probably inspired by the Army's use of a glove-mitten to facilitate the firing of weapons. In the four-fingered glove, the fourth and little fingers are together.

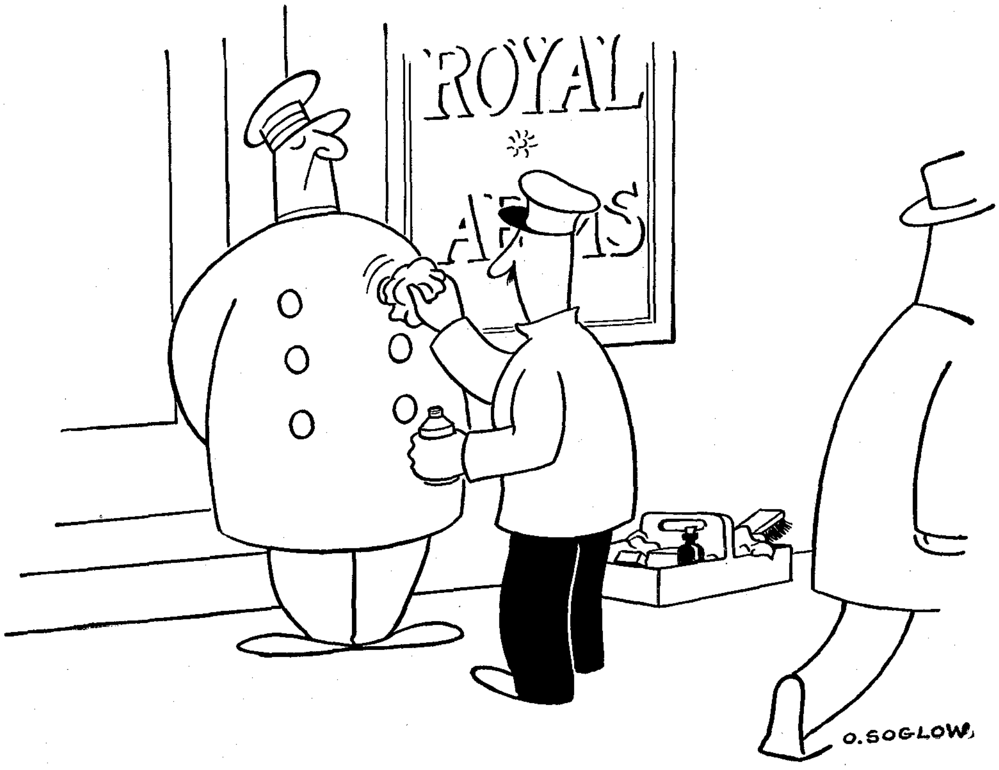
Outfielders' gloves have longer fingers than infielders' gloves, we were told, and pitchers like to use a wide glove, so they can keep their handholts secret. Infielders' gloves have relatively stubby fingers, the better to pluck balls off the ground. In general, Sternlicht widened the gloves, reduced the padding in the palm, and added more padding to the heel. Benlee also makes first basemen's mitts, of a Sternlicht design, but hasn't bothered with catchers' mitts, feeling that there isn't enough market for them to warrant the installation of a hydraulic press, which would be necessary for their manufacture. The revolutionary Sternlicht is married (to an American girl), has four children, and lives in a twelve-room house in Laurelton, Long Island. He emigrated to Havana in 1926 and there worked in a shoe factory. He came to New York in 1931 and became a designer of ladies' shoes. His favorite recreation is driving automobiles, of which he owns two. His explanation for not having attended a ball game is that he doesn't think the sport would interest him. We asked him if he'd ever tried out a glove of his own design, and he told us that he'd played catch with one once. "Very successful," he said. "Held on to the ball every time."

Yes, Virginia

"MOTHER," said this six-year-old girl, looking up from her television set, "do you believe in Hopalong Cassidy? *I* think he's just a man dressed up in a Hopalong Cassidy suit."

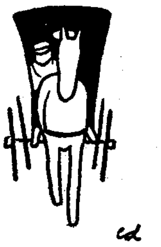
High Drinks

A GENTLEMAN who came up from Miami by air told us about the stewardess's announcing, soon after his plane took off, that she was prepared to serve drinks—the implication being hard ones—and about his seatmate's thereupon describing the de-luxe bar service on the Stratocruisers of Northwest Airlines, in which he had flown between New York and Seattle several times. This led us into a study of the present status of liquor aloft, and we have learned that all Stratocruisers come from the factory with the lower deck rigged out as a cocktail lounge, complete with bar; that several airlines using these craft on flights between here and Europe put this space to its proper use; but that among the domestic airlines only Northwest does so. Northwest is, in fact, the only airline that offers alcoholic drinks on planes flying within the continental confines of the United States. So far, the other domestic airlines have been sidestepping the manifold difficulties of inaugurating a bar service, con-



tent to let Northwest get some of the legal underbrush cleared out. National Airlines serves drinks on its flights between New York and Miami, but this is only an apparent exception to the rule; no liquor is broken out until the planes are over the ocean and well outside the three-mile limit.

Northwest began serving drinks in October of last year, and thereby posed a number of nice legal questions, all of which have been settled amicably. At the outset, lawyers for the airline came forward with the argument that the air over the various states is free and therefore not subject to licensing restrictions, save by the federal government. Several states over which Northwest planes fly promptly protested that a plane, no matter how high up, is subject, by virtue of the laws of common sense and gravity, to the jurisdiction of the state over which it happens to be flying. Northwest rather readily conceded this point out of court. Each state on the Northwest routes subsequently either granted an aerial liquor license, with whatever restrictions it saw fit to impose, or flatly refused to grant a license of any kind. There were two that took the latter action, New York and Illinois, both thoroughly wet at ground level.



On Northwest flights from here to Seattle, the drinking situation is as follows. The stewards of the cocktail lounges ordinarily accept orders immediately after the takeoff, for the plane usually makes straight for New Jersey, which is wet in the air. By the time the stewards have prepared the drinks, with perhaps a modicum of time-killing, the middle of the Hudson River has been passed. If the stewards don't accept orders right after the takeoff, it is because the weather is bad over Jersey and the plane is going to proceed via upstate New York, in which case no drinks are served until after Buffalo. The Jersey aerial liquor license enjoins the planes to abide by local ordinances, so in theory they are supposed to shut down their bars while passing over dry towns, but this is such a difficult thing to keep track of, and towns are passed so quickly, that in practice Northwest gives itself the benefit of the doubt. After New Jersey comes Pennsylvania, which held out against aerial drinking until last March, and then announced that it would impose no restrictions beyond those in force on the ground. Next comes Ohio, which is wet, and then Michigan, which is wet, too, but says that a three-per-cent sales tax must be collected on all drinks served above it and makes an additional, rather fancy requirement: If a plane deviates from its course and a drink is sold over Canada, this deviation is to be regarded as an act of God and the tax is to be paid anyhow.

As stated, Illinois is dry in the air. Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, and Idaho all are wet except on Sundays and Election Days. Over South Dakota, it is illegal to serve a spendthrift, but Northwest hasn't yet challenged a passenger under this statute. Washington, like Michigan, has a three-per-cent sales tax. In order that a lounge steward may know what state he is in, or over, and thus what laws are momentarily in effect, the pilot keeps in touch with him by means of the intercom. Because of severe restrictions as to space and weight—every bottle cuts into the pay load—Northwest serves a limited variety of drinks in its Stratocruisers. Martinis, Manhattans, Scotch, and bourbon are available, but not beer or champagne. For mixing purposes, you can have ginger ale, soda water, or, heaven forbid, Coca-Cola. As drinks are apt to spill when the air gets bumpy, the stewards always shut down the bar at the first sign of turbulence. They also close it during all takeoffs and landings. During a descent, no one is allowed to hold a glass, lest he accidentally bite into or swallow it at touchdown. The steward takes all unfinished drinks and impounds them until the plane is aloft again.

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SIGN in window of the Lincoln Market, Brooklyn:

Unsurpassed
Courteous
and
Efficient
Self Service

Yes and No

André François-Poncet, the French High Commissioner for Germany, paid what was literally a flying visit to this country in connection with the North Atlantic Pact Conference, and we stopped in at the Waldorf to have a talk with him. We found him lodged in Suite 2222, to the living room of which he welcomed us with a flourish that couldn't have been more genial if we had been a delegation of fifty Oriental nabobs. Well filled out rather than stout, wearing a stiff white collar, and with the red rosette and ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his lapel, he is the diplomat's diplomat if we ever saw one. We deduced that he is also a man who likes everything just so, for he had no sooner got us seated than he lifted a small table and carried it ceremoniously from one end of the room to the other, placed it against the wall, stood back with his eyes narrowed, as if to judge whether he had added to or diminished the symmetry of the furnishings in that quarter, appeared displeased with his work, moved the table slightly to the left, retreated a few steps, and, reddening from the exertion, picked up a heavy chair and set it beside the table. When we asked if we might help, he held up his hands and said, "*Non, c'est ça.*" Then he went on to explain, in English, that newspaper photographers had been snapping pictures in the room a short while before and had disordered things.

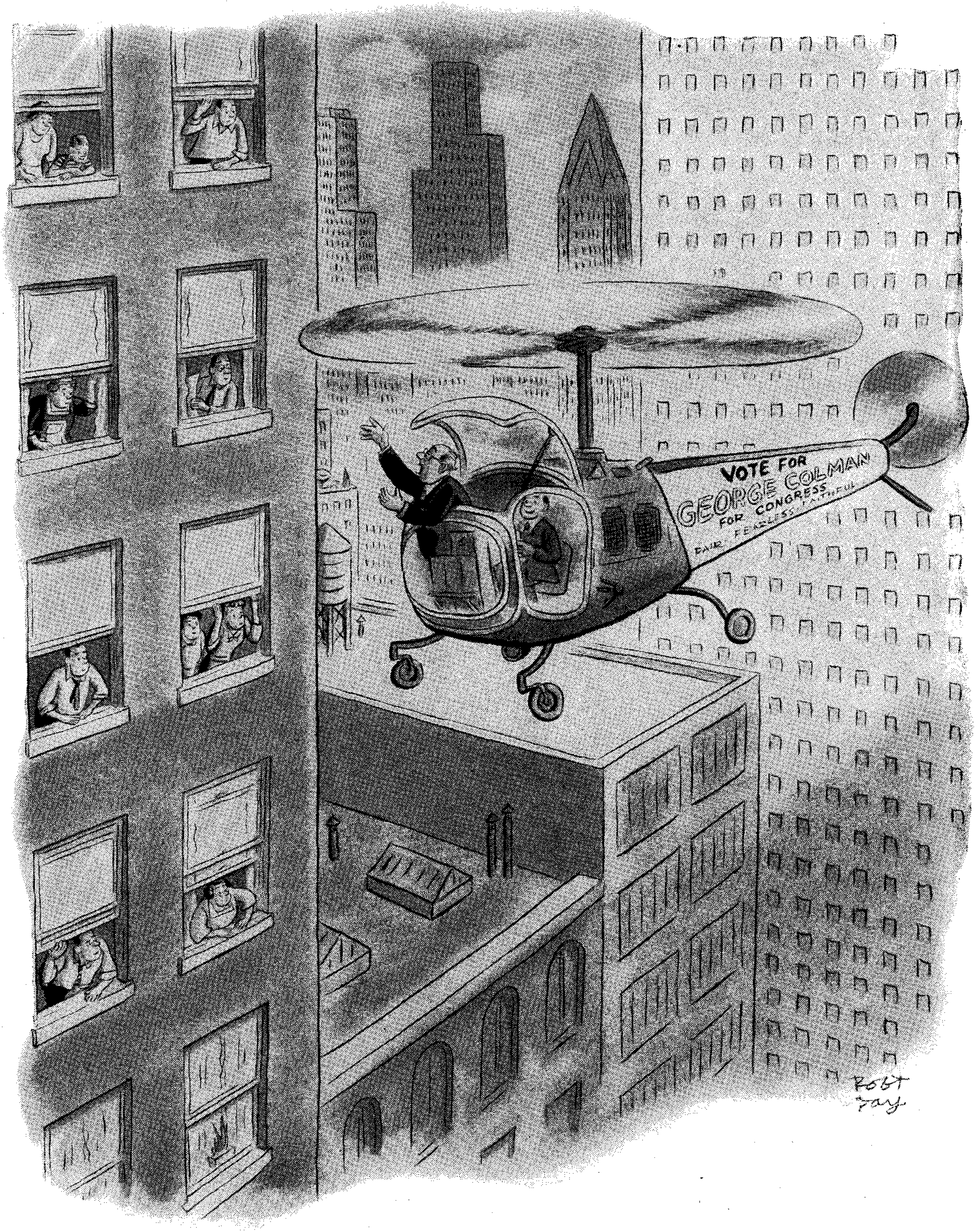
Satisfied with his rearrangement, M. François-Poncet sat down and stared out the window at the New York skyline. "To me, this is New York plus another New York, on top of it," he said. "The city seems to have piled up on itself considerably since I last saw it." We asked him if he approved of this increase in civic stature. "Yes and no," he said in a cautious, diplomatic tone. "I am rather in favor of the human measure. I came here first in 1919, as a young man of thirty-two. I was with a commission of French industrialists, guests of the United States Chamber of Commerce. We stayed at the Waldorf on that occasion, so I may say that I have come back to the same place. But, alas, the Waldorf has not been staying at the Waldorf. It has moved uptown and up sky." We mentioned that the Ritz was about to suffer the same fate as the old Waldorf, and François-Poncet clucked sadly, like a born New Yorker regretting the destruction of a landmark. "To be replaced by what?" he asked, and then instantly answered his own question: "Why, by offices, of course. Typewriters and telephones rule the world, but *moi*, I am for the human measure."

We asked His Excellency for an example of the human measure in political terms, and he replied that it might be found in a situation in which techniques, ideas, and mores were all in harmony. "In our age, we have techniques that run away from us at supersonic speed, ideas inadequate to cope with the techniques, and the mores of the stagecoach era," he said. "Think of the frightful problem of displaced humanity. What some people call the displaced-persons plague is not a problem all to itself, born of the war and limited to certain areas and races. That is a bureaucratic view of it, therefore rather an unintelligent view. Today, all humanity is displaced. Europe is too full, other parts of the world are too empty. The laws that first clogged up immigration are responsible for many of our ills, but it is not easy to get such laws changed." Slowly the Commissioner shook his head. "In our laboratories, we split atoms," he said. "In our laws, we still have not seen anything smaller than the clumsy national molecule. It is most disheartening."

At our request, the Commissioner named four periods when techniques, ideas, and mores appear to have been in accord—the periods of Pericles, Augustus, Charlemagne, and Louis XIV. Then he raised a warning finger. "But we tend to be too generous with history," he said. "We give it higher marks than it deserves. We frame its good achievements in wide spaces. We speak of the century of Charlemagne, the century of Augustus, and so forth, though such centuries rarely lasted more than twenty-five years. And, of course, nothing can be hurried. Take our two late dictators, Hitler and Mussolini. One thing they had in common was ineducation. Had they been trained in the humanities, they would both have become poor journalists, harmless failures. Education would have served to paralyze in them the idea, so typical of antisocial people, that they were always right, that questions are always very simple, that by a mere act of authority one can brush aside centuries of experience." We asked the Commissioner how he felt, as a student of the humanities, about the subject of rearming Germany. "Oh, that," he said, and wagged his finger. "Well, if it is to be done, then certain decisions that were made in 1946 will have to be unmade."

Wrong Pew

An exhibition of one hundred especially noteworthy British books published in 1949 was held at the British Book Centre, on East Fifty-fifth Street, last week, and was opened with a cocktail party for book designers, typographical specialists, illustrators, others concerned with the production of books, and representatives of the press. One member of the last-named group was visibly bewildered before he'd got very far in an inspection of the exhibits. He identified himself as being from the *Daily Racing Form* and, his Gibson aquiver, explained, "The office said I was to cover an exhibition of British bookmaking."



GRAVEMENT ENDOMMAGÉ

THE car devoured the road, but the lines of poplars were without end. The shadow of sagging telegraph wires scalloped the middle of the road, and the vaguer shadows of the pretty telegraph posts pleased Louise. They were essentially French, she thought—like, perhaps, lilies of the valley; spare, neatly budded.

The poplars dwindled at intervals and gave place to ruined buildings and pock-marked walls: a landscape of broken stone, faded Dubonnet advertisements. Afterwards, the trees began again.

When they came to a town, the cobblestones, laid fanwise, slowed up the driving. Outside cafés, the chairs were all empty. Plane trees in the squares half hid the flaking walls of houses with crooked jalousies and frail balconies, like twisted bird cages. All had slipped, subsided.

"But it is so *dead!*" Louise complained, wanting to get to Paris, to take out from her cases her crumpled frocks, shake them out, hang them up. She dreamed of that; she had clung to the idea across the Channel. Because she was sick before the boat moved, Richard thought she was sick deliberately, as a form of revenge. But seasickness ran in her family. Her mother had always been prostrated immediately—as soon (as she so often had said) as her foot touched the deck. It would have seemed an insult to her mother's memory for Louise not to have worked herself up into a queasy panic at the very beginning. Richard, seeing walls sliding past portholes and then sky, finished his drink quickly and went up on deck. Hardier women than Louise leaned over the rails, their scarves flapping, watching the coast of France come up. The strong air had made him hungry, but when they had driven away from the harbor and had stopped for luncheon, Louise would only sip brandy, looking away from his plate.

"But we can never get to Paris by dinnertime," he said, when they were in the car again. "Especially driving on the wrong side of the road all the way."

"There is nowhere between here and there," she said with authority. "And I want to *settle*."

He knew her "settling." Photographs of the children spread about, champagne sent up, maids running down corridors with her frocks on their arms, powder spilt everywhere, the bathroom full of bottles and jars. He would have to sit down to telephone a list of names. Her friends would come in for drinks. They would have done better, so far as he could see, to have stayed in London.

"But if we are pushed for time . . . Why kill ourselves? . . . After all, this is a holiday . . . I do remember . . . There is a place I stayed at that time . . . When I first knew you . . ." Only parts of what he said reached her. The rest was blown away.

"You are deliberately going slow," she said.

"I think more of my car than to drive it fast along these roads."

"You think more of your car than of your wife."

He had no answer. He could not say that at least his car never betrayed him, let him down, embarrassed him, because it constantly did and might again at any moment.

"You planned this delay without consulting me. You planned to spend this night in some godforsaken place and sink into your private nostalgia while my frocks crease and crease . . ." Her voice mounted up like a wave, trembled, broke.

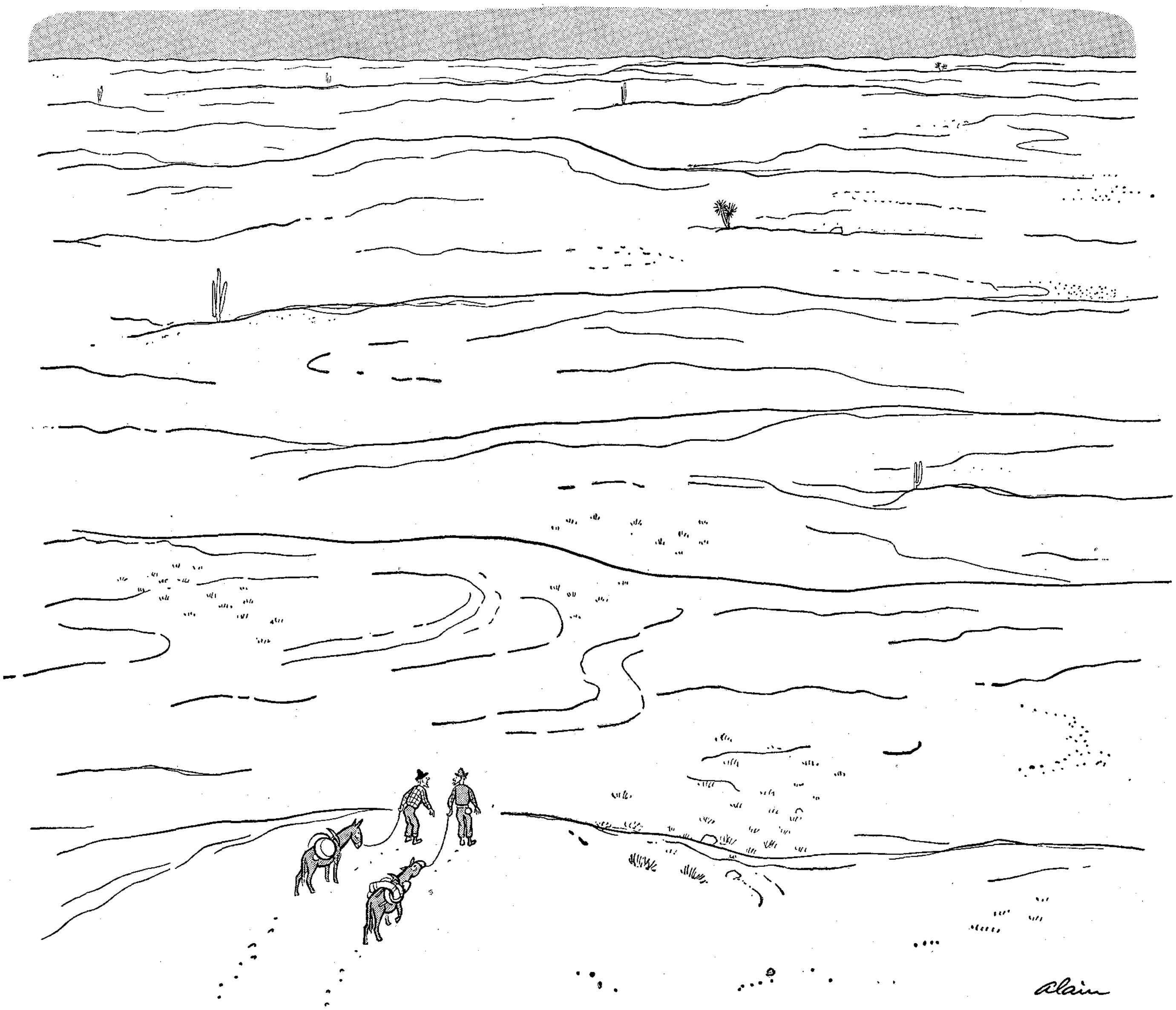
The holiday was really to set things to rights between them. Lately, trivial bickering had hardened into direct animosity. Relatives put this down to, on his part, overwork, and, on hers, fatigue from the war, during which she had lived, after their London house was bombed, in a remote village with the children. She had nothing to say of those years but that they were not funny. She clung to the children and they to her. He was not, as he said—at first indulgently but more lately with irritation—in the picture. She knit them closer and closer to her, and he was quite excluded. He tried to understand that there must be, after the war, much that was new in her, after so long a gap, one that she would not fill up for him, or discuss. A new quirk was her preoccupation with fashion. To her, it was a race in which she must be first, so she looked outré always, never normal. If any of her friends struck a new note before her, she bypassed and cancelled out that particular foible. Men never liked her clothes and women only admired them. She did not dress for men. Years of almost exclusively feminine society had set up cold antagonisms. Yes, hardship had made her superficial, icily frivolous. For one thing, she now must never be alone. She drank too much. In the night, he knew, she turned and turned, sighing in her sleep, dreaming bad dreams, wherein she could no longer choose her company. When he made love to her, she recoiled in astonishment, as if she could not believe such things could happen.

He had once thought she would be so happy to leave the village that by comparison her life in London after the war would seem wonderful. But boredom had made her carping, fidgety. Instead of being thankful for what she had, she complained at the slightest discomfort. She raised her standards above what they had ever been; drove maids, who needed little driving, to give notice; was harried, piteous, unrelaxed. Although she was known as a wonderful hostess, guests wonderfully enjoying themselves felt—they could not say why—wary, and listened, as if for a creaking of ice beneath their gaiety.

Her doctor, advising the holiday, was only conventional in his optimism. If anyone were benefited by it, it would be the children, stopping at home with their grandmother—for a while, out of the arena. What Richard needed was a holiday away from Louise, and what Louise needed was a holiday from herself, from the very thing she must always take along, the dull carapace of her own dissatisfaction, her chronic unsunniness.

The drive seemed endless, because it was so monotonous. War had exhaled a vapor of despair over all the scene. Grass grew over grief, trying to hide collapse, to cover some of the wounds. One generation hoped to contend with the failure of another.

Late in the afternoon, they came to a town he remembered. The small cathedral stood like torn lacework against the sky. Birds settled in rows on the empty windows. Nettles grew in the



"Let's start digging here. It looks like as good a place as any."

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aisle, and stone figures, impaled on rusty spikes of wire, were crumbling away.

But it looks too old a piece of wreckage, he thought. That must be the war before last. Two generations, ruined, lay side by side. Among them, people went on bicycles, to and fro, between the improvised shops and scarred dwellings.

"After wars, when there is so little time for patching up before the next explosion, what hope is there?" he began.

She didn't answer, stared out of the window, the car jolting so that her teeth chattered.

WHEN Richard was alone in the hotel bedroom, he tried, by spreading about some of Louise's belongings, to make the place seem less temporary. He felt guilty at having had his own way, at keeping her from Paris until the next day and delaying her in this dismal place. It was destined to be, so far as they were concerned, one of those provincial backgrounds, fleeting, meaningless, that travellers erase from experience—the different hotel rooms run together to form one room, this room, any room.

When he had put the pink jars and bottles out in a row above the hand basin, he became dubious. She would perhaps sweep them all back into her case, saying, "Why unpack before we reach Paris?," and he would find that he had worsened the situation, after all, as he so often did, meaning to better it.

His one piece of selfishness—this halt on the way—she had stubbornly resisted, and now she had gone off to buy picture postcards for the children, as if no one would think of them if she did not.

Because he often wondered how she looked when he was not there, if her face ever smoothed, he went to the window, hoping to see her coming down the little street. He wanted to catch in advance, to be prepared for, her mood. But she was not moody nowadays. A dreadful consistency discolored her behavior.

He pulled the shutters apart and was faced with a waste of fallen masonry, worse now that it was seen from above, and unrecognizable. The humped-up dark cathedral stood in an untidy space, as if the little shops and cafés he remembered had receded in awe. Dust flowed

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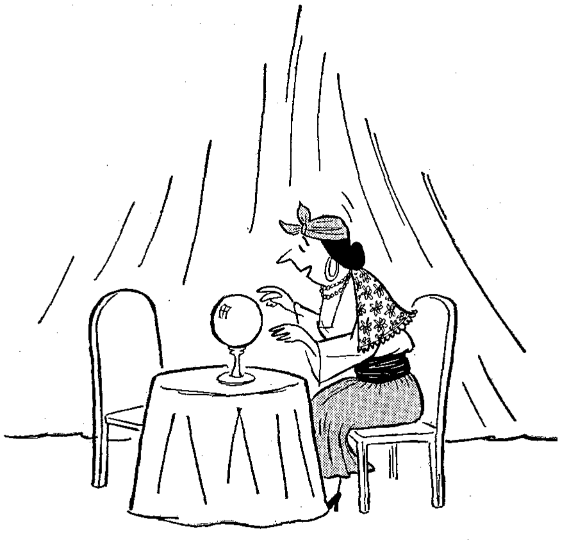


2.

along the streets, spilling from ruined walls across pavements. Rusty grasses covered debris and everywhere the air was unclean with grit.

Dust, he thought, leaning on the iron rail above window boxes full of shepherd's-purse—dust has the connotation of despair. In the end, shall we go up in a great swirl of it? He imagined something like the moon's surface, pockmarked, cratered, dry, deserted. When he was young, he had not despaired. Then, autumn leaves, not dust, had blown about these streets; chimes dropped like water, uneven, inconsequential, over rooftops; and the lime trees yellowed along neat boulevards. Yet, in the entrancement of nostalgia, he remembered, at best, an imperfect happiness and, for the most part, an agony of conjecture and expectancy. Crossing the vestibule of this very hotel, he had turned; his eyes had always sought the letter rack. The Channel lay between him and his love, who with her timid smile, her mild grimace, had moaned that she could not put pen to paper, was illiterate, never had news; though loving him inordinately, could not spell, never had postage stamps; her ink dried as it approached the page; her parents interrupted. Yes, she had loved him to excess but had seldom written, and now went off in the dust and squalor for picture postcards for their children.

At the window, waiting for her to appear, he felt that the dust and destruction had pinned down his courage. Day after day had left its residue, sifting down through him—cynicism and despair. He wondered what damage he had wreaked upon her.

Across the street, which once had been narrow and now was open to the sky, a nun went slowly, carrying bread under her arm. The wind plucked her veil. A thin cat followed her. They picked their way across the rubble. The cat stopped once and lifted a paw, licked it carefully, and put it back into the grit. The faint sound of trowel on stone rang out, desultory, hopeless, a frail weapon against so convincing a destruction. That piteous tap, tap turned him away from the window. He could not bear the futility of the sound, or the thought of the monstrous task ahead, and now feared, more than all he could imagine, the sight of his wife hurrying back down the street, frowning, the picture postcards in her hand.

Louise was late. Richard sat drinking Pernod at a table in the bar where he could see her come into the hotel. There was only the barman to talk to. Rather clouded with drink, Richard leaned on his elbow, describing the town as it had been. The barman, who was Australian, knew only too well. After the '14-'18 war, he had put his savings into a small café across the road. "I knew it well," Richard said eagerly, forgetting the lacuna in both years and buildings, the gap over which the nun, the cat had picked their way.

"I'll get the compensation someday," the Australian said, wiping the bar. "Start again. Something different."

When a waiter came for drinks, the barman spoke in slow but confident French, probably different from an Englishman's French, Richard thought, though he could not be sure; a Frenchman would know.

"She gets later and later," he said solemnly.

"Well, if she doesn't come, that's what she's bound to do," the barman agreed.

"It was a shock to me, the damage to this town."

"Twelve months ago, you ought to have seen it," the barman said.

"That's the human characteristic—patience, building up."

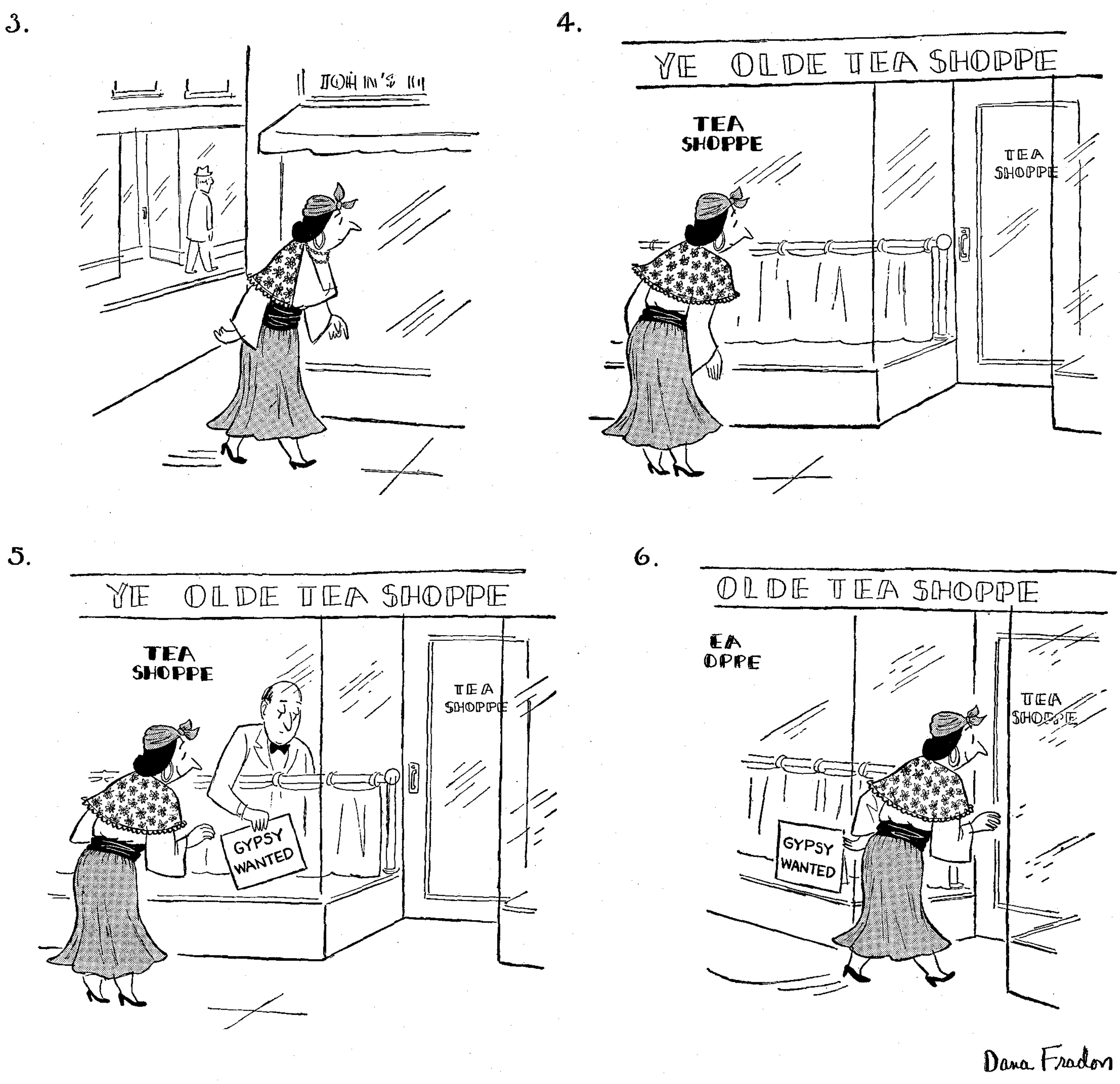
"You might say the same of ants."

"Making from something nothing," Richard said. "I'll take another Pernod."

The ringing sound of the trowel was in his ears. He saw plodding humanity piling up the bricks again, hanging sacking over the empty windows, temporizing, camping out in the shadow of even greater disaster, raking ashes, the vision lost. He felt terribly sorry for humanity, as if he did not belong to it. The Pernod shifted him away and made him solitary. Then he thought of Louise and that he must go look for her. Sometimes she punished him by staying away unaccountably, but knowing that did not lessen his anxiety. He wished that they were at peace together, that the war between them might be over forever, for if he did not have her, he did not have all he had yearned for, steadied himself with, fighting in the jungle; holding fast, for her, to life; disavowing (with terrible concentration) any danger to her.

He wondered, watching the barman's placid polishing of another man's glasses, if they could begin again, he and Louise, with nothing, from scratch, abandoning the past.

"First I must find her," he thought. His drinking would double her fury if she had been lingering to punish him, punishing herself with enforced idling in those unfestive streets; a little scared, he imagined; hesitantly casual.



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She came as he was putting a foot unsteadily to the floor. She stood at the door with an unexpectant look. When he smiled and greeted her, she tried to give two different smiles at once—one for the barman to see (controlled, marital), the other less a smile than a negation of it ("I see nothing to smile about").

"Darling, what will you have?"

She surveyed the row of bottles hesitantly, but her hesitation was for the barman's benefit. Richard knew her pause meant an unwillingness to drink in such company, in such a mood, and that in a minute she would say "A dry Martini," because once he had told her she should not drink gin abroad. She sat down beside him in silence.

"A nice dry Martini?" he suddenly asked, thinking of the man with the trowel, the nun with the bread, the battered cathedral, everybody's poor start. Again she tried to convey two meanings: to the barman that she was casual about her Martini, to her husband that she was casual about him.

Richard's head was swimming. He patted his wife's knee.

"Did you get the postcards all right?"

"Of course." Her glance brushed his hand off her knee. "Cheers!" She held her glass at half-mast very briefly, spoke in the most annulling way, drank. Those deep lines from her nose to her mouth met the glass.

"Cheers, my darling!" he said, watching her. Her annoyance froze the silence.

Oh, from the most unpromising material, he thought, but he did seem to see some glimmer ahead, if only of his own patience, his own perseverance, which appeared, in this frame of mind, in this place, a small demand upon him!

—ELIZABETH TAYLOR

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The secret of economy in Kaman's machine is its design and a greatly improved method of control. In addition to making a helicopter that is cheaper to operate, he has made one that can be flown by a man with only two arms.—*Hartford Courant.*

Just the machine for our brother Albert.

A RED-FACED CHIEF WHO'S JUST COME OFFA THE INDIAN RESERVOIR

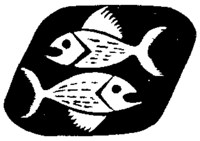
I'D had lunch at Nate 'N Al's, the delicatessen, on Beverly Drive, and as I came out of the place, I saw Benny Greenspan, the Hollywood agent, standing near his car, arguing with a motorcycle policeman—or, rather, trying to. The cop sat regally on his motorcycle filling out a ticket, which he presently handed to his protesting victim and then chugged slowly away.

"What's up, Doc?" I asked as I approached Benny.

"A big federal case, alluva sudden! A parkin' ticket!" he said. "My God, Artie, I betcha right now, this here very minute, gangsters are shootin' holes in people, and they're gettin' off scotch-free. Crooks are robbin' homes right and left. Some ape is prolly attackin' a cute babe who's yellin' herself hoarse in her throat without there's a cop miles around to help her. And why? 'Cause they're all sittin' on their big, fat canastas, lookin' fa whose car they can slap a two-buck parkin' ticket on. Justice!"

"Business must be really bad when you complain about a two-dollar fine," I said.

"You can repeat that again," declared Benny with considerable feeling. "Yep, Artie, it's not like the olden days—that I guarantee. Why, all doong the war, all I hadda do, I'd just sit calmly back and the dough would come pourin' in hand over foot. But today, with the current shape the industry is in, it's fierce. Simply gruesome, believe me. If I had one ounce grain matter in my bean, know what I'd do? I'd go down to where the ships come in, find out what boat is leavin' for Indoor-China, and I'd grab me a ticket—first-class, seweritch, anything—so long as I can dust me off this here flesh-peddlin' racket, where you come in contact with all types actors, like"—he paused, pondered a moment, and then cut an arc in the air with his hand—"well, like Mallory Dale. Him, I'll give you any time you want, and in spades yet! You familiar with this here creep by any chance?"



"No," I said. "I've never met—"

"Don't toy with your luck! Come 'ere, Artie. I want you should listen to this." He beckoned to me, and I edged nearer.

"HERE is a guy, this Mallory," Benny said. "A regella screwball from screwball land! F'instance, I hustle around, I bust me a gut, and I finey lands him a three-year straight deal to star fa Hercules Pitchas. Two, three smash hits in a row and he's sensational. So what happens? The guy starts gettin' too big fa his own head. He becomes a character. He starts turnin' down scripps left and right, with the result he's suspended so much he even begins to look like a chandelier. And then, when he does like somethin', he begins buttin' in his two cents' worth and awways tellin' the director how he should shoot the scene. Well, before you know it, the studio figgers they are stuck with a headache on their hands, and one-two-three they buy up his contrack. Goodbye and farewell, Mr. Mallory Dale!

"Anyways, time lapses by and I don't see head nor tails from the genius, till one fine day he comes to my awfice with his kisser hangin' so low his chin is pradically scrapin' his knees. So even before 'Hello, Mal. What's up?' is hardly outa my mouth yet, the guy is informin' me how all his dough disappeared away on him, that he is strickly down on his uppers, whereby the oney thing he's got left is his wardrobe, which the moths got a lien on, bein' his suits been stuck in the closet so long. 'Benny,' he says to me, 'you simply gotta get me a job, irregardless what. I'll take a bit. I'll take one-two sides—anything, so long I can get holt some foldin' money.'

" 'Mallory,' I says to him, 'I got news fa you. You are washed up. You are through. No studio will touch you, not even with rubber gloves on. Frankly,' I says, 'you got it comin', on account the way you behaved—aleckin' the directors, holdin' up production, refusin' this, that, the other. It's a wonder to me,' I says, 'you weren't tarred with feathers and run the hell outa town, where you belong. No kiddin', Mal,' I says—and then, Artie, like a bolt from the blues, I gets me an idear!

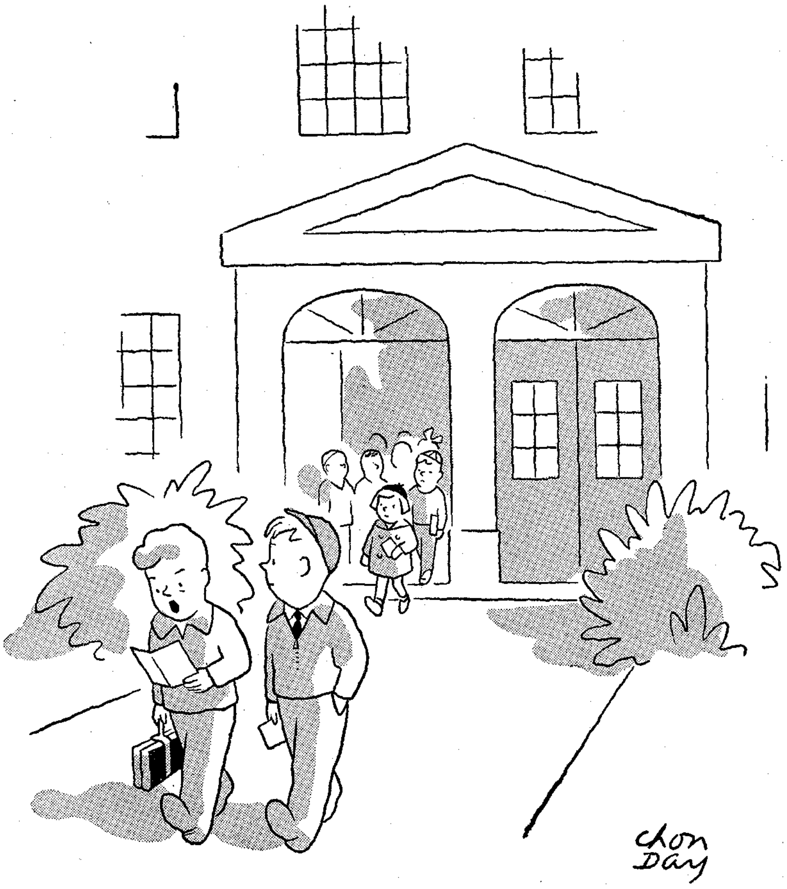
"Alluva sudden, I remember that R.D., over at Unity, he's tearin' the hair outa his toupee on account Roger Collier, who was all set fa a part in his big Western, lo and behold, he come down with a cute case mumps, and now the pitcha is postponed and the costs are mountin' pile high. So I says to Mallory, 'Look, Mal,' I says, 'I think I can swing you somethin'. But first,' I says, 'you gotta gimme a written guarantee on paper that if I land you this job, you will not innafere in any way, shape, or form, you will not bother the director without he tells you to, and that if you got anything to say, you will button up your kisser and not one peek outa you. Furthermore,' I says, 'I will advance you some eatin' and spendin' money, but *I'm* the party who's pickin' up your salary check, see, and I'm gonna give you an allowance and save you up the rest. That is strickly my condition.' 'O.K., Benny,' he says. And while he's God-blessin' me, I calls in Gussie, my seckatary, and I dictates a note along the lines I outlined him, which he signs.

"Next thing you know, I'm over at R.D.'s awfice, givin' out with a fast pitch all about the sensational actor I got lined up to take Roger Collier's place. Well, sir, the minute I mentions him Mallory's name, he starts screamin' and hollerin' like a starch, ravin' maniac. So I waits he should calm down, and then I tells him what a reformed character Mal's turned hisself into. 'If you don't believe me,' I says, 'grab a gander on this,' and I flashes him the written guarantee, and while his nose is knee-deep in the paper, I kinda hint around how he could grab off Mal at a terrific cut; namely, fifdy per cent from the normal salary. Right away R.D.'s ears begin to pert up, and I see he is inarrested. 'Look,' I says to him, 'I even got a better idear to relieve your mind. Supposin' you put the dough in escrow. In that case, if Mal don't stick to his word, he winds up not collectin' a tin dime even.' Artie, I spent a lifetime in them couple hours before I finey finalized the deal."

"I guess Mal must have been pleased."

"Pleased? Why, the guy kep' on grinnin' from one ear to the next, like a regella Simonize cat. Anyways," Benny went on, briskly rubbing his hands, "the first day of shootin', there I am, right on the set, waitin' fa Mal to show up, which he does. He's in costume, see, all dressed to the hills with nothin' on exceptin' a few strings beads, some feathers, and a piece lion-cloth. And, brother, he looks but terrific! You see, he's supposed to be a big-shot Indian, the head from some Semi'old tribe or other, and believe me, he looked just like the genuwine article; namely, a red-faced chief who's just come offa the Indian reservoir.

"So one week goes by, two weeks goes by, and I'm sittin' on tenderhooks, worryin' if somethin's gonna happen. Lo and behold, Mal is behavin' hisself simply fine, stickin' strickly to his lines and keepin' his big, fat trap shut. Natchelly, I think evveything is peachy down



"You're lucky. You've got a television set to blame."

• •

in Georgia, till one fine day I'm on the lot havin' lunch in the commissary when Mal comes over to my table and I see his puss, it's at half-mast. 'What'sa matter?' So he tells me. It happens that in the pitcha Mal's got a son who is a first-class stinker. This here Indian kid simply dotes trouble, see, so he goes and he takes his bows and his arrers and he starts gunnin' fa the white man, with the result he finey winds up a cooked goose, the kid—a goner, with a gut fulla bullets.

"Now comes the part Mal is beefin' about; namely, he gets word his kid is dead, his own flesh and blood. The lease Mal feels he's entitled to is a closeup showin' how he is reactin' to the situation. After all, Mal claims, he's just as human like the averitch person even if he is an Indian, but he don't wanna bother Wolfgang Haas, the director, on account that will violate his agreement, so he's electin' I should go and get him the closeup."

"And did you get it?" I asked.

Benny slapped his thighs with his palms and hunched his shoulders. "Go debate a Dutchman with a one-truck mind!" he said. "Wolfgang informs me that Indians are the same like the Chinee people—they simply don't reack, come hell and hot water! Well, I din wanna make no issue at the time, bein' all that dough is tied up in escrow, so I sees Mallory and I tells him he should hold his horses. 'Just wait till the pitcha is finished,' I says. 'You'll be so terrific R.D. will offer us a contrack, and once we sign,' I says, 'you will get closeups galore. In the meanwhile, skip it.' 'I will not skip it!' he yells on me. 'I'm an artist! I got pride! I got integrity! Besides,' he says, 'you want my public should think I'm some monster, a two-headed creep, not reactin' when my very own kid is rubbed out?' 'Please,' I says, 'do me a personal favor and make me no trouble. I beg you, Mal. Otherwise,' I says, 'they will forfeit the dough and I'll be out all my commissions, plus the money I advanced you.' Artie, I hadda get down on my two bent knees and pradically cry him to shut up till the pitcha is over.

"WELL, it's finey finished at last, and the night of the preview I'm out there, out in Glendale, and the audience is lappin' it up like a delicious plate ice cream. Afterwards, R.D. spots me in the lobby, and he pads me on the back and he wants we two should get together at his awfice first thing in the mornin' and discuss a contrack. 'Frankly speakin', Benny,' he says to me, 'I think Mallory redeemed hisself very lovely.' You hear?

"Well, sir, I'm feelin' kinda chippy, so on my way home to Beverly Hills I decides I'll drop in on Mallory—a supprise visit, see—and I'll inform him the good news. Natchelly, I figger he's gonna be tickled stiff with his comeback, plus the new contrack I'm gettin' him." Benny paused and scowled as he slowly rocked his head from side to side. "Uh-uh! Mallory calmly tells me that he wants no part from the contrack, but whatsoever! He's packin' his trunks and he's scrammin' the hell out of town. Finnee Hollywood!

"Artie, I'm so flappergasted, I couldn't hardly speak. I just kep' starin' at the guy like if he's got rocks in his head, which, believe me, he's got. Finey, I says to him, 'Mal,' I says, 'what are your plans?' 'Well,' he says, 'now that I got my mitts on some dough and I'm all outa hock, I figger on takin' me a trip abroad.' 'Abroad?' I says. 'Sure, why not?' he says. 'After all, I speak a couple European langwitches very fluidly, so why shouldn't I go to work, say, in Nitaly, fa some farn-type studio where they appreciate an artist from my type calibra?' 'But they're all strickly from hunger, all cockamamie outfits,' I says to him. 'Believe me, I know whereof I speak. You'll work your head off and you'll finey wind up bein' paid off in grape suizettes. Take my advice, Mal, and grab this here contrack before R.D. changes his mind.' Fa hours, Artie, I sat there argyin' with this here cracked-pot till I was black and blue in the face, without I could budge him one single, solitary inch.

"Yep," moaned Benny, heaving a long and expressive sigh, "you stake an actor with your own personal funds, you get the wrinkles outa his stomick, you nurse him along till you're finey gettin' him a bundle from legally tender dough, then alluva sudden he takes a runout powder—and all on account one weasly little closeup! You blame me why I'm so disgusted, why I'm burnt like a piece crisp toast, why I—"

We heard the sputtering cough of an approaching motorcycle, and Benny cast a nervous glance in the direction of the sound. "He's back again, the *shommus!* I better blow before I occupy a ringside seat in the clink. So long, Artie," he shouted, and hurried into his car.

—Arthur Kober

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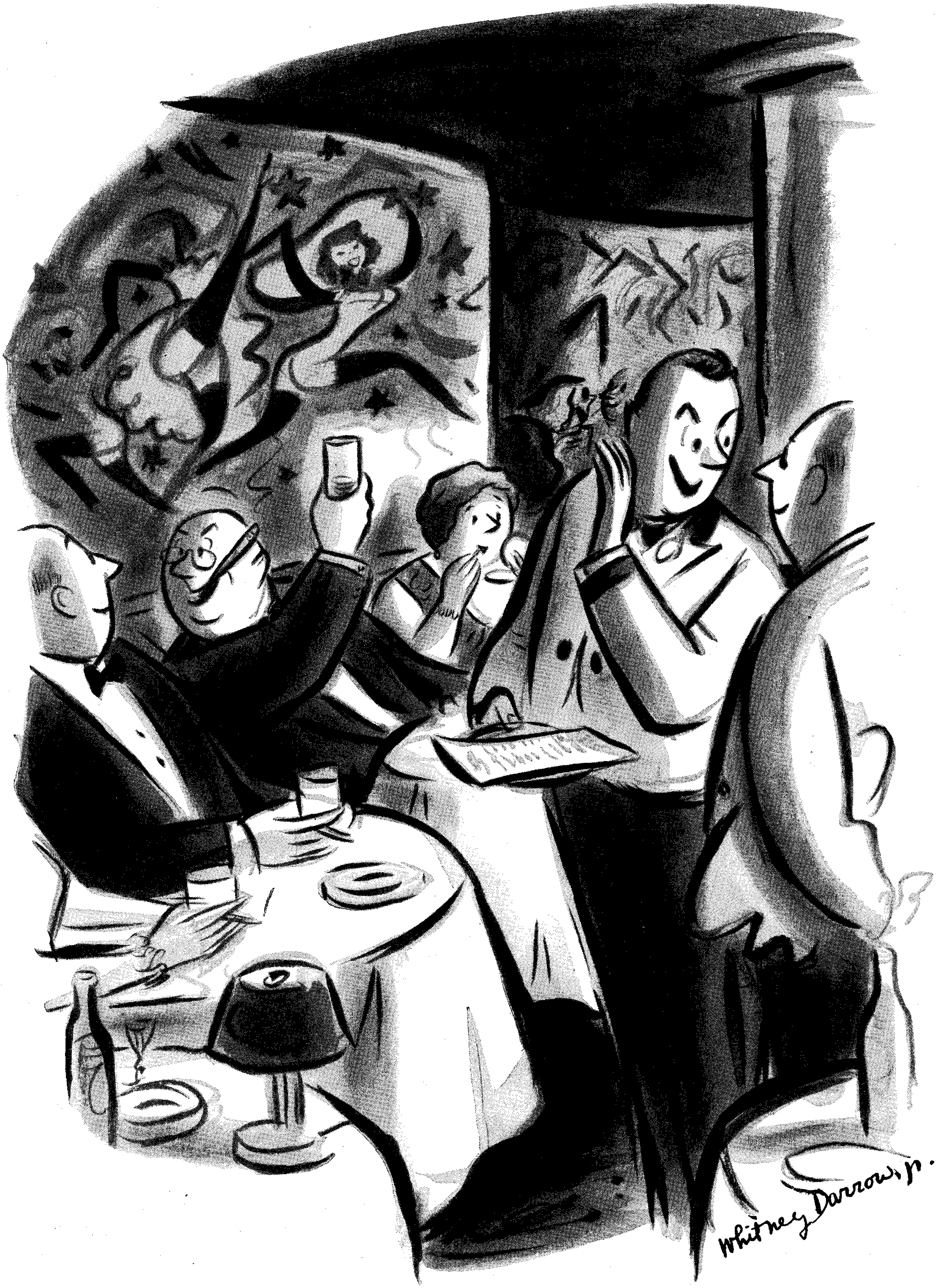
They consulted a local obstetrician about the condition of the baby who in turn discussed the case with an Orlando pediatrician and a medical officer at the Orlando Army Air Base.—*Orlando (Fla.) Star.*

Talk, talk, talk.


Whitney Darrow, jr.

"Watch me wipe that smile off his face."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

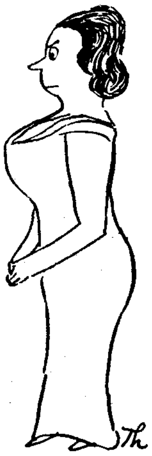
THE LORD MAYOR OF WEST BERLIN

ERNST REUTER, the Socialist Oberbürgermeister, or Lord Mayor, of West Berlin, is regarded by many citizens of the community and most foreigners there as the man chiefly responsible for the defiant stand taken by his sector of the city during the Russian blockade. His numerous admirers call him the most remarkable man in present-day Germany; his numerous detractors, who are mostly Russians or German Communists, hate him more than any other German alive, largely because he was once a protégé of Lenin's and, as such, general secretary of Berlin's Communist Party. Reuter's popularity reached its peak during the Russian blockade and has since declined. The Right Wing circles of West Germany no longer think of him as a courageous man who helped formulate and carry out the policy of defending Berlin; they now see in him another old-time "revolutionary" Social Democrat. Thus, Reuter, whose integrity is recognized even by his enemies, finds himself in the traditional Socialist predicament of the middle-of-the-road man who is distrusted by both the extreme Left and the extreme Right.

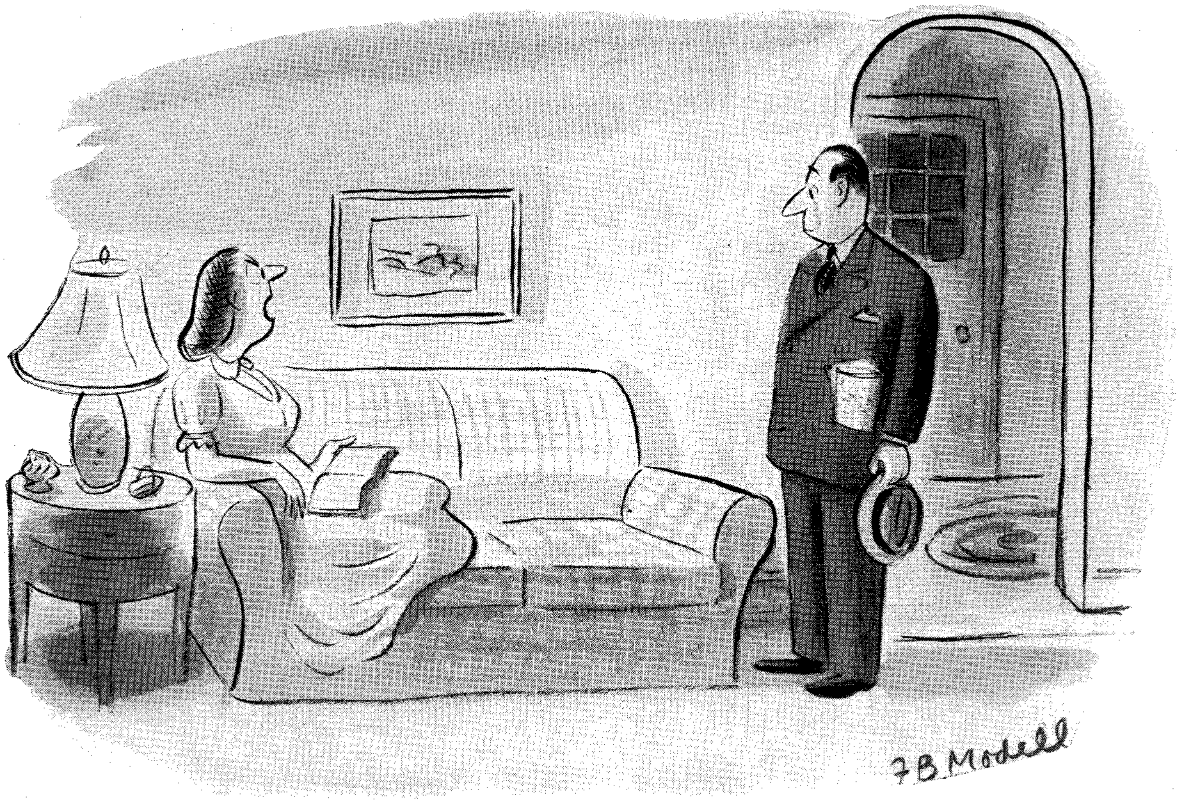
When I was in Berlin late this past summer, I wanted to get an appointment with Mayor Reuter. This, it turned out, is not an easy thing to do these days. Whenever I called up the Schöneberg City Hall, where Reuter has had his office since the partitioning of Berlin into West Berlin and East Berlin, in 1948, and the establishment of a separate municipal administration by the Russians in their sector, I was told that the Lord Mayor was in conference, or addressing a rally, or in closed session with General Taylor, or driving to Bonn to see Chancellor Adenauer, or attending a meeting with the Allied High Commissioners, or on his way to Flensburg to make a speech, or busy doing something else. I finally went to see Dr. Hans Hirschfeld, the head of Reuter's press department, a baldish, nervous man who spent the war years in New York City, as a civilian employee of the Office of Strategic Services, and has a habit of interspersing his German or English sentences with an occasional bit of American slang.

"The Mayor would *like* to see every correspondent in Berlin," Dr. Hirschfeld told me, in English, as he signed a couple of letters, snapped a switch, and answered the telephone, practically all at once. "No, no, no," he said into the telephone. "I haven't time now. No, not tomorrow. There's the meeting of the City Assembly at eleven. Yes, next week, maybe." He put down the phone, signed another letter, opened a drawer, picked out some papers, and took a deep breath. I seized this moment to venture that I would like to watch the Mayor at work in his office. Dr. Hirschfeld looked perplexed. "I don't think that can be arranged," he said. "Don't forget that West Berlin's City Council is not just another city administration. West Berlin is a world in itself, a democratic island completely surrounded by the Red tidal wave." He seemed pleased with this description and paused to let it sink in. "Berlin's city administration functions almost like an independent national government, in which the Lord Mayor is the Prime Minister," he went on. "He deals directly with the Allies and with Bonn. One of our city councillors represents Berlin in the federal government at Bonn. He has no vote there, but they wouldn't make an important decision without ascertaining, through him, Reuter's opinion on the matter. When the question of joining the Council of Europe came up, the Mayor himself went to Bonn to discuss the problem."

Dr. Hirschfeld explained to me that West Berlin's City Assembly consists of a hundred and thirty assemblymen, who are chosen by the voters. The assemblymen elect a Lord Mayor, a first and second deputy—currently Frau Louise Schroeder and Dr. Ferdinand Friedensburg, respectively—and twelve city councillors, who act as the Mayor's cabinet and run the various municipal departments, with the exception of the police, the department of banking and insurance, and the comptroller's office, which the Mayor himself directs. After Berlin's first democratic postwar election, in 1946, before the East-West split, Reuter was elected Mayor of the whole city by unanimous vote of all the Assembly members except the Communists. The city was then under Four Power control, which was so constituted that the Russians were in a position to veto Reuter's election. This they did, and Frau Schroeder became Acting Mayor. On December 7, 1948, following the split, Reuter was unanimously elected Lord Mayor of West Berlin.



"No mayor of any other city ever had to face problems of such magnitude," Dr. Hirschfeld said. "In New York, they talk all the time about their terrific tempo. The people of New York should come here and see our tempo. Oh, brother! Five years ago, this city of three million people was almost ninety per cent damaged or destroyed—physically, economically, and spiritually. When the Red Army took over Berlin in the spring of 1945, they blocked all bank accounts and carried all the money away. Everybody was left with only what he happened to have in his pockets. The Russians also took away eighty per cent of our machinery and tools. There were no hospitals, no medical supplies, no transportation. Food was scarce. It was murder! By the spring of 1948, three years later, the city had slowly dug itself out of the worst of the rubble, transportation was beginning to function, power lines and water mains had been rebuilt, and a start had been made in business and industry. Then the Russians came up with the blockade. You've read about Berliners' living without electric light, with one hour of gas a day, with little coal and food, and how they defied the Russians with the help of the Allied airlift. Then, on top of everything, came the currency reform, which split Berlin as an economic unit. The implications of this split are seldom fully realized." Dr. Hirschfeld stood up and walked over to a big map of Berlin hanging on the wall. "Most of Berlin's coal came from what is now Poland," he said, pointing on the map. "All the laundries were in Treptow and Köpenick, here, which are in the Soviet part of the city. The greater part of the textile industry has emigrated way out to Düsseldorf, taking along all its patents and blueprints. They are now short of skilled labor there, and meanwhile the textile workers of Berlin are idle. Let me give you a random fact," he went on, returning to his desk. "Before the split, the city administration of Berlin had two thousand typewriters and three hundred and sixty adding machines. Afterward, it had only nine hundred and ninety typewriters and a hundred and four adding



"Where in the world have you been till this hour, sober?"

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machines." The phone rang, and Dr. Hirschfeld talked rapidly into it—first in English, then in German—explaining that the Mayor was in Bonn and wouldn't be back until late in the evening.

Hanging up, Dr. Hirschfeld jotted down some notes on first one pad and then another. "I hope he *does* come back," he said, looking worried. "Most men in his position would take the plane to cross the Soviet Zone, but not Reuter. No, sir! He rides through it in his car, with no one but his chauffeur. He goes right up to the check point where the Communist East German Police and Russian soldiers are, so to speak, waiting for him. They know the number of his car—001—and keep him under constant observation while he's crossing their zone, you bet. They would be glad to get rid of him and he knows it. Then why does he take the chance?" Dr. Hirschfeld anxiously rubbed his forehead, and continued, "I will tell you why. By a decision of the Allied Control Council in 1945, the Berlin-Helmstedt Autobahn has been designated an international-travel corridor through the Soviet Zone. Reuter maintains that the right to use it is a right that must be exercised. Otherwise, he feels, those unpredictable Russians might jump to the conclusion that we were giving it up. 'If *I* were afraid to cross the Soviet Zone,' Reuter says, 'how could we expect our truck drivers to cross it and bring in vital supplies?' So off he goes, and we sit here and worry. I'd be scared to death if I were in his shoes."

"But isn't he really afraid?" I asked.

Dr. Hirschfeld stood up again and, ignoring the telephone, which had resumed its ringing, paced back and forth, still rubbing his forehead. "That's something I've been thinking about ever since I came back here last year," he said. "I remember a speech Reuter made in June, 1948, after the blockade had started. 'There is no difference between the methods of 1933 and 1948,' he told a mass meeting in Berlin, under the very muzzles of Russian tommy guns. Well, in 1933 the Nazis put Reuter in a concentration camp. So he knows what he has to expect if . . ." Dr. Hirschfeld left the sentence unfinished and took a new tack. "He lives with his wife in a small house in Zehlendorf. There are no guards and no guns around. His name is on his door, for anybody to read." Just then a secretary put her head into the office and pointed distractedly to the telephone. Dr. Hirschfeld waved his arms wildly at her and she withdrew in alarm. "Courage is a strange thing," he said. "I don't believe Reuter's courage is simply a denial of fear. Nor is he just closing his eyes to danger. That would be a fool's courage. Reuter's courage is greater than most people's because he *knows* the dangers and *does* experience the normal reaction of fear, like all of us, but in spite of this he won't let anything interfere with his convictions, no matter how unpleasant the consequences may be. When he was a student in Marburg, shortly before the First World War, he grew passionately interested in the social problems of the working class and became an itinerant teacher for the Socialist Party's education committee— But maybe you're not interested in all this."

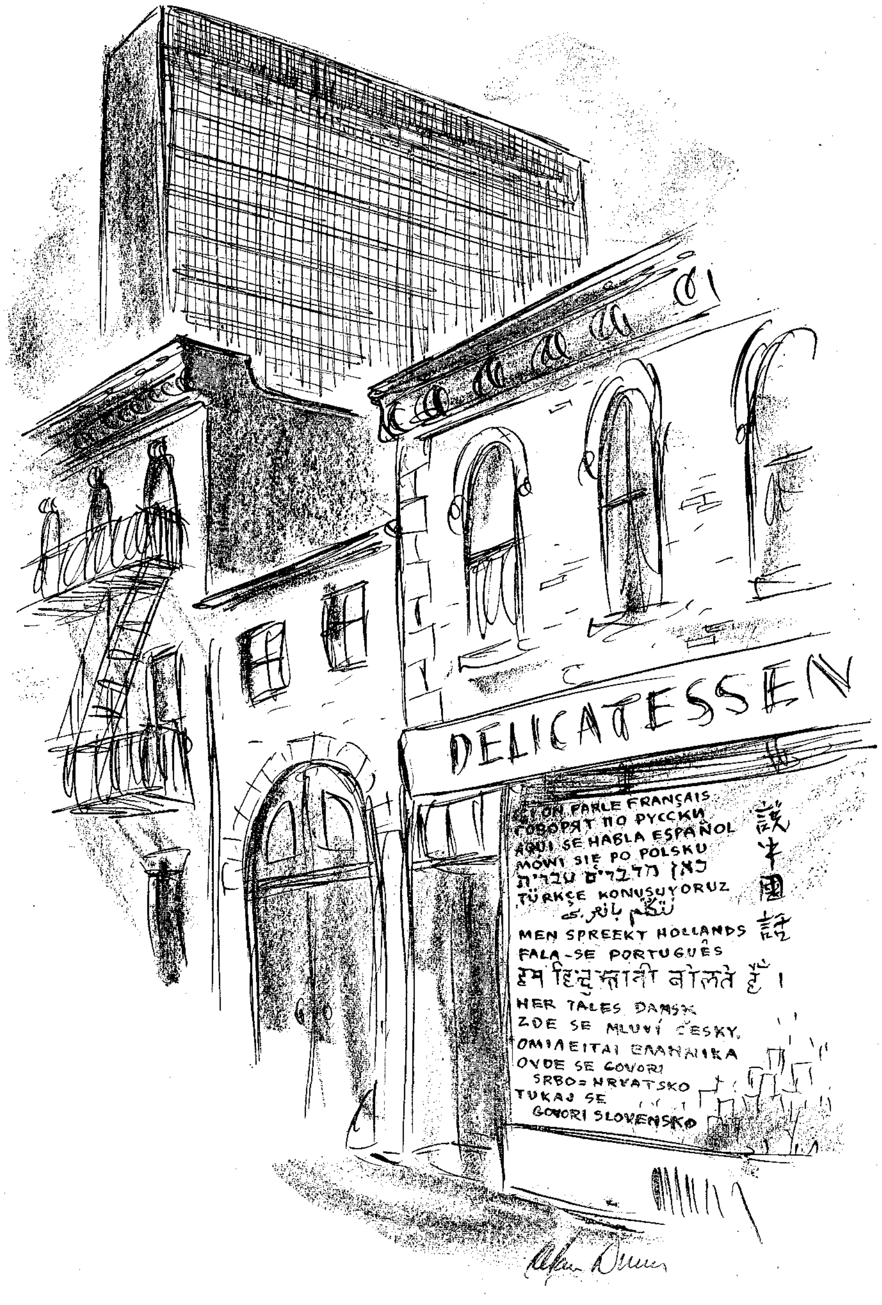
I assured him that I was.

"Reuter knew he would be ostracized by his family," Dr. Hirschfeld said. "His father had been a captain in the German merchant marine, and at the time was a teacher at a navigators' school in Leer, Ostfriesland—a typical *kaisertreuer* official. Reuter himself was born in Apenrade, Schleswig-Holstein. That was in 1889. His mother came from a family of Protestant theologians. Imagine what a shock it must have been for his parents to have a Socialist in the family! Well, a year after he joined the Social Democratic Party, the First World War broke out and the Socialists voted for the Kaiser's war. Reuter thought this was a betrayal of international Socialism and walked out on the Party he had made such a personal sacrifice to join. He became cofounder of a new, frankly subversive, pacifist society that attacked the Kaiser's war government. Sure enough, the Kaiser's police got him, and put him forcibly into the Army. As *Feldjäger*, he was sent to the Argonne and later to Galicia, in eastern Poland, where he was severely wounded by a bullet in the thigh and taken prisoner. He says the Russian Red Cross and, above all, the goodness of the simple Russian peasants saved his life. He still limps. As a prisoner of war, he was put to work in the coal mines. He learned Russian and acted as an unofficial interpreter for his German fellow-prisoners and the Russian population living near the camp. In 1918, after the Revolution, Lenin heard about an outspoken young German Socialist in the coal mines and had him brought to Moscow. It was Reuter. His first career had begun."

Dr. Hirschfeld stopped pacing and looked at me sternly. "Today a lot of people in the West would make a point of forgetting such an episode in their past," he said. "But not Reuter. No, sir! Even now, he often talks of Lenin with admiration. Lenin made him the first People's Commissar of the Volga German District. Reuter's immediate superior was a guy named Dzhugashvili, who had changed his pseudonym from Koba to Stalin. Reuter and Stalin didn't get along. It seems that Reuter was downright insubordinate." Dr. Hirschfeld chuckled.

I asked what had become of the Volga Germans. "Stalin liquidated most of them at the beginning of the Russian-German War," Dr. Hirschfeld said. "But that, of course, was still years away at the time we're talking about. Well, after Reuter had organized the Volga Germans, he was sent to Berlin. He brought with him a letter from Lenin to Klara Zetkin, the German Communist leader here. Reuter still enjoys quoting from that letter, especially the part where Lenin wrote, 'Young Reuter has a brilliant and lucid mind but is a little too independent.' Back in Germany, Reuter took the pseudonym Friesland and began to organize the miners of Upper Silesia. In 1919, he was arrested, and served three months in prison. The following year, he became general secretary of the Communist Party for Berlin and Brandenburg. But did he play ball with the Russian Communists? Nope. He got right into trouble again. Those damn convictions of his! It took him only a few months to realize that the German Communists would be obliged to dance to Moscow's tune. Reuter couldn't stand the idea of placing the workers of Germany under a foreign dictatorship, so he stood up and denounced the Communist Party. He stated publicly and in so many words that the reason for his break was his disapproval of the fundamental amoralism of the Comintern. Still, you see, the same stubborn, uncompromising attitude that had already got him into hot water more than once. He rejoined the Social Democratic Party, and became editor of its paper, *Vorwärts*. I guess his former boss, Stalin, has never forgiven him for what he did in those days. People like Reuter know too much and are too honest for Stalin's comfort. The Russians have placed formerly important Nazis in high positions in the Soviet Zone, but not one Socialist. Incidentally, Reuter's successor as general secretary of the Communist Party here was Wilhelm Pieck, who is now President of the East German puppet government." The phone rang again. "Reuter has had his troubles with the Nazis, too," said Dr. Hirschfeld. "But you'll have to excuse me now. I'll try to talk to the Mayor tonight if he comes back, and I'll give you a ring if I do."

DR. HIRSCHFELD called me late that night and said Reuter had come back all right, and could I be at the Lord Mayor's office the next morning at nine o'clock sharp? I said I'd be there, and the next day I arrived at Schöneberg City Hall a little early, having allowed plenty of time to find my way through the jumble of municipal offices that have been crammed into insufficient quarters since the partitioning of Berlin, at which time the West Berlin government moved out of the City Council Building, which happens to be in East Berlin, and set up shop in the Schöneberg district. In an anteroom outside Reuter's office, two girls were typing letters, answering telephones, and telling visitors that the Mayor couldn't possibly see them, because he had several appointments and there was a meeting of the City Assembly at eleven that morning. One of the girls took my name inside, and after a while Dr. Hirschfeld came out and showed me in. Reuter was standing near the door, and we shook hands. He is a big, heavy-built man. The features of his longish face have the roughness of a medieval woodcut; it's not a slick



face and not very good at concealing emotions. His eyes generally have a friendly twinkle, suggesting the sense of humor that is an indispensable requirement for the mayor of a city in which everybody spends a lot of time cracking jokes about things that are really far from funny. Reuter usually appears in public wearing a tidy beret (because "it's less bother than a hat"), but now his gray hair fell unkempt over his forehead. He was wearing a crumpled blue suit that didn't fit, and he plainly didn't give a hoot what anybody thought about how he looked. His office was big and cheerful, with panelled walls and a large rug. There were flowers on an oak table by the door, on his desk, and on the window sills. The windows were open and sunlight flooded in. Outside were the roofs and trees of Schöneberg. It was one of the few rooms I saw in Berlin that didn't present a view of ruins.

Reuter glanced briefly at his desk, which was covered with a depressingly large stack of papers, then smiled with good-natured resignation and asked Dr. Hirschfeld and me to sit down with him at the table by the door. "I'm always glad to have an excuse to get away from my desk for a while," he said, in English. "Well, what can I do for you?"

I said I would like to watch the Lord Mayor of Berlin at work in his office. Dr. Hirschfeld rubbed his palms together, as if washing his hands of my request and of me. Reuter laughed. "You must be a student of bureaucracy," he said to me. "I don't wonder. It's a fascinating subject. I've seen four bureaucracies at work in my sixty-one years—Russian, German, American, and Turkish."

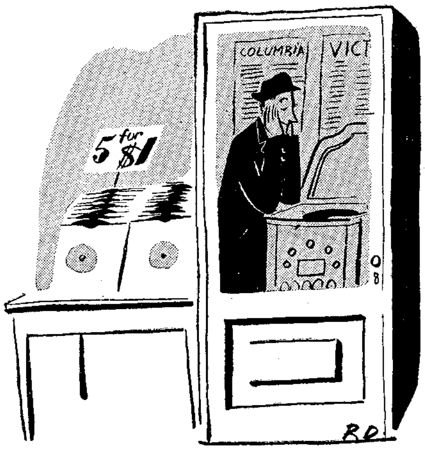
"Turkish?" I asked with some surprise. Dr. Hirschfeld seemed about to fill in this gap in my knowledge, but Reuter didn't give him the chance to. "Yes," he said, "I've spent plenty of time in Turkey. But let me tell you, the Russian bureaucrats are the worst. For them, human beings are merely figures in a frightening game of statistics—just necessary adjuncts to production machines. It is as simple as that. Of course, I know the petty German bureaucrats, too, having had to deal with them for the better part of my life, and I think I understand the Turks, or at least I understand how the channels of their bureaucracy work. But the American bureaucracy has me baffled. I couldn't get the hang of it when I visited America last year and talked to Mayor O'Dwyer." He sat back and spoke slowly and deliberately, as if he were trying to think out a definition. "It seems to me that the primary object over there is to have a number of different agencies, on various governmental levels, all trying to do the same job at the same time while ignoring one another fiercely. Right, Hirschfeld?"

Dr. Hirschfeld said that that had been exactly his experience in Washington, where his wartime duties with the O.S.S. had often required him to go. "Everybody was always creating a lot of extra work for other people," he added.

"I wish we had time for extra work here," Reuter said. "As it is, we must try to get the job done as quickly as possible. I wish," he went on, turning back to me, "that I could take you into the meeting of the City Assembly this morning, but my esteemed city fathers would start a revolution. The trouble with this job is that even the most trivial bit of business is bound to have international repercussions. I couldn't move those flowers by ten inches without having a couple of generals on my neck."

Dr. Hirschfeld nervously cleared his throat, and Reuter laughed again. "That's all right, Hirschfeld," he said. "I behave much better now about generals. When Clay arrived here, my first reaction was that of a typical old-time Socialist—'Another damn general.' But by the time he left, I was sincerely sorry to see him go. We owe him a lot. Well, Hirschfeld, what's on your mind this morning?"

Dr. Hirschfeld consulted a memorandum and said two British correspondents were in town and could they



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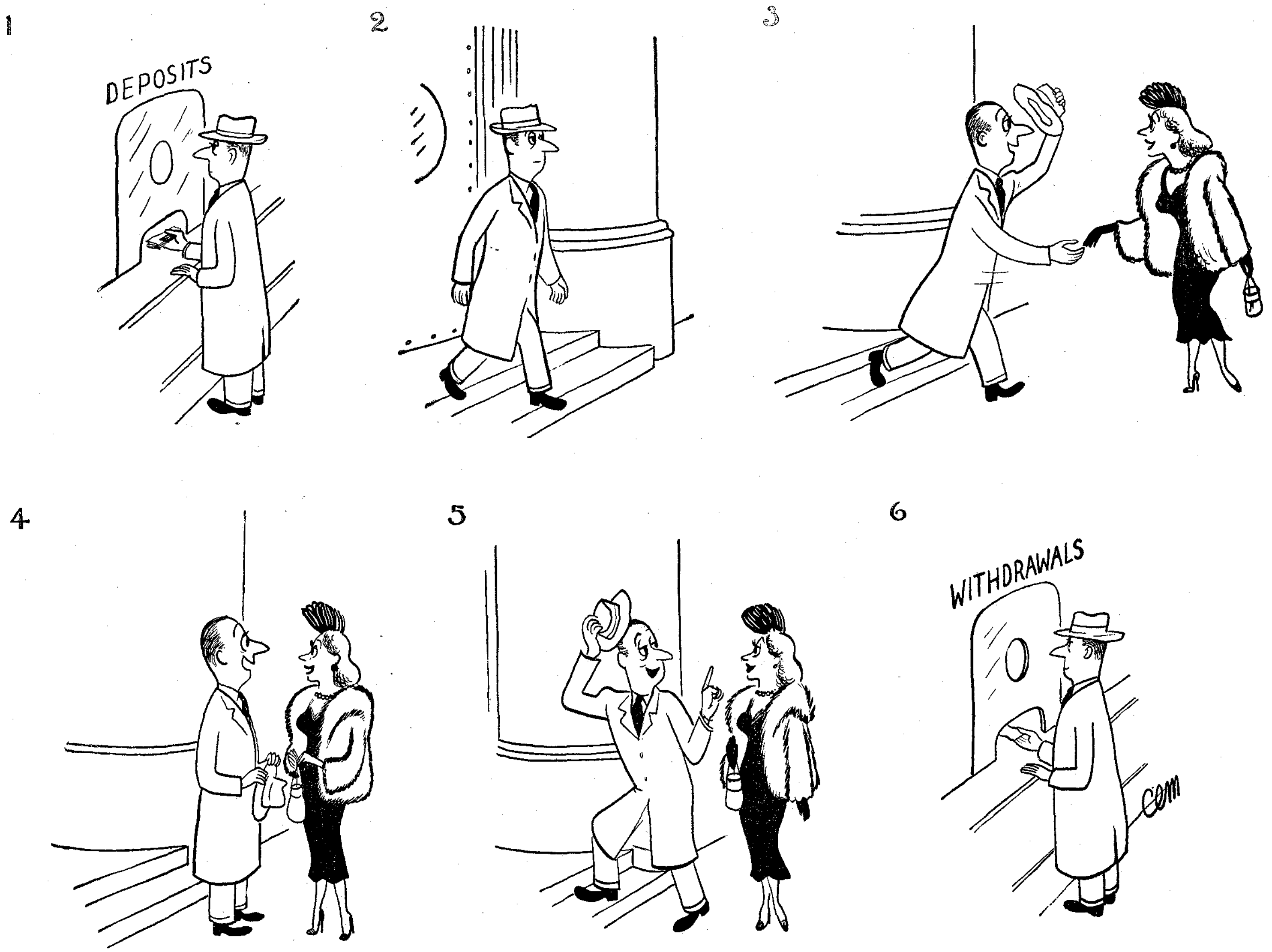
STELLAR ROLL

Night is a loose-leaf folder full of stars,
With a tickler file for comets. Under H
Is Halley's. If you want it much
Before its due date (1986) just let us know.
It faded some last time we had it out—
Were you a boy then?—and the edge
Crumbled to yellow. When? In 1910.
Everything's cross-indexed: Constellations
With neighbor constellations. Draco?
Draco
The Circumpolar is under U for Ursa
Major, Minor, B for Bear, and D for Dipper,
As well as Dragon; and under C
And W, besides, for those who hanker
To call for Charles's Wain. That
Box of 3 x 5 blank meteor file cards
(Leonid specials, flexible, unruled)
Upset and slithered earthward—can't say when.
Some of them still flutter in the slip stream;
Trillions fell like rain into Permanent File.
Galaxies are on deposit in our big
New branch in South Eternity. The
Milky Way's on punch cards now. We're adding
Finger-Tip Control, as you'd imagine.
The moons are in rotating files, and all
The Big Stars—Betelgeuse, Arcturus,
Sirius, Vega, and the like—
We've documented to the end of time.
The planets? Subdivided under Sun.
Here's Venus, for example. Saturn . . . Mars . . .
Earth? Sorry. Earth is out right now.
The Boss just ordered Earth to be revised.

—David McCord



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see Reuter the next day? Reuter shook his head. "I just haven't got the time," he said. "Why," he continued, speaking to me, "this afternoon I'm supposed to be in three places at the same hour. I told von Bruch—he's one of my assistants—to straighten that out. Seems to me that most of my time these days is spent deciding where *not* to go and what *not* to do. Newspapermen can be an awful nuisance. I know. I used to be one." He leaned back. "I wrote articles for the Social Democratic papers in Germany, and I wrote articles for Russian papers, and then, in the forties, I wrote for newspapers in Turkey. It was easy to learn Russian at the age of twenty-six, but it was hell to learn Turkish at forty-six. Turkish has no relationship to any other language I know. The Turks are able people and they were kind to me, but I was an exile, just the same. The bread of exile is never sweet. Still, I was luckier than many others."

Reuter paused, giving Dr. Hirschfeld the opportunity to explain to me that Reuter had gone to Turkey in 1935, after he had been in trouble with the Nazis for two years.

"*Ja, ja*, the Nazis," Reuter said, switching to German. "They never liked me. In 1933, while I was the Socialist Mayor of the city of Magdeburg, I became the Social Democrats' candidate for the Reichstag. I was elected by a majority of sixty thousand votes, which made the Nazis very angry. So I was taken to the Lichtenburg concentration camp." He spoke without emotion, staring out the window at the sunshine. "Fortunately, I had friends in the London County Council. They intervened for me, and I was released after six months. The camp commander said he was going to finish me off if I ever fell into his hands again. When I returned to my home in Magdeburg, everybody came to see me, and some people even brought presents. After two months of that sort of thing, the Gestapo took me back to the concentration camp. By good luck, there was another commander there by then. That time, I got out only because my good wife, Hanna, worked desperately for me and appealed to some Quaker friends of ours in England. The Nazis were trying to make a good impression in England, for political reasons. Himmler was against my release, but somehow I did get out. I was very sick, though. Hanna and I moved to Hanover. A few months later, I was warned that they were after me once more. This time, I was sure it would be the end. In January, 1935, Hanna and I crossed the Dutch border and headed for England. Two days after we'd left, the Gestapo went to our place in Hanover. We stayed in London for a while. Then the Turkish government offered me a job as adviser in the Ministry of National Economy and Commerce, in Ankara. So I borrowed the money for the trip and went there, and later Hanna joined me."

"You made a fine career for yourself in Turkey," said Dr. Hirschfeld.

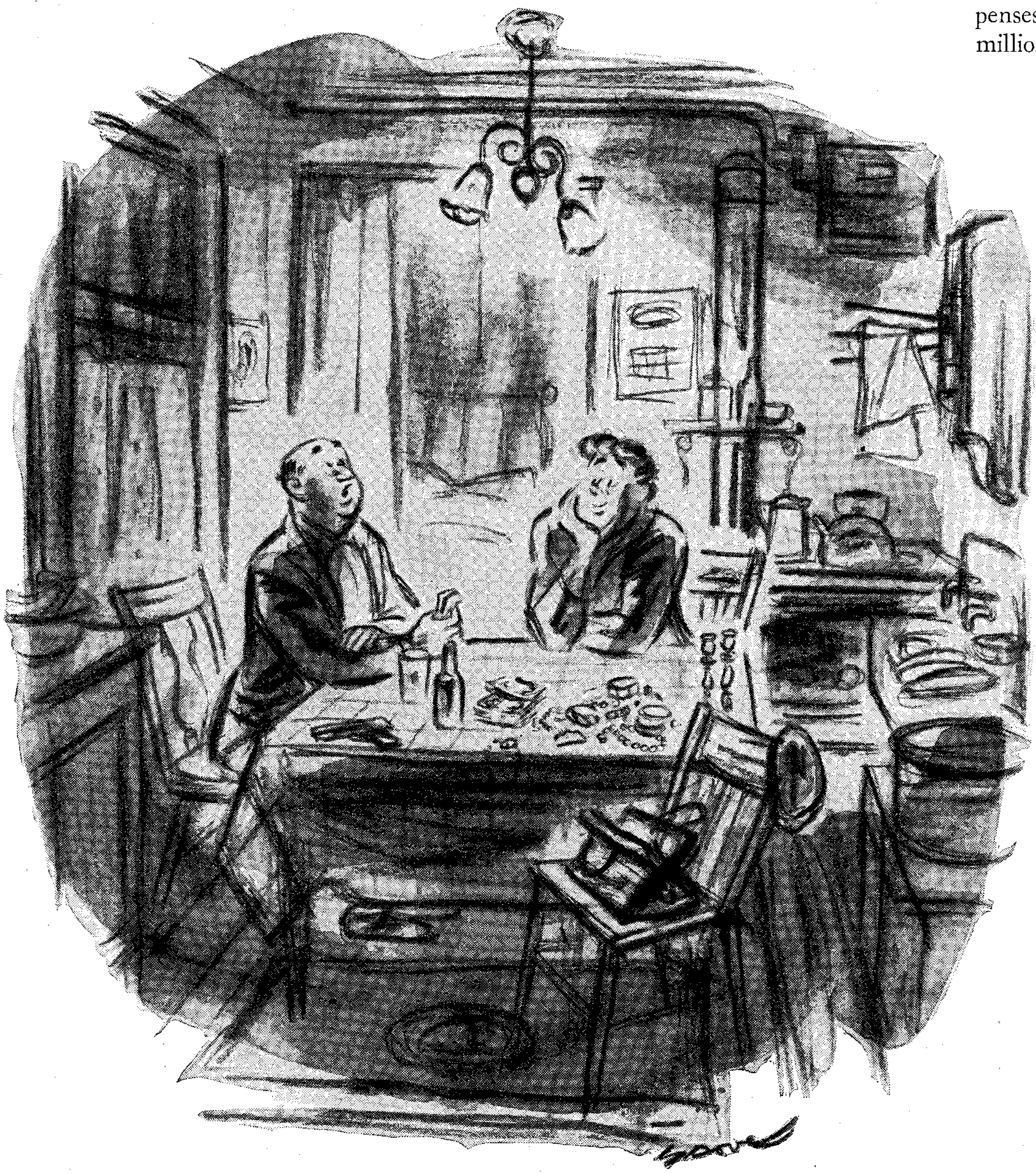
Reuter got up heavily and walked to the window with a slight limp. He looked out for a while, and then came back and sat down. "*Ja*," he said. "A nice career. Professor at the Civil Service Institute in Ankara, adviser to the Turkish State Shipping Administration, editor of Turkish textbooks on community administration, city planning, financing—things like that. And all the time I was watching the collapse of Germany and of all that had been dear to me, and it almost broke my heart. In 1945, I tried to get back into Germany. But I had to wait. The Allies were leery of exiles. They thought we exiles were filled with resentment toward them." He held up both hands, palms outward. "I didn't come to get revenge. I came to work, to help, to rebuild. I finally arrived late in 1946."

"And started your third career, as Lord Mayor of Berlin," Dr. Hirschfeld prompted him.

"*West* Berlin, Hirschfeld, not Berlin," Reuter said. "The two parts of Berlin have become separate worlds. We might as well be on different planets. Remember the currency the Soviets put out in their zone and no one here wanted to touch it? *Tapetenmark* [wallpaper marks], they called it. *Ja, ja.* I understand that nowadays the only actual contact between the Western Allies and the Soviets is the messenger boys in Allied High Command Headquarters. They, at least, still talk to each other. It's like that with our two city administrations. There are some dealings between the communications people, but there is no contact on higher levels. Anyway, the buses and streetcars are still running through both parts of the city."

"Yes, still," Dr. Hirschfeld echoed gloomily.

"I have only thirty per cent of the authority that the Lord Mayors of Berlin had before 1945," Reuter continued. "On one side are the Western Allies, looking over my shoulder—and, believe me, I'm glad they're here. On the other side, there is our federal government in Bonn. We are financially dependent on Bonn. It pays half our monthly expenses, which are now over a hundred million marks [twenty-five million dollars]. The result is, I devote half my time to trying to be my own Foreign Secretary, and the other half to trying to get money to keep the city going. We could balance our budget out of taxes if we didn't have to pay for the Occupation. The things we have to pay for! Somebody in Hesse builds a new airport, and Berlin is invited to contribute. And we have enormous social-welfare lists. There are more than two hundred and seventy thousand unemployed people in West Berlin who must be taken care of. We're spending over twenty million marks on them every month. But it's the young people I'm most concerned about. Several of my friends, of my own age, are skilled, hardworking craftsmen and artisans, but their sons don't want to be craftsmen. There is little hope for the crafts in Berlin, and the boys prefer to stay in school and then go on to the university. Ten years from now, the famous Berlin crafts will be only a dim memory."



"Well, let's see. The drawing room had a huge Aubusson rug, and the walls were covered with stretched silver brocade. There was a sixteenth-century Venetian mirror between the two windows, with pale-yellow satin curtains looped back in heavy folds. Then there was a beautiful baroque mantelpiece, and over it a portrait that I took to be of the lady of the house, in a pale-blue Empire ball gown . . ."

A GRAY-HAIRED, breathless little man came in without knocking, carrying a pad and pencil. "I've got to talk to you a moment," he said to Reuter, using the familiar "*du*." Reuter introduced him to me as Dr. Herz, and I gathered he was a trusted aide of some kind. After brusquely acknowledging the introduction, Dr. Herz said to Reuter, "You remember X, the

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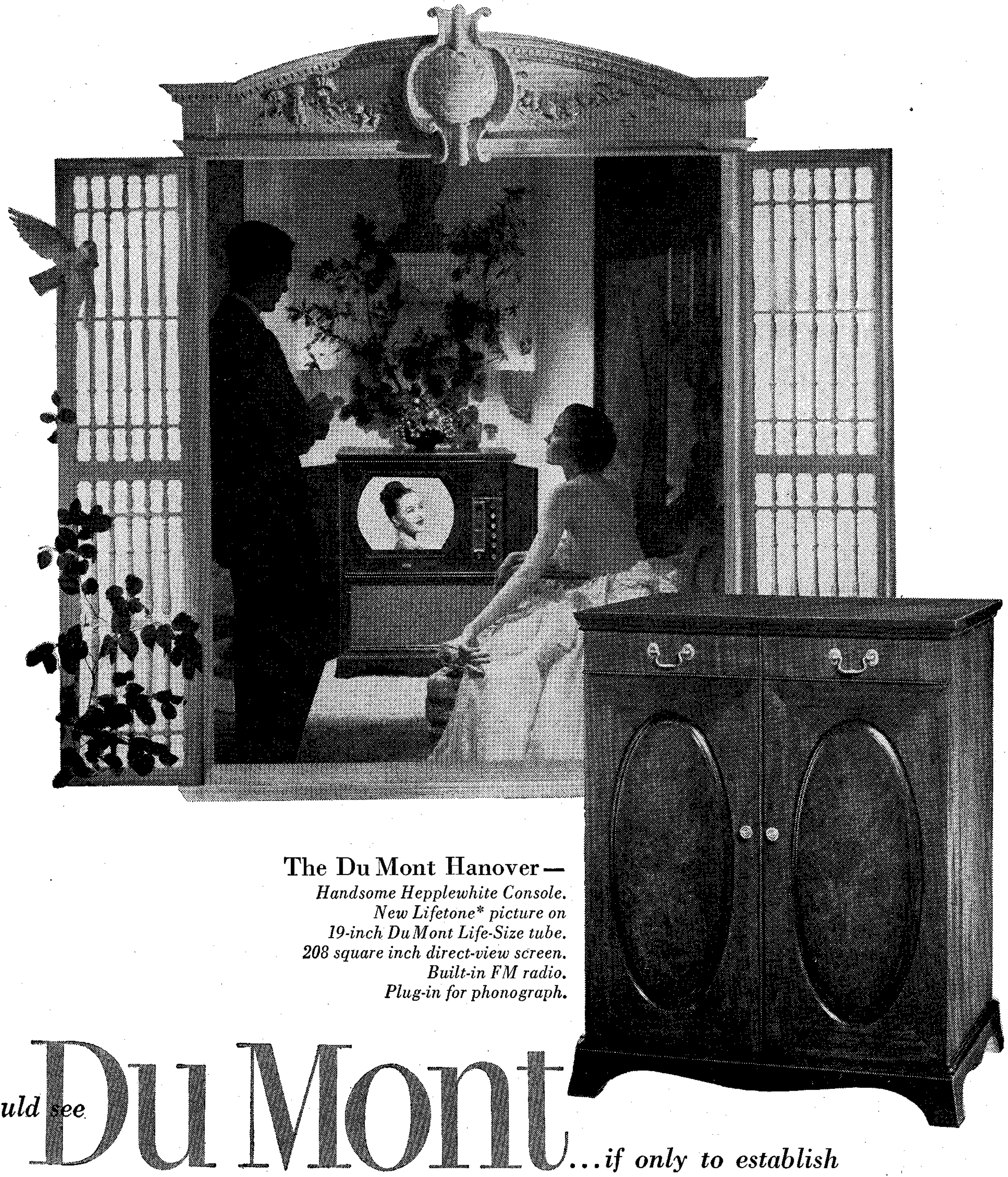

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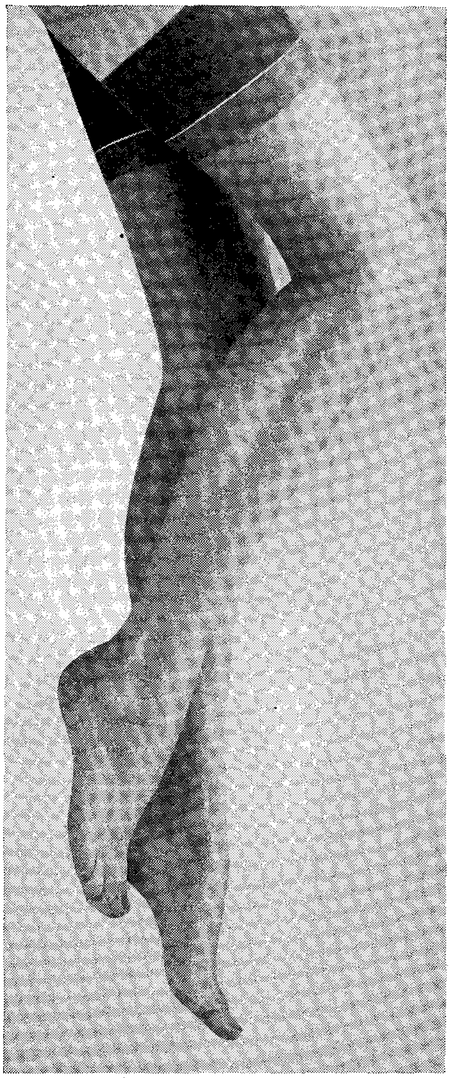

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man who was proposed as a trustee for the Municipal Life Insurance Institute?"

Reuter rubbed his eyes, as if trying to remember. "*Ja, ja,*" he said at last. "A very bad man. Now that I come to think of it, one of the worst."

"Exactly," said Dr. Herz. "That's what I told them. And what do you think they said? They said they need X, because he's the best expert they can get!" He looked shocked.

Reuter shook his head emphatically. "No," he said. "We don't want experts like X around. I'd much rather work with honest dilettantes. Every time we make another concession, it's another step back toward the mess we got ourselves into before the Nazis came into power. Integrity is the only weapon we have left. Let's not give it away."

Dr. Herz nodded, as if this was just what he'd hoped for, and crossed off an item on his pad. "General Taylor will be here at noon to hand over a check for ninety-seven thousand marks," he continued. "I don't know what it's for. Will you be present?"

"I asked Schroeder to accept it," Reuter said. "I'll be in the meeting."

"Maybe you could come out just for a moment, as a gesture."

"I'll see, I'll see," Reuter said unhappily.

Dr. Herz crossed another item off his pad and turned to me. "You're talking to a really first-rate Lord Mayor," he said. "Without him, we would have no B.V.G." He nodded assertively and went out. Reuter grinned. I asked what "B.V.G." meant. "*Berliner Verkehrs Gesellschaft* [Berlin Transit Society]," Dr. Hirschfeld said. "When Herr Reuter was a city councillor, back in 1929, he finally brought about a merger of Berlin's subway, streetcar, and bus companies into a municipal transit organization and put an end to years of bickering and fighting over them. Even the Nazis didn't dare break it up. Herr Reuter went to America and established the credit that enabled Berlin to construct new subway lines, modernize squares and streets, and widen the Frankfurter Allee. Modern workers' homes were built, which the Nazis later showed off to foreigners as their own creations." Dr. Hirschfeld made a note on the inevitable pad. "I think I'll talk about B.V.G. at the press conference next Monday," he said. "They ought to know more about it."

"Who? What press conference?" Reuter asked, looking alarmed.

"The fifteen Benelux journalists. Have you forgotten? I told you about it last week. We thought we might give them a little dinner afterward down at the Ratskeller."

"You certainly didn't tell me about the dinner," Reuter said, looking even more alarmed. "How much is it going to cost us?"

"Five marks [$1.20] a person. There'll be about twenty-five people."

Reuter shook his head sadly. "That's a lot of money for us, Hirschfeld," he said. "I suppose it can't be avoided?"

"It's important," said Hirschfeld, looking unhappy himself.

One of the girls I'd seen in the anteroom came in and said Herr von Bruch was waiting outside. "I'll call for him in a few minutes," Reuter told her, and she left. "So there you have it," he said to me, returning to the subject of the dinner. "A hundred marks has become a major financial problem for the capital of Germany. During the blockade, the Allies spent millions of dollars flying in coal and potatoes and raw materials for our factories and paper for our printing presses, and now we can't even get the credit we need to keep our industries going. We have outlived our political usefulness. Berlin is no longer considered an issue. No one gives a damn what happens to us from here on. Everybody is concerned about the situation in Asia, although we here know that Berlin is the focal point in the struggle between East and West." He was silent for a moment, then shrugged, and said with renewed emphasis, "The Berliners are no quitters. They may feel let down and at a loss for a while, but they'll spit on their hands and keep working. We *must* keep working if we are ever to have any sort of prosperity again. We can do it."

"At the time of the blockade, there would have been no resistance to the East without the Lord Mayor's leadership," said Dr. Hirschfeld. "It was Herr Reuter who first stirred up interest in the defense of West Berlin, long before it was adopted as a Berlin policy, to say nothing of a Western policy."

I asked Reuter how he'd done it.

"I made speeches," he said. "Bold, blunt, brutal speeches. There was no time for diplomatic niceties. I told the people that if we stood up for freedom before all the world, the West couldn't give up Berlin without giving up much more. It's not a very original idea, but it still holds. The same idea made President Truman send American soldiers into battle in Korea."

"You had a lot of opposition," said Dr. Hirschfeld.

Reuter smiled reminiscently. "It's al-

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ways the people in high positions who want to buy insurance for the future," he said. "The smart people, who would like to be covered on both sides. The population at large was wonderful. The people didn't hesitate and worry about the future. Not that they have lost the capacity to be frightened—they *are* frightened—but after losing as much as the people here have lost, one begins to learn that there are more important things in life than furniture and bathrooms and electric lights. You can be happy with little things. Did you notice that the people living among the ruins plant more flowers than the other people do? We used to pay too much attention to our possessions. When my wife and I had to give up our Hanover apartment in 1935, we were heartbroken at having to get rid of our furniture and books. Eleven years later, when we were in Turkey, we again had to sell our things, because we had almost no savings and needed money to pay our fare home. We didn't care that time. You can always get another dining-room table, but once you've lost your freedom, it's hard to get it back. If the Russians should come now and kill me, at least I would die with the knowledge that what we have done in Berlin has affected the lives of hundreds of millions of people all over the world. We may not have saved the peace forever, but we certainly have helped to prolong it. We have given the world a breathing spell. That's something. And—"

The phone rang, and Reuter went to his desk and answered it. For four or five minutes, he tried to explain to an official in Chancellor Adenauer's office that there could be no discussion of a proposal to cut the German government's appropriation for Berlin. Dr. Hirschfeld sighed and rubbed his forehead. "Always the sordid subject of money," he said to me in a whisper. "Sometimes he has to take the car and drive to Bonn to get the monthly check to pay our municipal employees. In Bonn, they like to forget that West Germany's industrial production has now reached a hundred per cent of the 1936 level, while West Berlin's production is at a mere twenty-five per cent. When they expect us to be self-supporting, they overlook the fact that as long as we are surrounded by the Russians, there is no hope of an effective recovery."

AFTER Reuter finished his phone call, he asked to have von Bruch sent in. A moment later, a slim, stiff, well-dressed, unemotional-looking man

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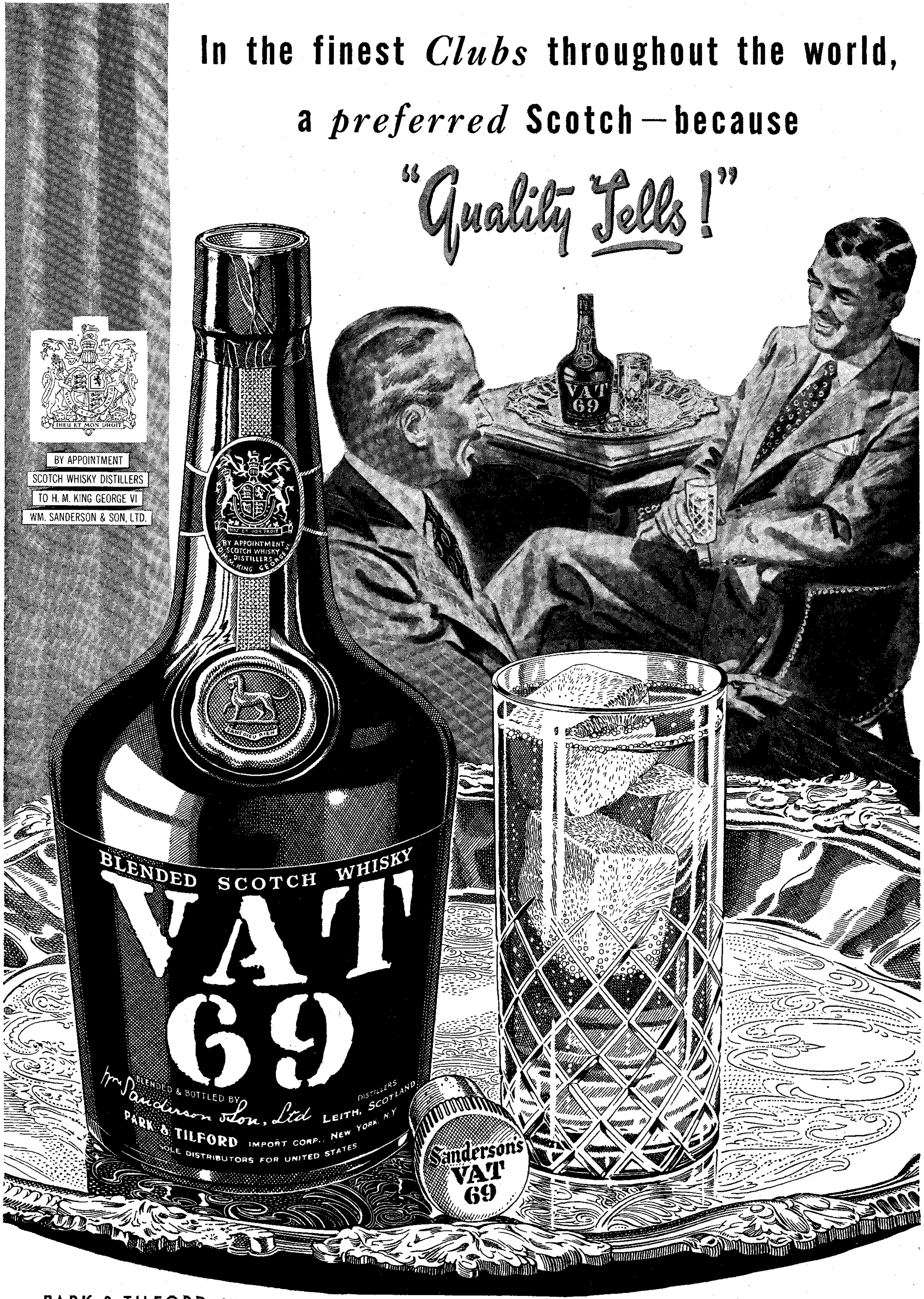
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entered. He, too, carried a pad. He bowed toward us in the ultra-military way known over the world as Prussian, and sat down in front of the desk, facing Reuter. "Nothing very exciting, Herr Oberbürgermeister," he said. "Frau Schroeder will accept the check from General Taylor at noon. She wants it to be a simple, dignified ceremony, but I'm afraid the press will have to be present. At three o'clock, you'll be laying the foundation stone of the textile building in Neukölln. You have your speech ready?"

"I always have a speech ready," Reuter said. "They tell me I even made a speech once when I was under ether on an operating table."

Von Bruch didn't seem to appreciate this whimsey. "Dr. Krekeler, the consul general for New York, will call at four o'clock," he went on, consulting his pad.

"At four I have to hand over the new post-office building to the Bund," Reuter protested.

"That will have to wait until four-fifteen," von Bruch told him crisply. "On Thursday, you have to make speeches in Cologne and Bonn. And may I remind you that Friday, at six-thirty, there's the big party at Mr. McCloy's? Friday noon, you are supposed to address the mass meeting in Flensburg. I don't know whether you'll be back in time for the party."

"Of course I'll be back," Reuter said. "I can leave there at two. That gives me time enough."

"Good," said von Bruch, checking an item on his pad. "Tomorrow night is the concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra, under Furtwängler, at the Titania Palast. We have eight tickets."

"Excellent," said Reuter. "I'll be delighted—"

"I regret to point out," said von Bruch, "that there's also the dinner for Y." He named an Allied official.

"I'd much rather go to the concert," Reuter said plaintively, and added to me, "When I was a student, I would queue up all night in Munich to get a cheap ticket to the Opera."

Von Bruch frowned. "Unfortunately, this dinner is a must," he said. "Afterward, we could drop in at that affair in Wannsee for a few minutes." He named another Allied official.

"I have to be in bed by eleven," Reuter said firmly. "And I want to work on the budget some first. My wife thinks I'm getting worse than her father. He was a trade-union leader and he came home only to sleep."

"That is all," von Bruch said. He got up, bowed to the three of us, and left. Dr. Herz returned, with his pad, and a secretary came in with *hers* and said the tailor was waiting with the new sports outfit. Reuter brightened. "Send him in, send him in," he told her. The tailor brought in a pair of slacks and a tweed jacket, and Reuter stood up and tried the jacket on while discussing with Dr. Herz some problems concerning West Berlin's new power station, in the British sector. Reuter said he was going to take the matter up with the British general in person. "I believe in talking to people," he said. "Letters get you nowhere." The tailor ripped off the lapels of the new jacket, although Reuter said they looked fine to him, and tacked them on again. This time, the tailor expressed himself as satisfied and left, followed by Dr. Herz.

Reuter put on his suit coat, called a secretary in, and began to answer his mail. He dictated quietly, never correcting himself. Many of the letters he had received were from organizations inviting him to address them. One was from the relatives of an eighty-seven-year-old woman, asking for permission to move her from the Soviet Zone to West Berlin. "Have the case investigated," Reuter instructed the secretary. "If she's really eighty-seven, I see no reason why she shouldn't come here." He added to me, "I would like to let everybody who wants to get out of the East Zone live here, if only we had room for them. Berlin has always been a hospitable, internationally minded city." The phone rang. Reuter answered it, listened, and, speaking sharply, told the person at the other end, "I'm getting sick and tired of these silly squabbles. The title is a mere matter of prestige. Tell them to get straightened out and report to me later." He hung up abruptly, picked up another letter, and dictated, "To Minister Bevan. . . . No, not Bevin. B-e-v-a-n. Aneurin. *Sehr geehrter Herr Minister. Ich*—"

A young woman came in with a paper covered with columns of figures and handed it to Reuter. He looked at the total at the bottom and sighed. "A four-thousand-mark deficit," he said. "Where are we going to get four thousand marks?" He handed the paper back. "Talk it over with Stadtrat Klingelhöfer." The young woman departed, and Reuter went on dictating. "I'm afraid I left a whole stack of letters at home," he said to me. "I was reading them in bed last night and making notes. Oh, well, I'll have to answer them tomorrow." He picked up another letter and said to the secretary, "What's this about a man in the Pfalz?"

The girl looked at the letter. "He claims he received a letter from you about sponsoring a wine delivery to New York," she said. "Some of the money is to be donated to the youth program in Berlin."

Reuter scanned the Pfalz man's letter in surprise. "I'm sure I never wrote such a thing," he said. He read aloud, " 'The entire Pfalz looks toward you expectantly . . .' My God, am I in the wine business now? Look and see whether there is such a letter in the files. And tell the Pommersche Landmannschaft that I will do my best to come to their meeting next week if I can make it somehow."

A gray-haired, friendly-looking, energetic woman entered. Reuter shook hands with her warmly and introduced her to me as Frau Schroeder. She announced that she had just inspected two youth homes and opened a new school. "We'll have to do something about the salaries of those social workers," she said. "They have difficult and consequential jobs, and should get more money."

"I know," said Reuter. "But where can *we* get it? Did you find out about the adoptions?"

"The number of people who want to adopt babies has declined," Frau Schroeder said. "People with a sense of responsibility think twice now before taking on a new obligation. Of those who do want to adopt a child, many don't fulfill the minimum requirements of the Youth Office. I have reminded all our district offices and homes that only the Youth Office can give final approval. We've been quite successful, by the way, with the orphans who are taken into private homes just for weekends."

"Are those weekend parents also investigated by the Youth Office?" Reuter asked.

"Of course," Frau Schroeder replied. "We wouldn't let the children go if we didn't know about the families."

DR. HERZ reappeared, pad still in hand, and said it was time to go to the Assembly meeting. "How was it coming back from Bonn?" he asked Frau Schroeder. It turned out that she, too, had recently returned by car from the capital.

"Everything was all right at the Russian check point," Frau Schroeder said, "but when we came to the barrier at the border, we found forty cars waiting. Some had been waiting for hours. A

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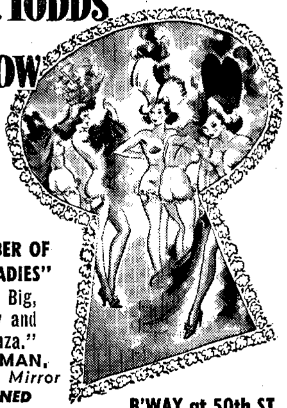

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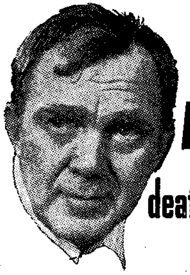

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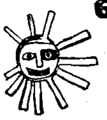

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few People's Police were searching every car. They made the drivers open the rear compartments, take out the seats, open the hoods, and even unscrew those air things—"

"The air filters?" Reuter suggested.

"Yes," she said. "I don't know what they were looking for. I don't suppose they did, either."

Reuter grinned and asked, "What did you do?"

"I told my chauffeur to drive right up to the barrier," Frau Schroeder replied vigorously. "I called to the nearest policeman. 'Fritze,' I said to him, 'do whatever you want, but do it quickly, because I haven't got all evening.' And what do you think the poor fool did? Clicked his heels and saluted and lifted the barrier, and we drove through."

Reuter beamed. "That Schroeder!" he said to Dr. Herz and me. "She could take care of a whole Russian brigade. She knows how to talk to those people."

"It's getting very late," Dr. Herz said, looking pointedly at a clock above the door.

Reuter nodded and picked up a large stack of files from the table. He shook hands with me and walked out, followed by Dr. Herz and Frau Schroeder. Dr. Hirschfeld picked up his pad and pencil, and told me he had to go to the meeting, too. "I heard a funny story about Reuter the other day," he said. "You know that Soviet Marshal Rokossovsky, who was in Berlin during the blockade? Well, according to this story, Rokossovsky, who is a sort of Russian Rommel—a tough guy, a trouble shooter—had Reuter brought before him and tried to bully him. Reuter laughed at him. 'You can't frighten me, Marshal,' he told Rokossovsky. 'You see, I was twice in a Nazi concentration camp and I've worked in a Russian coal mine and I've been in jail, and if you want to send me to a Siberian labor camp, I guess I'll be able to find my way around.' " Dr. Hirschfeld glanced thoughtfully at Reuter's desk, still covered with papers. "The strange thing about this story is that it *could* be true," he said. "It's exactly what Reuter would tell a tough Soviet marshal."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

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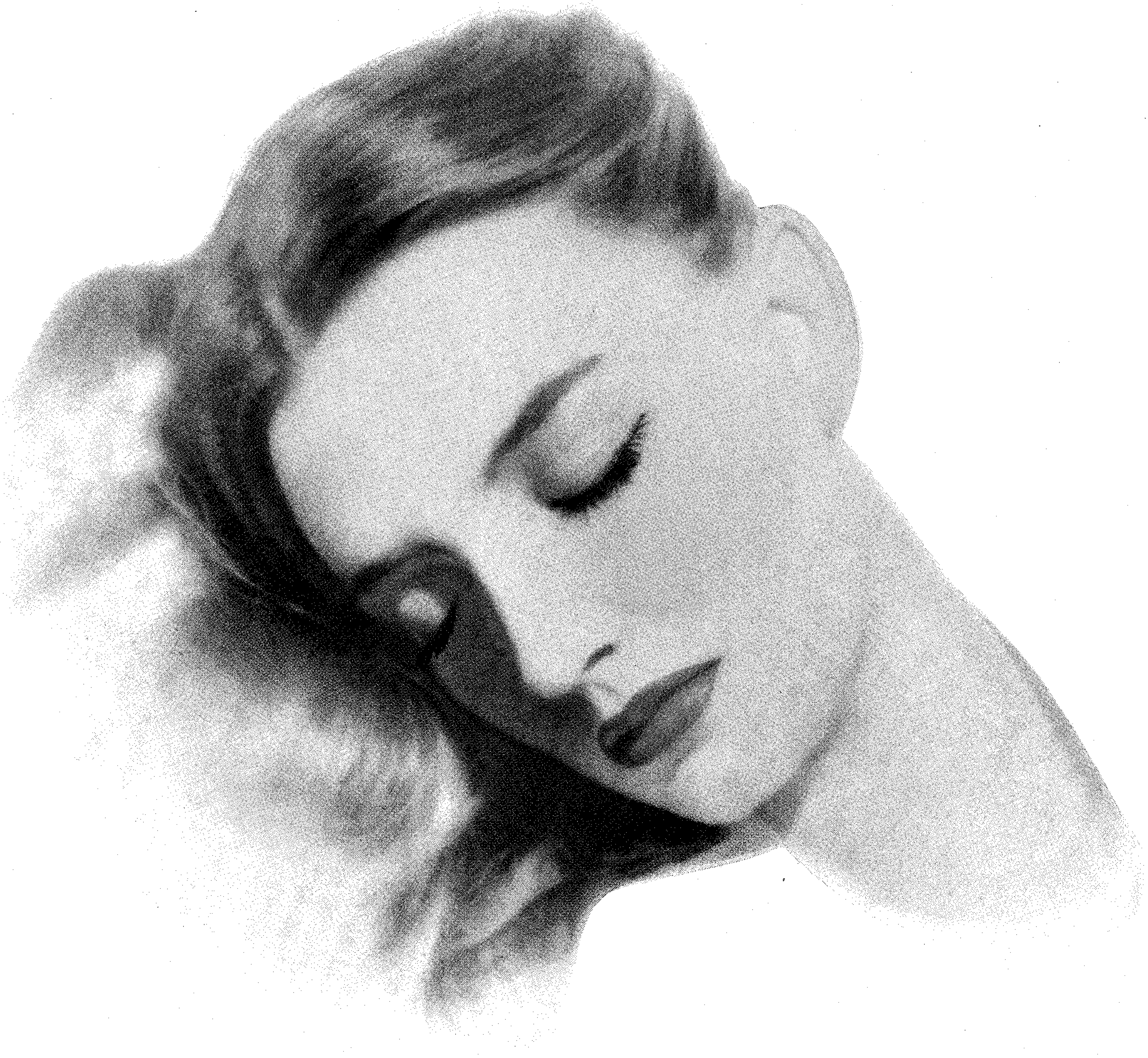

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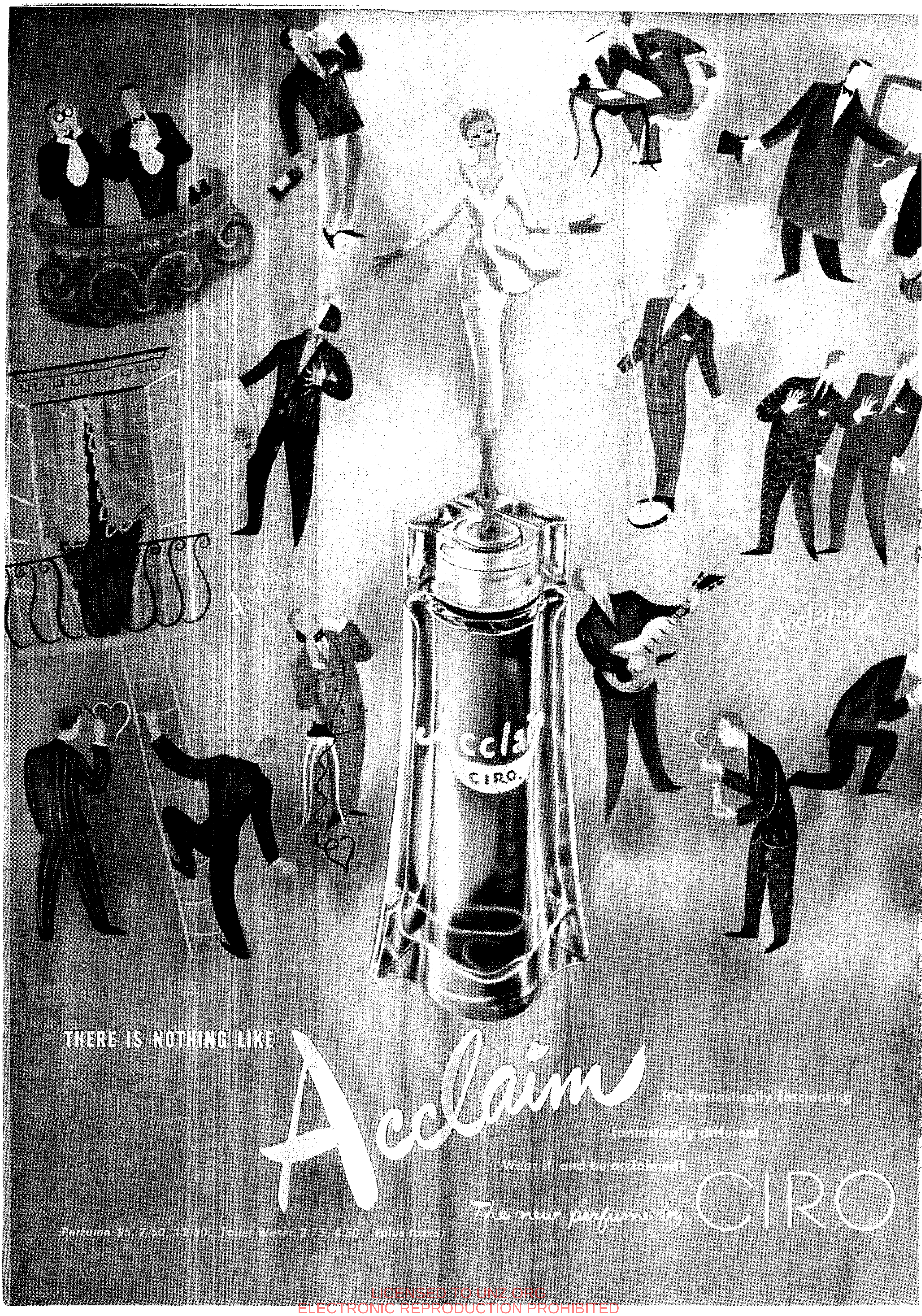
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THE THEATRE

BY SLOW STAGES TO A SANDBAR

"AFFAIRS OF STATE," a comedy launched at the Royale last week, deals with love at high political levels in Washington, D.C. To pass right on to a more unusual aspect of the case, it is the first play written in English by Louis Verneuil, who, in his native tongue, sprayed the field with base hits in Paris for many years before he decided to switch to our side of the plate. It is probably a better play than any of the local experts on federal mating calls, like Russel Crouse, Howard Lindsay, George Kaufman, and Garson Kanin, could write in French, though that is just a guess, based on the law of averages. Mr. Verneuil's dialogue is, for the most part, smooth, neat, and colloquial. Here and there, you come upon a line that sounds as if it had been written by a French playwright making his first try in English, under the joint influence of Berlitz and Corneille—such as "to combat the hazard of your solitude." Otherwise, the characters talk, for better or worse, pretty much like the characters we are used to in the theatre.

The plot of "Affairs of State" involves a marriage in name only, contracted by a bachelor statesman and the niece of the woman he loves. The woman he loves, who also loves him, has a theory, courtesy of Mr. Verneuil, that married statesmen get ahead faster in Washington than bachelors do. Already married herself, and thus unable for the moment to team up with her admirer in person, she arranges, for his good and the nation's, to be represented by a stand-in until such time as the voters may be looking the other way, and a couple of divorces and a redistribution of personnel can be slipped past them. The institution of marriage-in-name-only has, perhaps, this advantage for a playwright moving from Paris to Broadway—that while it may not be very plausible in English, it would have been even less so in French. As it happens, "Affairs of State" runs into a special obstacle to belief, arising from its casting. The young lady whom her aunt (Barbara O'Neil) links with such ready trust to the young statesman (Shepperd Strudwick) is played by Celeste Holm. The text insists that Miss Holm, before her marriage, looks dowdy and unappetizing. Her aunt believes this, because the author asks her to. But the fact is, as anyone in the audience can plainly see, that Miss Holm looks just the same before the marriage as she does after it; namely, sensational. That eliminates all chance of surprise at the final result, except for those who, like Miss O'Neil and Mr. Strudwick, are paid to be surprised. Not that the chance is a strong one to begin with. Mr. Verneuil's story aims to entertain rather than to startle you, and you may possibly find that, in a cool, thin sort of way, it does what it sets out to do. It's a story that could have been hung in front of any kind of background. In time, Mr. Verneuil may get around to nailing similar things up against the Tennessee hills, the Kansas City stockyards, and the Roller Derby. In "Affairs of State," he is served gracefully, with a loyal and becoming indifference to the facts of life in Washington and everywhere else, by Mr. Strudwick; Miss O'Neil; Reginald Owen, loaned out by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, at what rate of interest the program does not say; and Miss Holm, who is radiant, shrewd, and arch, all at the same time.

WHEN you read in the playbill at the Biltmore, where "Southern Exposure," by Owen Crump, is now in business, that the names of the play's first two characters, in order of their appearance, are Miss Penelope Mayweather and Australia, you do not have to be hit over the head with a chitling to know what the prospects are. The point is pushed home in the first scene, when Australia, a colored maid, explains civil rights to Miss Mayweather, her employer: "If you ain't civil to the colored people, you ain't right."

The play was brought to New York from Dallas by Margo Jones, of the latter city, who has been here on friendlier errands in her time, as in the cases of "Summer and Smoke" and "On Whitman Avenue." The story of "Southern Exposure" is founded on a ritual called the Pilgrimage, which occurs yearly, Mr. Crump says, in Natchez, Mississippi. Old Dixie homes are thrown open to Yankee tourists by their owners, who wear antebellum costumes and charge the sightseers so much a head. To this wholesome state of affairs, Mr. Crump has added some unconvincing arguments; for instance, that the tourists all behave like Brooklyn baseball fans, and that the mansion population of Natchez abounds in musical-comedy Southerners, who faint dead away at the sound of the word "Vermont." His principal character, a muckraking Northern newspaperman, accepts the hospitality of Miss Mayweather's house, a show place on the Pilgrimage wheel, while secretly attacking the South on his typewriter, exploiting his hostess's private diary, and stealing a neighbor's daughter from her fiancé. He has, in short, the ethics of a stoat, but he has a heart of gold to go with them, as you will learn if you hang around long enough. Miss Jones' staging of the play derives from the track-meet technique of George Abbott. In addition to the standard events, such as the low hurdles, slamming the bedroom door, answering the telephone on a curved track, crawling on all fours for time and distance, and descending three stairs without bending the knees, there is a special event for old ladies, a sprint from a standing start with a decanter of port in one hand, somewhat similar to potato-racing. Cameron Mitchell, Betty Greene Little, Mary Finney, and Pat Crowley, in the leading parts, show good speed on and off track.

IF some personable London psychiatrist, wearing striped pants and a morning coat, runs for the office of God at the next general election, it can't be said that he wasn't encouraged. Two recent British plays, T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party" and Lesley Storm's "Black Chiffon," the second of which opened at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre last week, after a successful London season, have hinted unmistakably that a man of that description is about right for the job. Miss Storm's psychiatrist is a little less omniscient and autocratic than Mr. Eliot's, who gives the impression that he has already *been* elected, has paid off his chief supporters with Cabinet posts, and is pointing for the next campaign. In both plays, however, the authors and the actors clearly feel about the man with the mental answers the same way Job felt about Jehovah. In both plays, a clipped, quiet style of speech and a good tailor contribute heavily to the doctor's aura. Having

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noted this trend for the record, I won't continue to bracket Mr. Eliot's eloquent and troubling piece with Miss Storm's overwrought and narrow one. A good cast, playing, as good English casts know how to do, with a keenness and a craftsmanly pride that often transcends the material, makes "Black Chiffon" sound interesting at times, but whenever the actors' spell wears off, as it must occasionally, you realize you are watching a show that takes itself much more seriously than it has any right to.

The psychiatric problem, as in all the other stage and screen treatments of the subject that I remember, is too pat both in statement and in solution. A respectable middle-aged London woman, more than usually fond of her son, who, in turn, is more than usually resented by his father, cracks up suddenly, to the extent of shoplifting a black chiffon nightgown in a department store. Her prospective daughter-in-law, it appears later, was wearing a black chiffon nightgown the night before, when the mother, walking in her sleep, went into the girl's bedroom to look her over. The mother, played by Flora Robson, is, in the main, a woman of so much dignity and restraint that it is sadly confusing when, in the second act, after a few minutes of questioning by the psychiatrist (Anthony Ireland), she breaks down and spills her—well, it doesn't seem right to speak of the "guts" of eminent British actresses, but she talks all over the place. This unlikely result is due partly to the author's need to get the mental problem set up and surrounded as quickly and neatly as possible, and partly to those intimations of all-seeingness and all-knowingness that the players and the playwright sense so strongly in the well-groomed doctor.

Miss Robson is as simple and moving as she can be in her slightly synthetic part. Mr. Ireland is not wholly implausible as the analyst who marks the fall of every sparrow. Good performances are given also by Richard Gale, Patricia Hicks, Patricia Marmont, Janet Barrow, and Raymond Huntley—which is to say one and all.

"SEASON IN THE SUN," by Wolcott Gibbs, is a very funny play, based on his stories in *The New Yorker* about Fire Island, a sandbar that lies between Bay Shore, Long Island, on the north, and Portugal (according to local superstition), on the south. To judge by the reactions of the first-night audience at the Cort last Thursday, its humors will captivate everyone except

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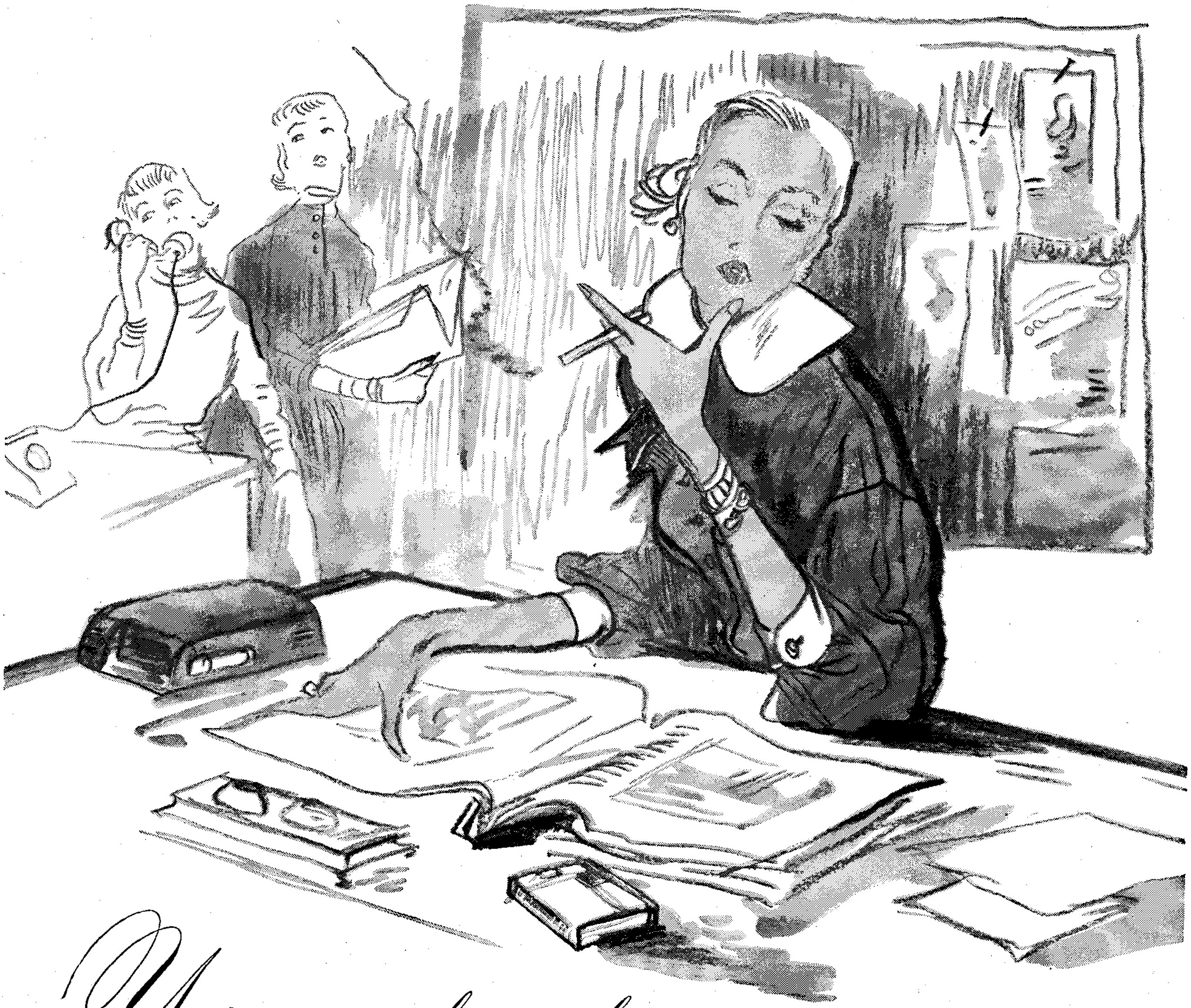

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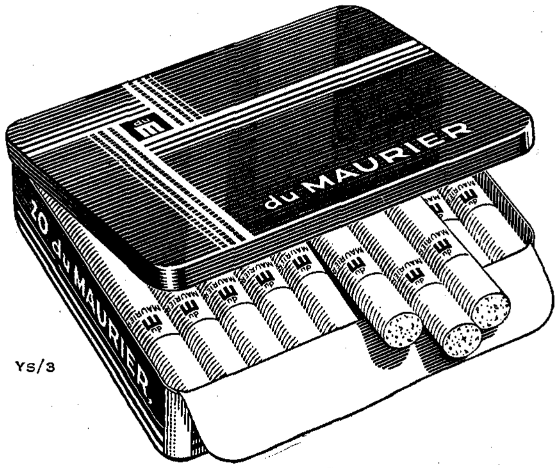

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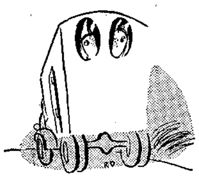
Fire Island property owners, who may come to wish, as time goes on, that the place lay a bit farther from Bay Shore and a bit closer to Portugal. Mr. Gibbs' alluring guidebook fails to point out that dogs and picnickers are prohibited on the beach, that private dwellings may not be used as bathhouses except by mortgagors, that rents have risen steeply in the last ten years, that the boat schedule is subject to change without notice, and that the food at the place he calls Sweeney's, much improved under new management, remains expensive. I believe that that fulfills my obligations to a small group of first-nighters who seemed to feel that the larger, happier, less well-informed part of the gathering might be misled by Mr. Gibbs into confusing his habitat with a matinée at the old Palace.

In his stories, the author treated the oddities of island life one or two at a time. In the play, he has assembled them all—the visiting brothel-keeper, the fun-loving alcoholic with an anecdote about tennis balls, the girl who collects writers, the eccentric landlady, the absent-minded handyman, the members of a quaint minority group, the hurricane—and set them down on the beach in a cluster. The effect is not Sophoclean, in the matter of dramatic unities, but the writing is so gaily, sharply, and consistently satirical, the staging, by Burgess Meredith, follows the spirit of the work so closely, and the cast is, with one or two trifling exceptions, so cheerful and competent that "Season in the Sun" is warmly recommended to anyone who will promise to forget the longitude and latitude of its setting. It would be silly to call it the funniest play of the season to date, since there have been no other funny plays this season. It is, roughly speaking, the funniest native American play in a season and a half.

The curious island fauna mentioned above move in and out of the life of a summer renter from the city, a man who writes for the front of a magazine and is torn, as the curtain rises and for some time afterward, between his ambition to create more enduring stuff and the outspoken doubts of his wife and the editor of the magazine he writes for the front of. The actors I liked best were Richard Whorf, as the writer; Nancy Kelly, as his wife; Anthony Ross, as the editor; and Eddie Mayehoff, as an improbable stuffed shirt. The last-named is the kind of character who might have come to Fire Island because he read a book or saw a play about it, which explains the uneasiness of Mr. Gibbs' fellow-taxpayers. —JOHN LARDNER

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Bar Sinister



THE late Harry T. Peters, Master of the Meadow Brook Hounds and a famous collector of Currier & Ives prints, would have enjoyed the crowning of Mrs. Donald J. Ferraro's Sombrero as grand champion of the fancy Bryn Mawr-Chester County Horse Show, held at Devon last week. At any rate, since Mr. Peters was an exceptionally articulate sportsman—he once lectured at the Metropolitan Museum on the theme that sports have had as much influence on art as religion has—he certainly would have had something to say on the subject. The odd thing about Sombrero is that he is not a thoroughbred, and an even odder thing is how the bar sinister got into his lineage. That's where Mr. Peters comes into the story.

Sombrero is by Bon Nuit out of a mare named Gigolette. Now, Gigolette's father was a good race horse, named Honor, by Fair Play, who was the sire of Man o' War, but her mother was a nobody. Honor belonged to the late George A. Ellis, of New York, who had careful plans for breeding him. Mrs. Ellis was interested in horses, too, and used to collect broken-down cart horses and turn them out on her Long Island farm to spend their last days in clover. She enlisted Harry Peters' aid in this kindhearted project, and he sent her many underprivileged beasts rescued from city streets. Mrs. Ellis, who does not share the reverence for bloodlines that is prevalent in some circles, had Honor bred to a number of her refugee mares. (There is no record of what *Mr.* Ellis thought of that.) At any rate, one of the offspring was Gigolette, which put Mr. Peters in the position of being the possible, though certainly unwitting, godfather of the dam of the Bryn Mawr champion.

Sombrero is a big six-year-old bay, a bit leggy, perhaps, but a fine, bold fencer. He is often seen out with Mr. W. Plunkett Stewart's Cheshire Hounds, who hunt around Unionville, Pennsylvania. Miss Peggy Mills, who rides and trains Sombrero, is one-half of the talented young sister team that operates the well-known Bet-Peg Stable, near Wayne, Pennsylvania. They are both pretty girls, the daughters of a professional horseman, and they train around twenty hunters and jumpers in their stable. Peggy, who does the riding for the firm, will bring Sombrero and Black Watch, Mrs. Ferraro's jumper, to Madison Square Garden next month. She may also ride Golden Hill, who won the conformation championship at Bryn Mawr-Chester County this year, for the third successive time.

Sombrero was able to defeat his thoroughbred rivals for the grand championship because this class is judged on performance alone, and bloodlines are ignored. Sombrero won four blues, one of them the cup for working hunters that was put up by the late Mrs. Jacques Allez, of Paris. Back in the early nineteen-hundreds, Mrs. Allez, then Mary Astor Paul, was known as the Butterfly Girl, because for her début, at Horticultural Hall, in Philadelphia, thousands of butterflies were caged in nets beneath the ceiling of the main hall. At a signal, the nets were opened, but unfortunately, instead of fluttering gaily about the room, the butterflies, baked by the heat of the lights, rained down on the heads of the dancers.

FENCE-RAIL JOTTINGS: Patricia du Pont turned up on that fine old hunter champion Woodfellow, who did well in his class, even though he hadn't been to a show in years. He is nineteen now, and still hunting. . . . Mrs. Victor Weil, of New York, gave her chestnut mare, Victory Miss, a nice ride to win the title for three-gaited horses ridden by amateurs. . . . The children's classes, held on the final morning of the show, were jammed with contestants, but a lot of them seemed to prefer the horses on the merry-go-round set up on the grounds. . . . Many of the spectators on the final afternoon wore expressions of marked distraction; the Wanamaker charity booth had sold them pocket radios, with which they could listen to the broadcast of the Phillies-Dodgers baseball game without disturbing their neighbors. One of these radios fits into a breast pocket, and a sixteen-inch telescoping aerial juts up over the head of its owner, who is further equipped with a tiny receiver, stuck in his ear like a hearing aid. These rapt listeners looked as if they might have just arrived on earth in a flying saucer. —T. O'R.

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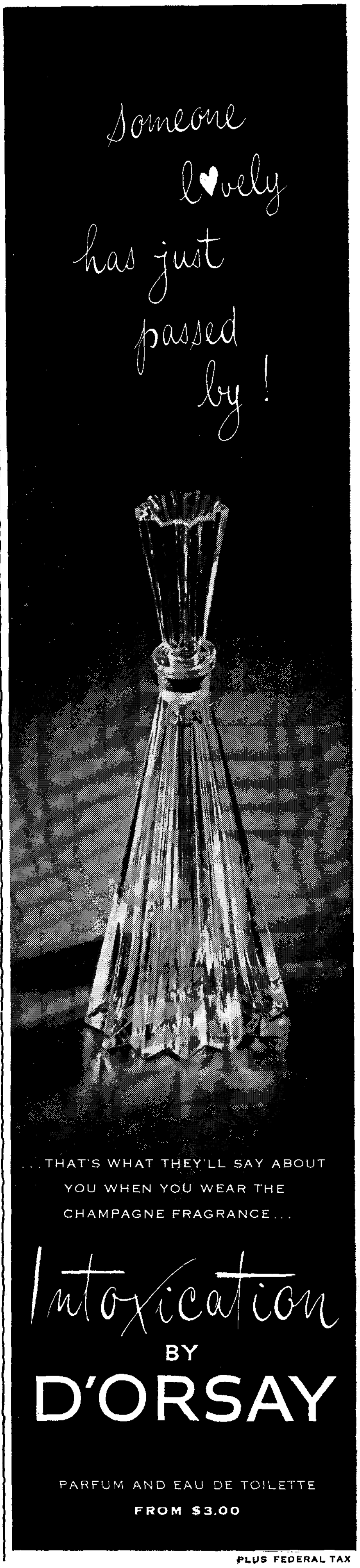

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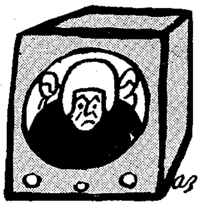


FRED ALLEN's initial appearance on television, over N.B.C. a week ago Sunday, was pretty disappointing. It is possible that I expected too much of Mr. Allen, who in my book is one of the few genuinely funny men still functioning in an anticomical world, but I feel sure that my disappointment the other evening stemmed from somewhat deeper causes. To begin with, he was astonishingly ill at ease in front of the camera, giving the impression of a man who had made up his mind that he'd be damned if he'd look the thing straight in the eye. He looked to the right of the camera and to the left of the camera but only once or twice, and then fleetingly, *at* the camera. As a result, I felt almost as if I were an interloper, with no right to be sitting at home spying on his act, and once or twice during his hour-long program I was nearly compelled to tiptoe out of the room. For another thing, most of the material was spectacularly mediocre for Mr. Allen, and its bright spots, with few exceptions, were designed for a listening audience rather than for a viewing one. It seemed as though he hadn't yet divorced himself from the world of radio and accepted the fact that a television program demands certain techniques of its own. Since he did not come anywhere near mastering the strange new medium, it was all the more regrettable that he devoted a good portion of his program to a parody of television as a whole, by attempting to satirize puppets, wrestlers, Roller Derby ladies, and other indigenous types that keep turning up on the little screen with shattering frequency. There is plenty of room for parody of television, but I should think that Mr. Allen would have been cautious enough to wait until at least his third or fourth program before venturing into that dangerous field.

On the credit side, Mr. Allen assembled a notable group of associates, including the indomitable Monty Woolley, Risë Stevens, Sono Osato, and the raffish long-term denizens of Allen's radio Alley—Senator Claghorn, Mrs. Nussbaum, Ajax Cassidy, and Titus Moody. Of the entire cast, I should say that Mr. Woolley came off with top honors. He appeared briefly and impeccably in a flimsy sketch set in a department store. Mr. Allen, it appears, had purchased a cuckoo clock in the store some days before, and had discovered, to his chagrin, that the cuckoo came out backward. He brought it to the store for exchange or repair, and ran into Mr. Woolley, who was doing a little shopping. Mr. Woolley volunteered to steer him to the proper authorities, and for several minutes they walked from complaint desk to complaint desk. There was nothing much more to the sketch than that, but Mr. Woolley's exquisitely despicable treatment of various employees of the store was something of a misanthropic treasure, in the great tradition of "The Man Who Came to Dinner." David Burns contributed a few delightful moments as a television consultant with a passion for pre-testing every possible comedy situation, and the four residents of the Alley were as splendid as ever. Mr. Allen placed his Alley folk at a disadvantage, however. Instead of bringing them forward in the flesh, he had each of them portrayed by a clumsily handled puppet, and we heard only their voices, coming from behind the puppet stage. Miss Stevens sang well at intervals throughout the program, and Miss Osato danced with great intensity and, I suppose, with her usual skill. For all I could see of her, thanks to faulty lighting, she could have been Will Mahoney leaping about on his xylophone.

I HAPPEN to have been a man who in the past would rather have left Milton Berle alone than taken him, but I looked in on his program last week and I haven't had so much fun in a long while. Mr. Berle seemed to have mellowed somewhat—a phenomenon as extraordinary as the cow jumping over the moon—and to be treating his cast, his audience, and himself with a trace of humility. He even allowed himself to play fall guy to a merciless and really funny fellow named Arnold Stang. Although Mr. Berle's pace was still furious, it was not quite so manic as before, and it was possible just to sit and laugh without experiencing the gruesome sensation of being flattened by a steam roller. The other night, he presented a truly remarkable gentleman in the person of Owen McGiveney, a quick-change artist. Mr. McGiveney undertook the task of almost simultaneously playing four characters from "Oliver Twist." He stumbled through a door as the dishevelled Bill Sikes, mumbled a few words, and dashed off the set to

A new Macintosh...in worsted-gabardine

This new Macintosh weathercoat has just arrived from London. It is casual in the best English tradition, but it also contrives to look very smart indeed. It is tailored by Charles Macintosh & Co., who have been keeping Englishmen dry since the days of William IV. This extraordinarily distinguished coat is made of the finest worsted-gabardine, and is completely water-repellent. It costs only $58, which is astonishingly low for an imported weathercoat of this quality. A wonderful buy. You can try it on at any of the stores listed on the opposite page. (Macintosh also makes a light *poplin* raincoat at $28.50.)

NOTE TO RETAILERS: ROBERT APPLEBY & Co., INC. of 22 West 48th Street, N. Y. carry stocks of this Macintosh weathercoat at their New York warehouse, and will fill your orders within twenty-four hours.

MACINTOSH

—the standard by which all other weathercoats are judged.

the wings, where we could see a huddled band of tense assistants tear off his wig, jacket, and other gear. A moment later, he appeared back onstage as the hideous Fagin. A swift exit, an equally swift entrance, and he was poor Nancy—hair, voice, dress, and all. He spoke briefly, darted off again, was fussed with frantically by his helpers, and popped through a window as the Artful Dodger. He kept this up for some time—Sikes to Fagin to Nancy to Dodger to Nancy to Sikes to Fagin to Sikes to Dodger to Fagin—and throughout the demonstration maintained some sort of narrative, but I was much too fascinated with McGiveney to pay any heed to Dickens. McGiveney's performance was followed by a parody of it by Mr. Berle, who slopped around for a while in half-adjusted bloomers and wigs, and managed to be extremely funny in the process.

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY, the televising of the Joe Louis-Ezzard Charles fight last week was admirable, including some stunning shots of the trainers working on their charges between rounds, but the incessant accompanying chatter of Ted Husing, the commentator, eventually forced me to turn down the sound and just watch the boys go at each other in their own way. Aside from the fact that Mr. Husing indulged in some of the richest prose ever heard from the Yankee Stadium ("His nose draws claret," "He stalks his prey," "The sight of blood enrages him," and so on), it quickly became apparent that his position was an anachronous one. When you come down to it, there is no reason to have *any* commentator on hand during the televising of a fight, since the audience can see what the commentator sees. The other night, Mr. Husing was nothing but a nuisance, on a par with those people who used to read silent-movie titles aloud.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

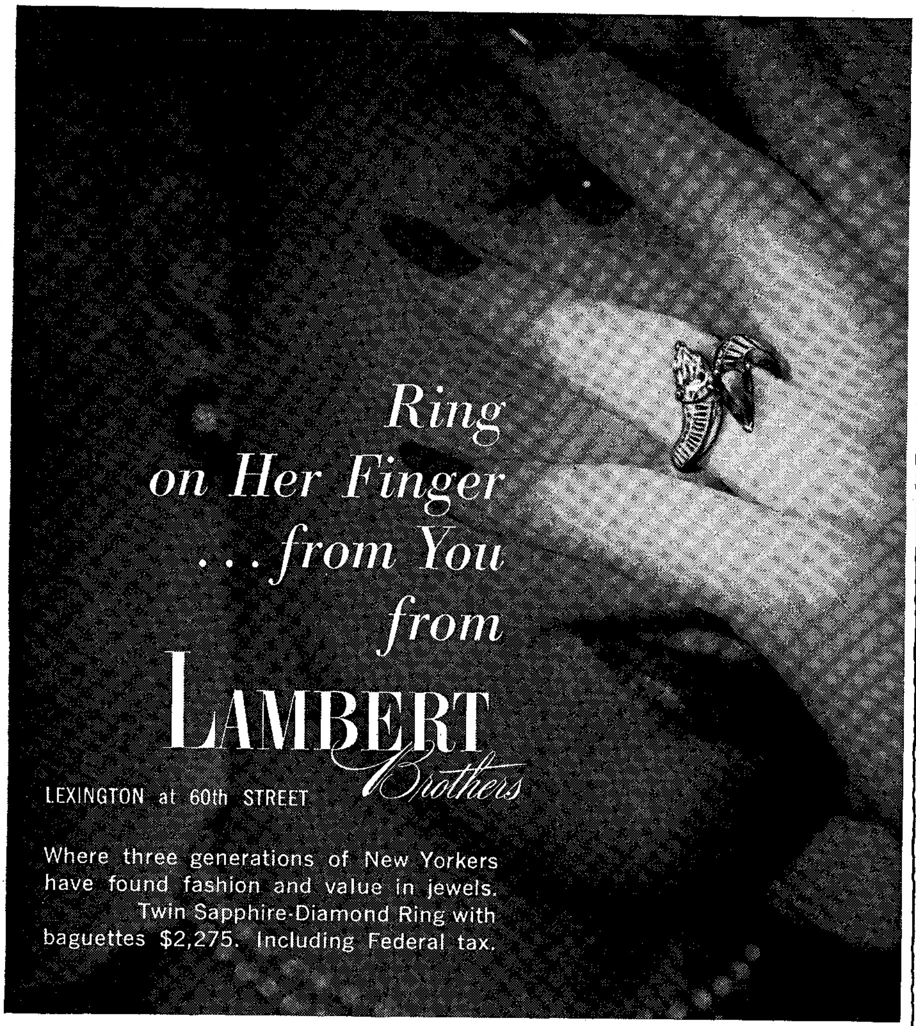
A new lubricant for underwater gears of outboard motors has been developed by Gulf Oil Corp., which says it has anti-trust qualities and reduces drag on gears to a minimum.—*Washington Star*.

Look, we just want to troll for bass.

•

OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Le Boeuf & Lamb, attorneys, 15 Broad Street.
Pepper & Potter, 285 Pearl Street, Brooklyn.
Tornado Shipping Co., 20 Vesey Street.
Semi Self Service Delicatessen and Grocery, 3576 Broadway.



Ring on Her Finger . . . from You from LAMBERT Brothers

LEXINGTON at 60th STREET

Where three generations of New Yorkers have found fashion and value in jewels. Twin Sapphire-Diamond Ring with baguettes $2,275. Including Federal tax.

BIANCHINI pure silk ties

Magnificent trio . . . imaginative . . . subtle . . . **elegant but not ostentatious.** Luxuriously tailored from the world's most sumptuous fabrics. Pure silk genius in patterns sparked with a continental feeling for color and design. These and many other models. Up to $10.

Only at the nation's best stores; write us . . . we'll tell you where.

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60-gauge gives you a finer-textured stocking because there are more stitches to the inch

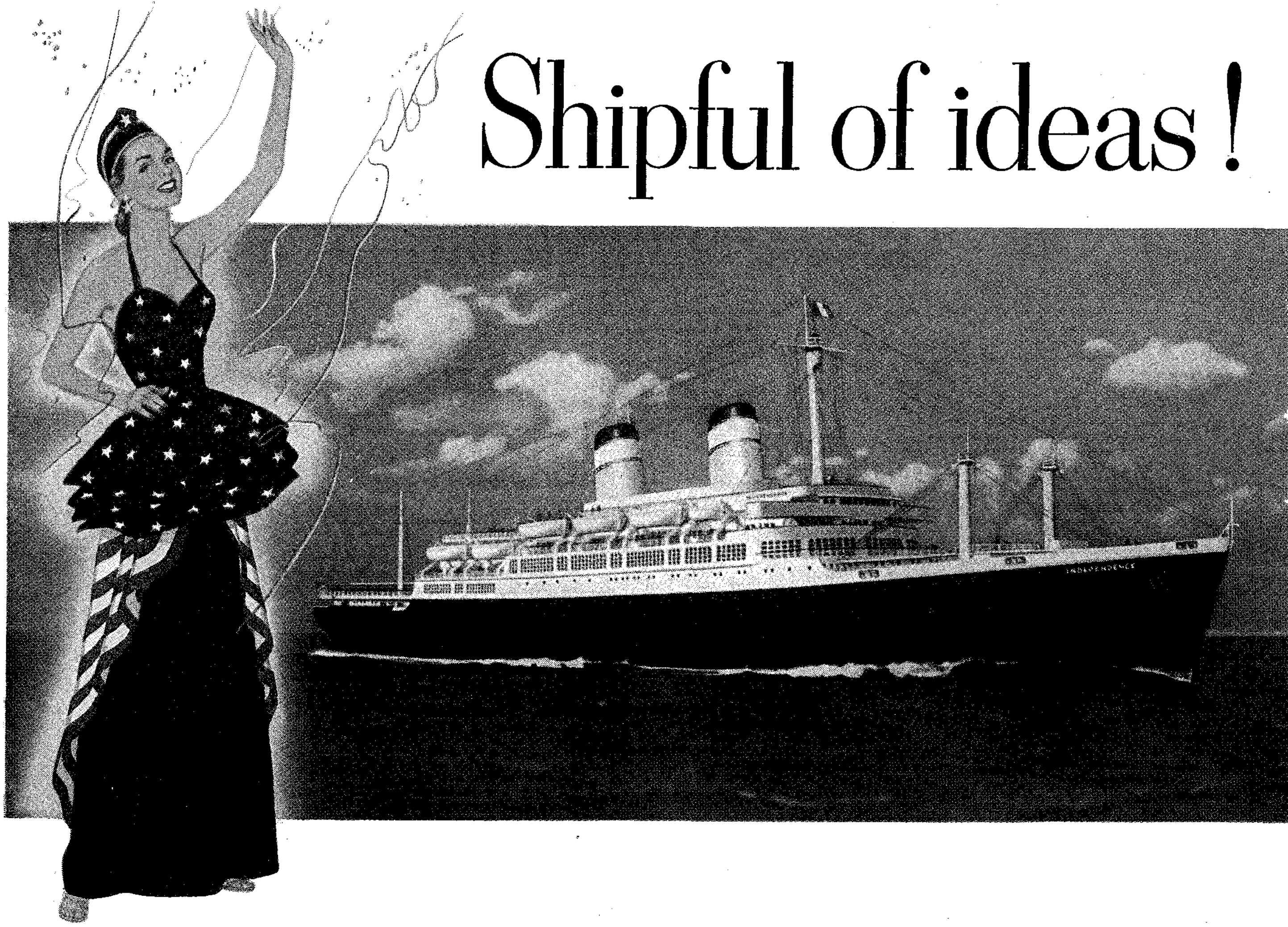
60-gauge gives you a longer-wearing stocking because more stitches share the burden of strain; and the finer texture is also more snag-resistant

What Humming Bird 60 can mean to you

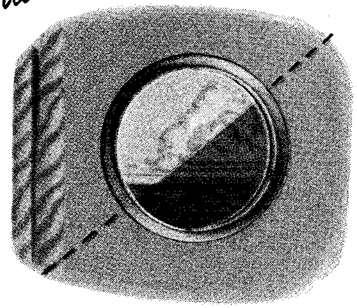
No more confusion about stockings for every day, others for dress-up. Humming Bird 60 is a whole stocking wardrobe in one. The very construction which makes a 60-gauge, 15-denier nylon lovely enough for evening makes it practical enough for rugged walking. So save by simplifying—Humming Bird 60 to wear with everything from tweed to frothy net. Save on the original price, too. Although you'd expect to pay more for such luxury, you actually pay less.

America's Most Called-For Stocking

Shipful of ideas!

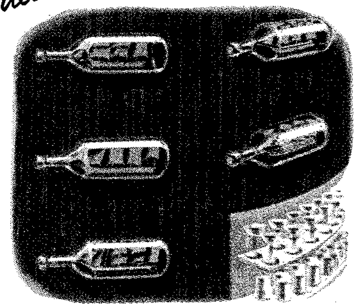


Idea!



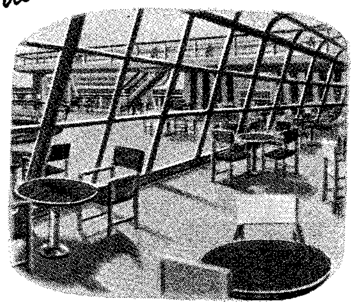
Polarized portholes. Turn a knob and polarized lenses admit as much or as little light as you please. Banishes glare . . . permits a clear view of blue seas, blue skies.

Idea!



Boat 'n Bottle Bar. Quaint ship-models in bottles tell the history of American sail. Such details as upholstered elbow-rests at bar make this the cleverest cocktail lounge afloat.

Idea!



Poolside cafe. Looks out on the lavish Sea Island Club. Here is an American soda fountain. Here, on heavenly days, the glass top rolls back like a convertible to let in the soft, Southern air.

GALA MAIDEN VOYAGE CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

February 10, 1951 . . . The INDEPENDENCE makes her bow to smart seagoing America. 53 days. 22 Mediterranean ports • Rates from $1500. Reserve Now • Passenger lists are filling fast • Regular Atlantic service of the Constitution and Independence to Gibraltar, Naples, Cannes, Genoa and all Europe starts April 12, 1951 • Consult your Travel Agent or American Export Lines, 39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y. (Offices also in many principal cities.)

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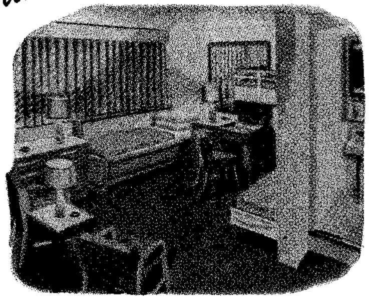
AMERICAN

. *in the new* Independence *and* Constitution

Modern American living goes to sea

THESE two great sister ships carry American ingenuity to sea – with a host of exciting new *ideas* in ocean travel. Shipwide air conditioning, polarized portholes, picture windows, convertible cabins, sound-proofing, private baths, and scores of other innovations! Come aboard these fastest, largest of Mediterranean liners – *right here on this page . . .*

Idea!



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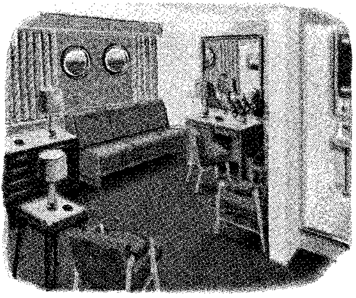
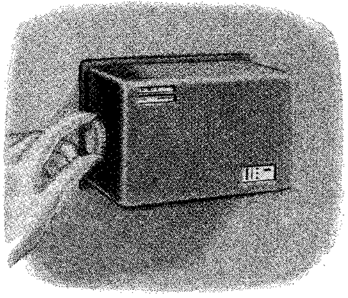


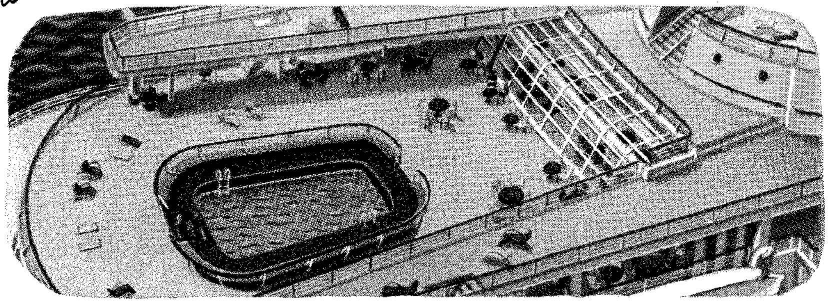
Bedroom by night . . . living room by day.
Read, relax, chat with friends in your own spacious living room . . . luxurious as a private yacht. At night, beds magically appear from the walls. Specially designed Sealuxe mattresses are extra wide, deep, comfortable. Drawer and wardrobe space galore! Private baths throughout First and Cabin class.

Idea!



Dial your own climate. Personal air conditioning controls in every stateroom. Your room gets a complete change of bracing air every 8 minutes. Sleep relaxed—awake refreshed!

Idea!



Sea Island Club designed especially for these Sun Lane liners. In the center is a large swimming pool with dramatic aqua-lighting—surrounded by a spacious play and refreshment area. On either side of the pool are spectator wing-decks where you can laze in the sun and look down on the fun. Even your deck chair was re-designed—made half as heavy, twice as comfortable.

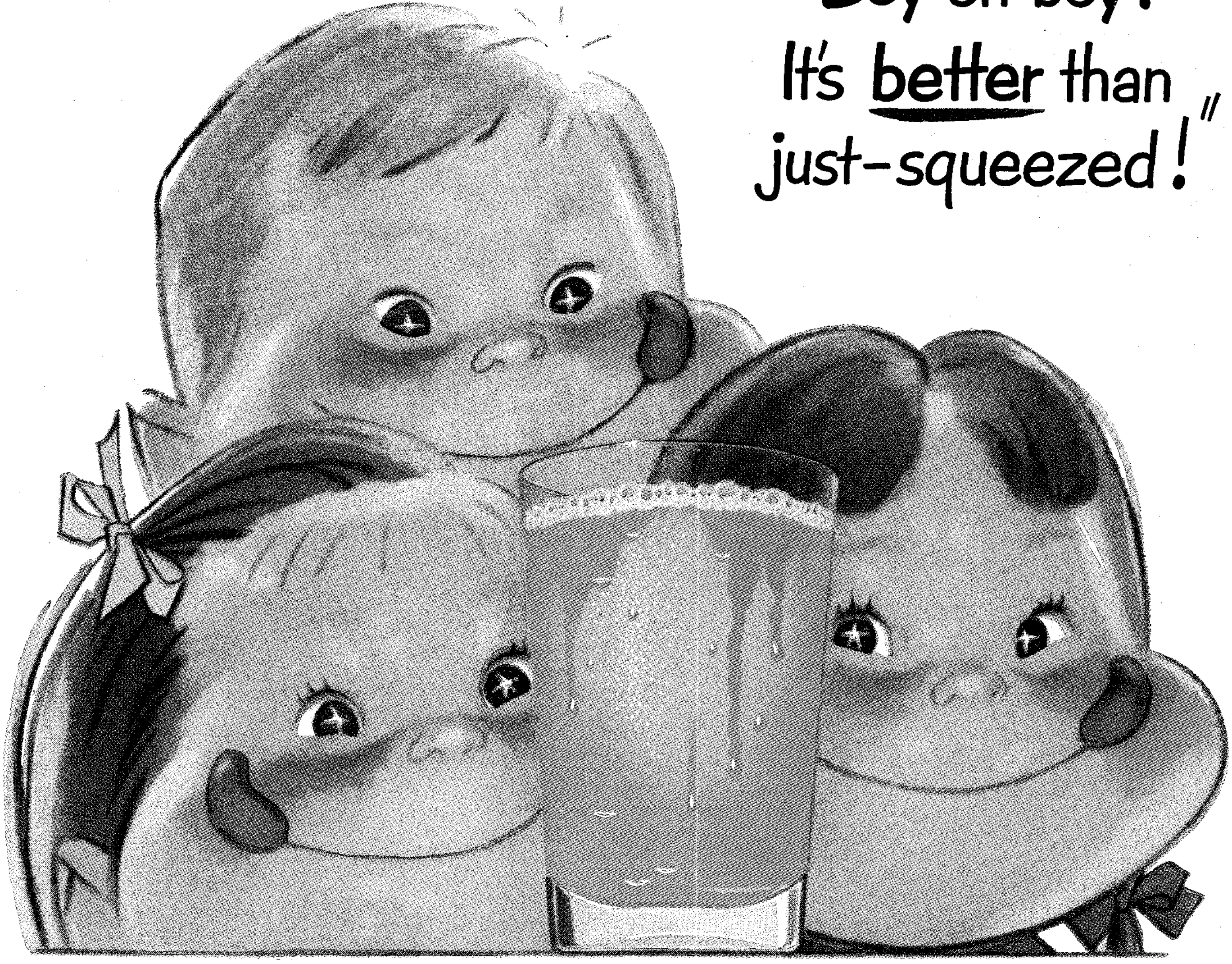
Idea!

Box-seat on the sea! The Observation Lounge's circular sweep of picture-window takes in a panorama of beauty. Intimate furniture groups . . . sound-proofing for conversational privacy.

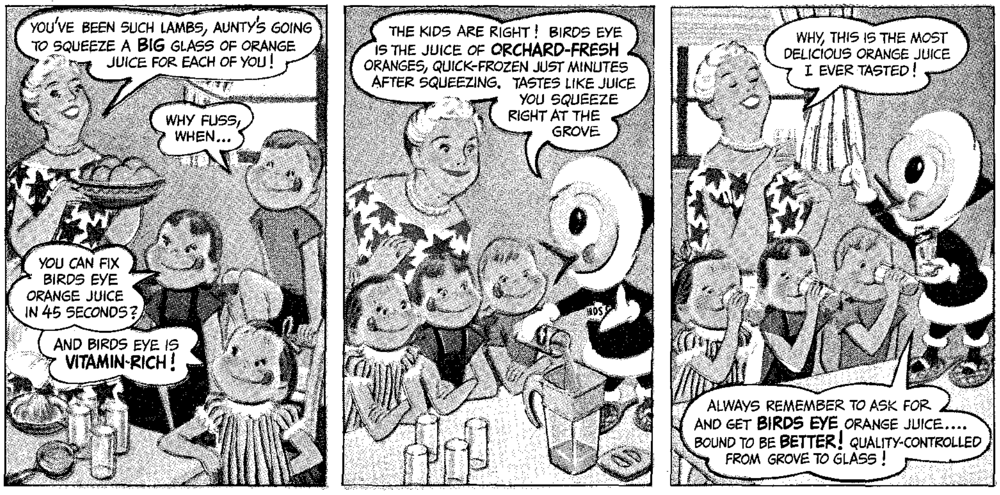
EXPORT LINES

THE SUN-LANE TO EUROPE

"Boy oh boy! It's better than just-squeezed!"



BIRDS EYE ORANGE JUICE!


YOU'VE BEEN SUCH LAMBS, AUNTY'S GOING TO SQUEEZE A BIG GLASS OF ORANGE JUICE FOR EACH OF YOU!
WHY FUSS, WHEN...
YOU CAN FIX BIRDS EYE ORANGE JUICE IN 45 SECONDS?
AND BIRDS EYE IS VITAMIN-RICH!
THE KIDS ARE RIGHT! BIRDS EYE IS THE JUICE OF ORCHARD-FRESH ORANGES, QUICK-FROZEN JUST MINUTES AFTER SQUEEZING. TASTES LIKE JUICE YOU SQUEEZE RIGHT AT THE GROVE.
WHY, THIS IS THE MOST DELICIOUS ORANGE JUICE I EVER TASTED!
ALWAYS REMEMBER TO ASK FOR AND GET BIRDS EYE ORANGE JUICE.... BOUND TO BE BETTER! QUALITY-CONTROLLED FROM GROVE TO GLASS!

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BIRDS EYE
FOODS
FROSTED
CONCENTRATED
Orange Juice

INSIST ON BIRDS EYE! It gives you *all* the vitamins and food values of juice from tree-ripened oranges!

PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS

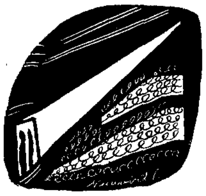
BIRDS EYE—BOUND TO BE BETTER!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Accepted Council on Foods and Nutrition

THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Lot for a Bad Buck



NOT long ago, in a series of articles in this magazine, St. Clair McKelway described the activities of a counterfeiter called Edward Mueller, who distinguished himself between 1938 and 1948 by becoming the man most sought after by the Secret Service, because of his exasperating ability to swindle New York shopkeepers with bogus one-dollar bills. Ancient, kindly, and eccentric, Mr. Mueller was never a very expert counterfeiter—indeed, his illicit currency was of a grossly inferior type—and he never issued much of the queer. But for a decade he kept the Treasury bloodhounds at bay, certainly quite an achievement for an old fellow who frequently put out a batch of bills upon which the name of the nation's first President was spelled "Wahsington." Obviously an appealing sort, Mr. Mueller has now progressed from the confines of print to the expanses of film, in a movie entitled "Mister 880," for which Robert Riskin supplied the screen play, basing it on Mr. McKelway's researches. As portrayed by Edmund Gwenn, the amiable scourge of the Secret Service is assuredly diverting, and although the picture begins to sag every time it abandons him to concentrate upon a pair of young lovers, there are some fine climactic scenes that compensate for the laggard moments.

It is Mr. Riskin's notion—and not a farfetched one, either—that Mr. Mueller (here renamed Miller) might have been a pal of a young lady, who might have fallen in love with one of the Treasury operatives. The role of the young lady is handled by Dorothy McGuire, and that of the operative by Burt Lancaster. Under the direction of Edmund Goulding, they both perform with reasonable competence, but neither of them can stand up to Mr. Gwenn whenever he decides that it's time for an old hand at acting to teach the youngsters a few tricks. On those occasions, Mr. Gwenn radiates the same sort of odd charm that he did when he was Santa Claus in "Miracle on 34th Street."

IN the Technicolored "The Toast of New Orleans," we are carried back to a Louisiana of 1905 that is so furiously colorful that it often takes on the blurred pattern of a Greek salad. Besides being colorful, the state is melodious—so much so that when an impresario (David Niven) happens to wander into the Cajun belt with an opera star (Kathryn Grayson) in tow, he has no trouble at all in plucking a rich, ripe tenor (Mario Lanza) from the nets and shrimp shells of the old bayous. Although the tenor is brash and unseemly, the opera star finds something in him that stirs her deeply, particularly when he and she start singing duets. This is too bad for the impresario, who also loves the girl, in a kind of bloodless way. After a good deal of backing, filling, and earsplitting arias, Miss Grayson and Mr. Lanza merge into one confused unit. I don't think you'll stay around long enough to witness the merger.

"BORN TO BE BAD" shows Joan Fontaine as a wicked little mercenary schemer who succeeds in turning the heads of a millionaire (Zachary Scott), a novelist (Robert Ryan), and an artist (Mel Ferrer). Miss Fontaine plays this role as if she'd picked up her ideas of how to be a siren at a Harvest Moon Ball. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*Item turned out by a Tokyo news-translating service*]

"Kiddy with Magnificent Breast"
Rehabilitated by Artist Togo
Yomiuri Shimbun, February 3

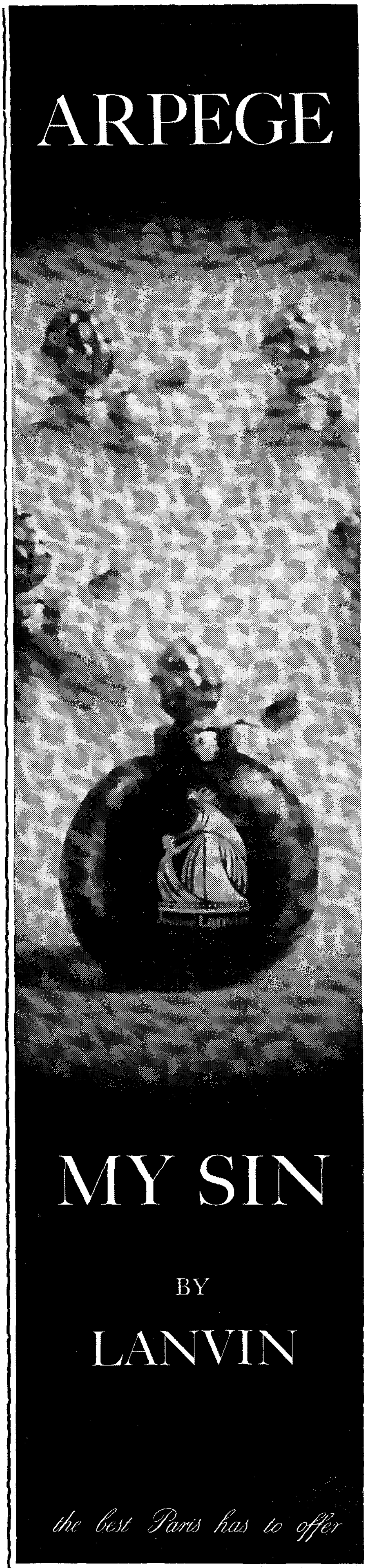
Miss Hatsuko Kawaguchi, 18, "Kiddy with magnificent breast," came into trouble with police for swindling several artists was released by the Komatsugawa police. Being released after 10-day detention, Miss Hatsuko called on Seiji Togo, artist of Kugayama, Suginami Ward and asked his kind assistance and protection. Prior to that, the artist visited the Komatsugawa Police Station and promised the Chief of Police that he would do his best to rehabilitate the poor model. Mrs. Togo is looking after the model. When she called at Mr. Togo's atelier yesterday afternoon, she was at work as model. Mr. Togo opines that Miss Kawaguchi is a splendid model, the like of whom could not be found in 10,000 or 20,000 models.

The poor model is nine months pregnant.

•

WANTED—Services of fearless, intelligent pet bird capable of pecking small cat's nose for discipline purposes. Bird owner please call cat owner, WA 8519 after 6.
—*Dayton (Ohio) Press.*

There's a household that sounds even more tangled up than our own.



ARPEGE

MY SIN

BY

LANVIN

the best Paris has to offer

BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

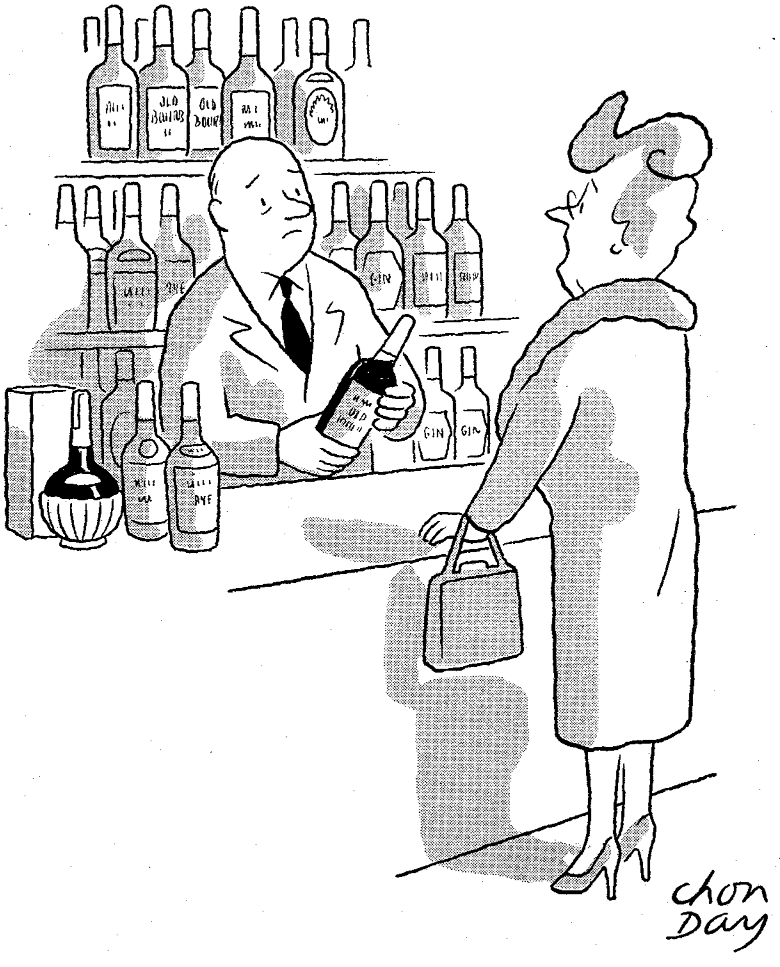
ABOUT THE HOUSE

THERE is probably much truth in what modern designers say about the old-fashioned kitchen's being the most inconvenient room in the house, but I should like to remind anybody who can remember back a couple of decades that it was also the most comfortable. An atmosphere of unbuttoned ease in the kitchen seems to have become suspect with the advent of sanitary whiteness and to have become downright embarrassing now that the correlated color scheme has made everybody's kitchen beautiful enough to appear on the cover of *House & Garden*. Far be it from me to criticize the wondrous sleekness of these dream kitchens, so stunningly planned for the effortless opening of cans, but, perhaps because too many identical interiors of that sort have stared at me from the glossy pages of too many magazines, I begin to wonder if at this time some slight concession to individual prejudice and preference might not be introduced.

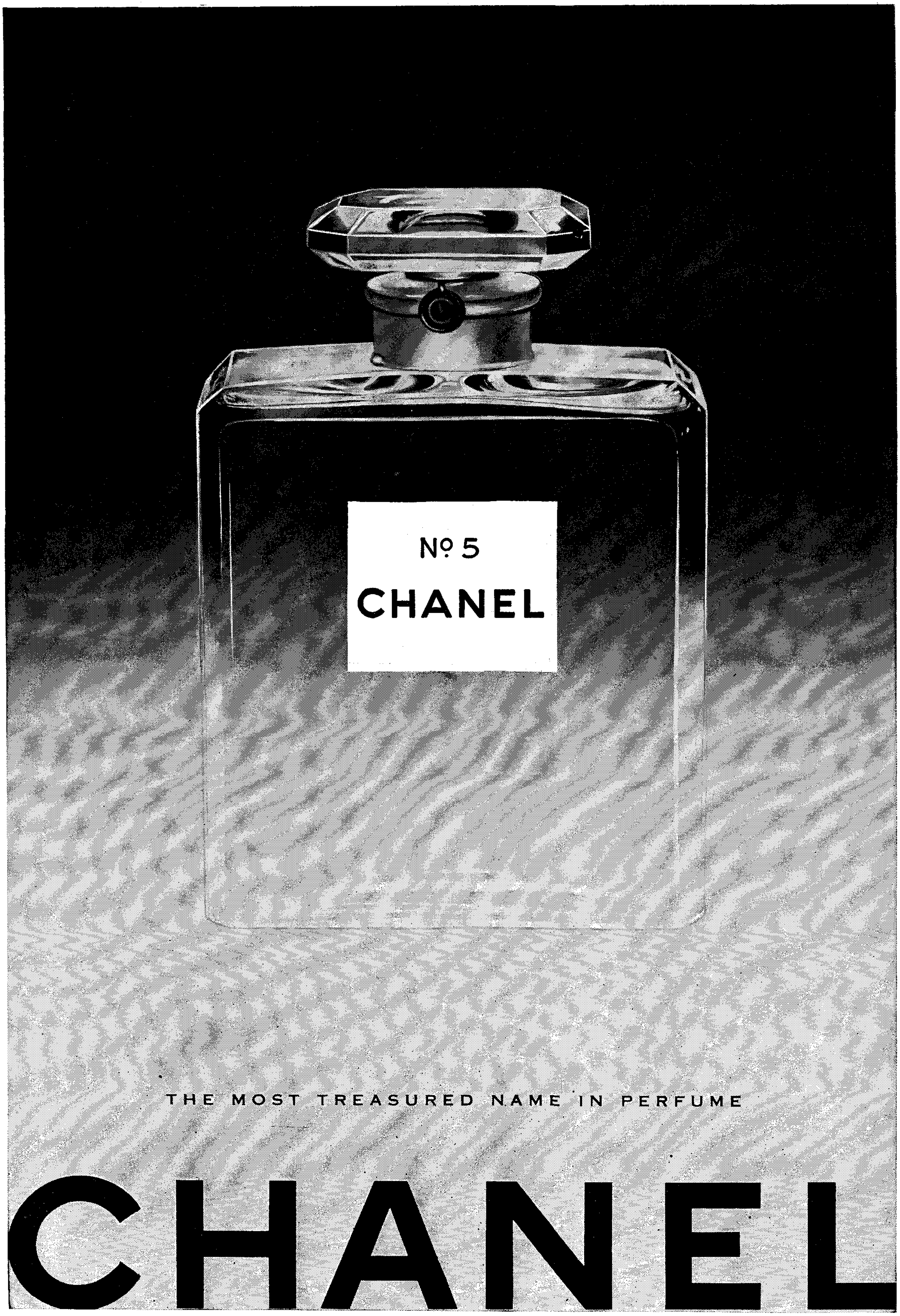
At the moment, my own preference for cheering up kitchen walls is a Sanitas fabric in a new pattern called Grass Cloth, which was designed by Joseph Platt and is sold at Gimbel and at various wallpaper stores, among them the Art Brite Wall Paper Company, 311 West 59th Street. Sanitas has always seemed to me a first-rate covering for kitchen walls (it can be washed almost forever, is entirely unaffected by steam, and won't crack just because the plaster beneath it does), but up to now it has not come in any patterns that greatly appealed to me. In the Grass Cloth design, however, we have something a cook might live with happily for a long time. The pattern is not a literal imitation of woven grass but a very pleasing *suggestion* of it, done in any one of a number of good, clear colors—a ravishing celestial blue, two shades of yellow, a beige, a pink that isn't a bit mawkish (as pinks so often are), a green, and others. For each of these shades there is a matching or contrasting Sanitas in solid color (there is a white, too) to be used on ceilings—or, for that matter, on walls. The Grass Cloth design is $2.85 a single roll (three yards long, four feet wide), and the solid colors are $2.65.

I DARESAY my tendency to cling with an almost fanatical affection to kitchen tables with wooden or marble tops will be put down to pure contrariness, since manufacturers have now apparently achieved the ultimate in plastics. However, I have inspected the heatproof, alcoholproof, scratchproof plastic tops that are on every hand, and wood and marble still seem to me to be the last word in serviceableness and charm. That there must be others who share this partiality, or at least the partiality for wooden tops, is indicated by the fact that William Pahlmann, a decorator whose name is not usually associated with the *gemütlich*, has designed a kitchen table with a solid oak top that makes a real and happy contribution to the good life in the kitchen. The oak slab is set on slim aluminum legs, which have oversize rubber casters. These make the table so easy to move about that it need never be irrevocably committed to any one position but can, say, be pushed alongside the stove when extra work space is required there, or set in the middle of the room for a friendly snack. Each table is custom made, by William Pahlmann Associates, 218 East 58th Street, and one must allow from two to three weeks for delivery. The one that I saw stands twenty-nine inches high, has a top forty-eight inches long, thirty inches wide, and an inch and three quarters thick, and costs $130.

A TABLE with much of the sturdiness of the Pahlmann piece, but without its useful mobility, is built into one of the major units designed by Cox Kitchens, and can be seen at Lewis & Conger. This particular unit is a two-door floor cabinet, three feet wide, topped with a linoleum-covered work shelf; the table, a perfectly splendid oak one, thirty-four inches wide, with two chromium legs, rolls out of a slot near the top of the cabinet. The cabinet is only two feet deep, from front to back, but the table that slides out of it can be extended to forty-one inches, because the top is made of interlocking slats of oak that fold up in a concealed recess at the back of the cabinet in much the way the top of a roll-top desk folds up. When the table is pulled out, the slats fit together with a precision that leaves no cracks for stray crumbs or liquids to get into. The legs, which are on casters, are attached



"It won't kill the flavor of the punch, will it?"


Nº 5
CHANEL
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME
CHANEL

Celeste
Miss Amanda Jones attends a birthday party.

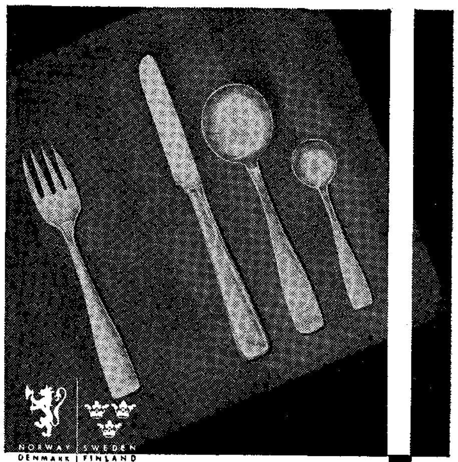
She wears a Celeste frock of lustrous cotton broadcloth detailed with frills of exquisite French val lace. The pockets, as you can see, are deep enough to hold the prizes she is sure to win. Pink, blue, yellow. Sizes 1 to 3 $10.95—3 to 6x $12.95—7 to 12 $14.95. Mail orders filled.

Burdine's
Sunshine Fashions

MIAMI, MIAMI BEACH
WEST PALM BEACH, FORT LAUDERDALE

to the outer end of the table; they fit flush against the front of the cabinet when the table is inside and roll with it as it is pulled out. The tabletop is left unfinished, which in my opinion adds to its good looks, but if that's not the way you feel about clean white oak, you can, of course, give it the finish you want. The entire unit—consisting of the cabinet, which is made of hardwood covered with baked-on enamel and has three shallow drawers in addition to the main storage space; the appearing and disappearing table; the work shelf; and a splash back—costs $256. The work shelf and the splash back, by the way, are custom built, and can be ordered with formica or stainless-steel tops, if you prefer; the cabinet and table alone are $210.

IN reporting on a third variety of kitchen table, I address myself to what is, I fear, a very special audience—one that doesn't mind going to some trouble, including manual exertion, for a handsome and relatively inexpensive piece of equipment. This elaborate buildup is by way of introducing the Quality Maple Block Company, a concern that deals in tops for those foursquare workbenches and chopping blocks used by butchers and fishmongers. Probably nothing would surprise the Quality Maple Block Company more than to hear itself recommended as a purveyor of kitchen tables, or even parts of kitchen tables, but, having seen their product made into an exceptionally satisfactory one, I shall risk bewildering the firm by directing ambitious householders to the shop, which is at 2044 First Avenue (106th). The blocks, made of strips of maple laminated together, come in varying sizes and thicknesses; they are generally sold unfinished, but Q.M.B. will put on a coat of lacquer at no extra charge. To give you an idea of the prices, a block an inch and a third thick costs $2 a square foot. I saw one of them, beautifully finished, used as a kitchen table in the home of a man who is handy at such things, and I admired the finish he applied to it by giving it several oil-and-wax treatments and a rubbing after each one. It had taken on a deep, rich tone and was as smooth as satin and tough enough to withstand everyday kitchen wear. The top was set on four slim, round legs, which turned out to be ordinary one-inch gas pipe affixed to the table with flanges and painted flat black. It made, I repeat, one of the most satisfactory wooden work-



Danish
stainless steel tableware

Gleaming service for six, made to last for generations! Never rusts, stains, spots or tarnishes . . . needs no polishing or special care of any kind . . . yet so good looking and sensibly priced you'll bless the day you bought it! Send for folder on add-on pieces. Complete Service for Six — **$54.30** (NO TAX).

BONNIERS

605 madison ave., new york 22
PL. 9-7985 *Send for catalog.*

Here's A Plant
That Needs
NO CARE

•

Our Remarkable BROMELIAD

THAT LIVES ON AIR

And flourish it does—almost entirely on plain old oxygen. While other plants are being watered and watched and worried over, this hardy house plant from Brazil blithely grows unaided to delight you with its exotic tropic beauty.

A cinch to complement *any* color scheme, its decorative whorl of leaves ranges from lemon green to rich emerald, vivid red to deep maroon. This rare Brazilian beauty, 14" to 15" tall, comes in a classic, creamy white pot 6" high. **$7.50 Postpaid**

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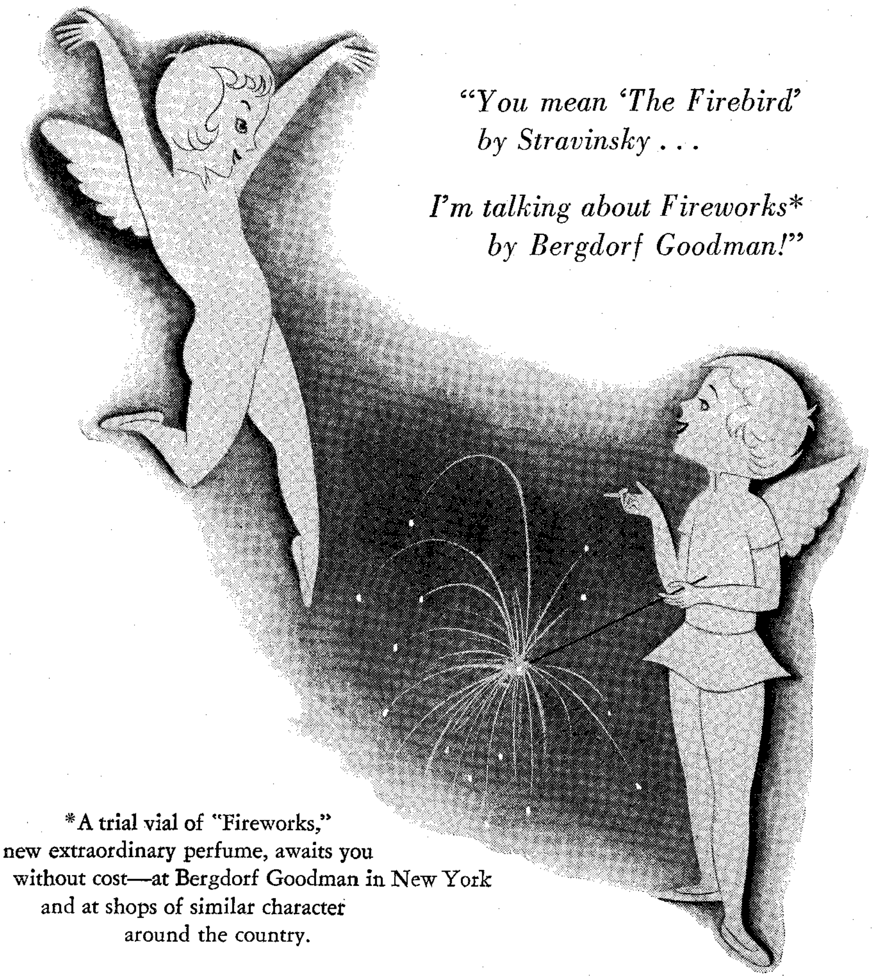
Managing Director

tables I've ever seen, and at a cost of less than $20.

In remote districts and in the rare households where the professional cook remains to demand her ease, I suppose the kitchen rocker is still to be met with, but if the color photographs in the magazines can be relied on, the modern hostess-cook rests from her labors in one of those ubiquitous posture chairs. Whether there is *any* place in the home for the posture chair is a debatable question, but I think that I, at least while I am in the kitchen, shall concentrate on my *béarnaise* and not worry about improving my posture. A good, comfortable chair is, however, a necessity, and I am able to point to a few such that would do much to cheer up cook as well as kitchen. The ideal seat for this purpose should be not only comfortable but light enough for a lady whose hands are otherwise engaged to push around with a foot or an elbow; it should also be armless, I think, or at least have arms that won't interfere with a session with egg-beater or chopping bowl. These requisites lead us almost inevitably to those webbed easy chairs, with frames of one gently curving piece, that are so right for sitting to shell peas or for just sitting. Knoll Associates, 601 Madison Avenue (58th), have designed and manufactured a birch chair of this kind (its prototype was introduced to us by Scandinavian designers) that isn't a bit too elegant for the kitchen, where, indeed, its bright cotton webbing (red, green, yellow-and-brown, and so on) seems quite at home. The chair is sold at New Design, 33 East 75th Street, for $39, or, through decorators, at the Knoll salesrooms. Knoll also has a new version, designed by George Nakashima, of the Windsor chair. For kitchen use, I should say, this seat is a distinct improvement on its predecessor, since the spindles of the back rest are no taller than is necessary to support the spine and are surmounted by a broad, semicircular rail, which gives the *feel* of an armchair but allows the cook's elbows free movement. It's made of birch—light in weight as well as in color—and costs $39 at Bloomingdale and New Design.

Those who believe that the stern doctrine of functionalism shouldn't be too rigidly applied when it comes to comfort in the kitchen might welcome a cozy rocker of more or less Hitchcock design that Macy sells for $23.97. It is painted a dark maroon, with some rather department-store-looking stencilling on the top rail, has eight spin-

(*Advertisement*)



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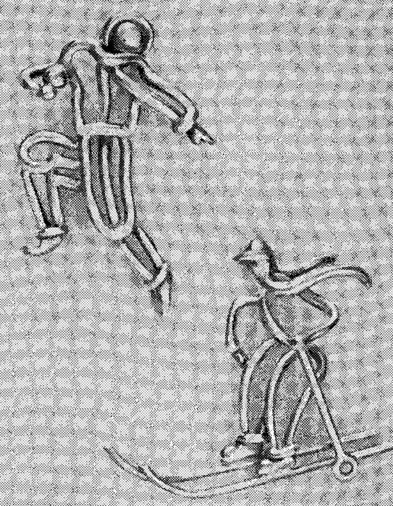
dles in the back rest, and nondescript legs. Obviously, this is for householders who aren't too particular about style, even in reproductions, but it's a comfortable rocker, all the same. Macy also has some real Hitchcocks—not old ones but the creditable, honestly constructed side chairs that the reincarnated Hitchcock factory is turning out, trimmed with the most popular of the old stencil designs. These chairs won't, of course, take the place of the high stool at a work counter, but for table chores, as well as for the accommodation of a visitor (it's a poor cook and a dreary kitchen that don't attract visitors), the neat black chairs with their old-fashioned stencils make a very agreeable seat. Macy has a large collection of these, some, with elaborate decoration and a deep, rolled-back top rail, that cost as much as $49.95, but the Hitchcock I suggest for kitchen use is a modest little item with a restrained design and the narrowest possible top rail, at $18.97.

IN the face of all the magnificent indirect illumination that makes everybody's kitchen look like the Place de la Concorde by night, I find it hard to screw my courage up to the point of admitting that I think a shaded light above a kitchen table is sometimes very nice indeed. I am probably all wrong about this, but just in case a few other people are wrong, too, and would like to study the cookbook or peel mushrooms under a shaded suspension light, I shall mention an extremely good-looking and sensible one to be had, for $19.50, through decorators at Lightolier, 11 East 36th Street. The bulb is enclosed in a bucket finished in red or gray baked-on enamel; the interior of the bucket acts as a reflector and throws a gentle illumination both upward and downward, but mostly downward through a diffusing lens in the bottom. The upward rays are caught and directed downward, too, by a spun-aluminum hood, seventeen inches in diameter, that hangs on the suspension rod some three inches above the bucket.

Another hanging kitchen lamp, smaller and perhaps not so workmanlike as the Lightolier fixture, but quite pretty, can be found at New Design ($15). It is made of metal enamelled a dull white and is shaped something like an hourglass; the upper part sits in a bowl finished in an unusual shade of soft blue, and the bottom part, which is larger (nine inches in diameter), projects from a shallower, wider, inverted bowl of the same color. The bulb is



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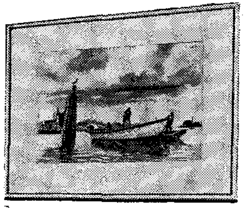

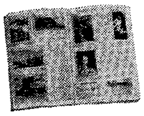

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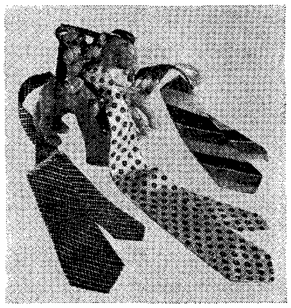

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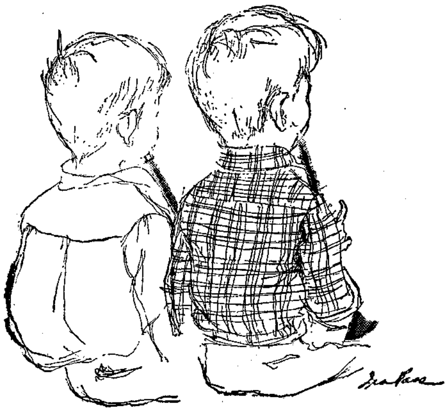
concealed in the middle of this arrangement, and casts an agreeable light. The suspension cord has a sort of sliding buckle by means of which the light can be raised or lowered.

TO get on to less controversial matters, I draw your attention to some odds and ends that should help make any cook happy. To begin with, there is, at the Woman's Exchange of New York, 541 Madison Avenue (54th), a collection of kitchen aprons that are both practical and becoming, a combination of virtues that, as you may know, is not easy to come by. The most charming of these is a copy of the apron worn by Lynn Fontanne in "O Mistress Mine;" this has an exaggeratedly full skirt of blue-and-white or red-and-white checked gingham, with a deep band around the bottom made of navy chambray and enlivened by alternating stripes of red, green, and white bias tape; it has no bib, and it costs $5.85. If you want the same apron with a bib, it is $6.85. Other aprons, less dramatic but quite fetching, are $3.90. The Exchange also sells beautifully hand-crocheted pot holders in a sunburst pattern of robust colors, at three for $1.35. . . . The Finnish Art Shop, 41 East 50th Street, has useful light-brown pottery bowls, with soft blue and yellow stripes glazed inside, for from seventy cents, for a seven-inch bowl, to $2.20, for a bowl a foot in diameter. . . . Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue (57th), has bowls of much the same shade of brown, but these are far more decorative, with a bright inside glaze of blue, yellow, green, or brown; $1.50 for a seven-inch bowl. . . . A little egg whisk made of birch twigs, an invaluable kitchen aid, without which I wouldn't dream of attempting a hollandaise, or, indeed, any sauce that would just as soon curdle as not, can be picked up almost everywhere that Swedish things are sold—at the Nyborg & Nelson Delicatessen, 841 Third Avenue (51st), for example, or at Bonniers. It's around thirty-five cents,



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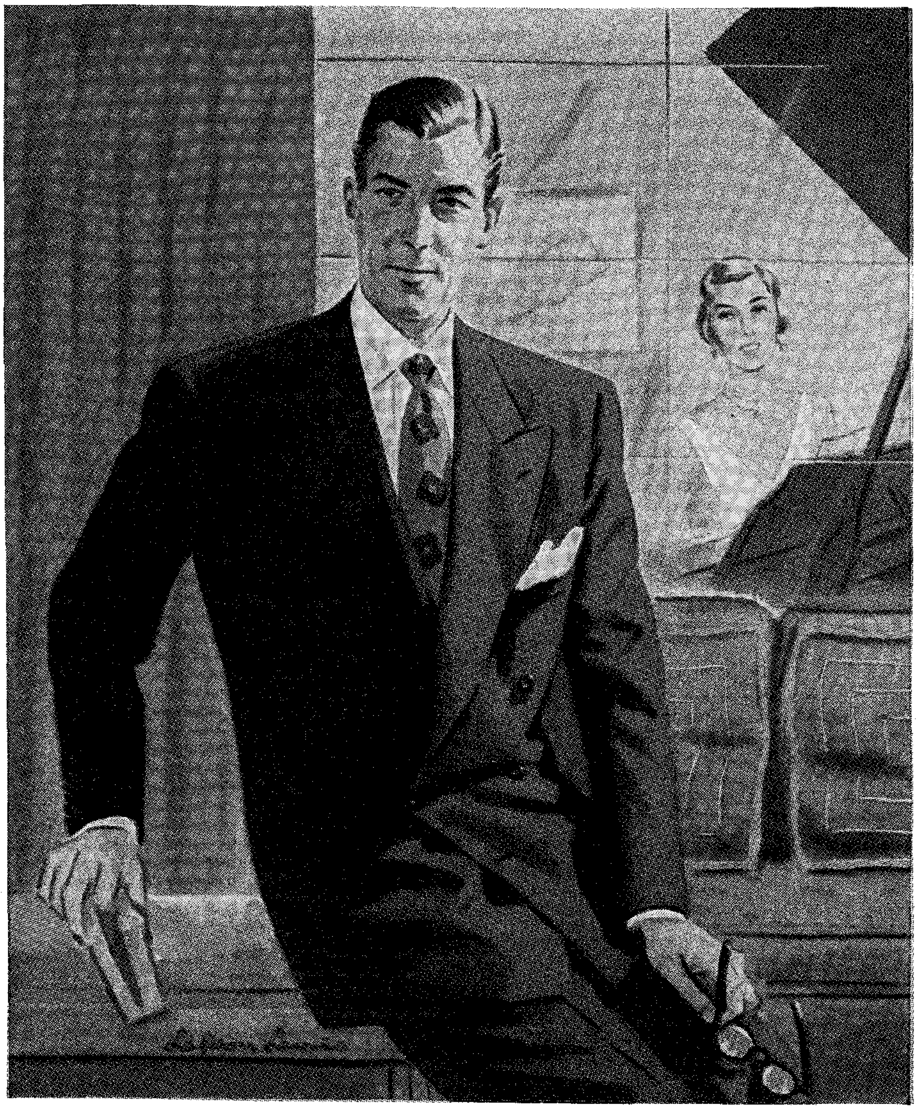

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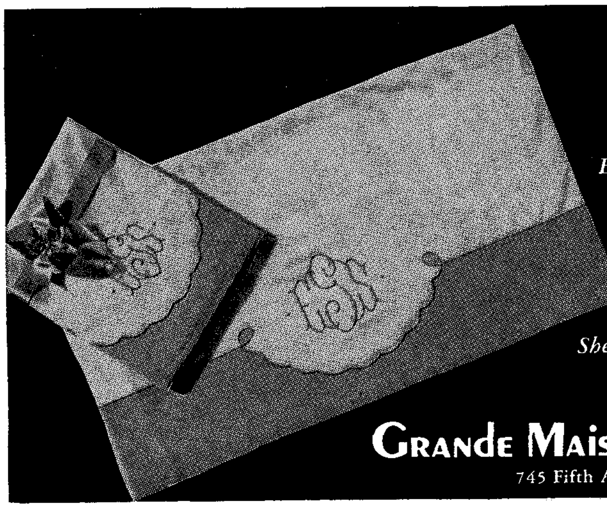
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the price depending on the pretensions of the shop rather than on the quality of the homely utensil. . . . The Piazza, at 217 East 49th Street, has recently received from Italy a collection of pleasant earthenware baking dishes with a mat surface of a rich red brown and a white glazed lining. They come in various shapes and sizes—large, shallow baking dishes with frying-pan handles, large and small casseroles, individual pots, egg dishes, and so on. Prices run from $1.75, for an individual baking dish, to $9.50, for a splendid two-quart casserole. . . . And now, with all this serious equipment taken care of, there may be somebody frivolous enough to covet an enchanting and almost life-size setting hen, complete with ruffled feathers, at the Piazza. It is done in white glazed pottery except for the comb, which is scarlet. Placed atop a cabinet, it would give great style to a kitchen, and certainly it wouldn't take up any more room or catch any more dust than the rather horrid wooden bowls filled with those little gourds so loved by kitchen decorators. —S. H.

•

THE SURVIVOR

When I went through the wilderness,
Sustenance, of a sort, I found,
Bitter and scanty though it was
Upon the graceless ground.

It did not hang like fruit on trees—
There were no trees in that scarred land—
I sought it on my hands and knees
Among the rocks and sand.

It was no proper kind of food,
That simple Wanting-Not-to-Die,
But every little scrap was good,
So ravenous was I.

And though my pillow was a shard,
From sheer, stripped weariness I slept;
And grown so muscular and hard,
How light, how fierce I stepped!

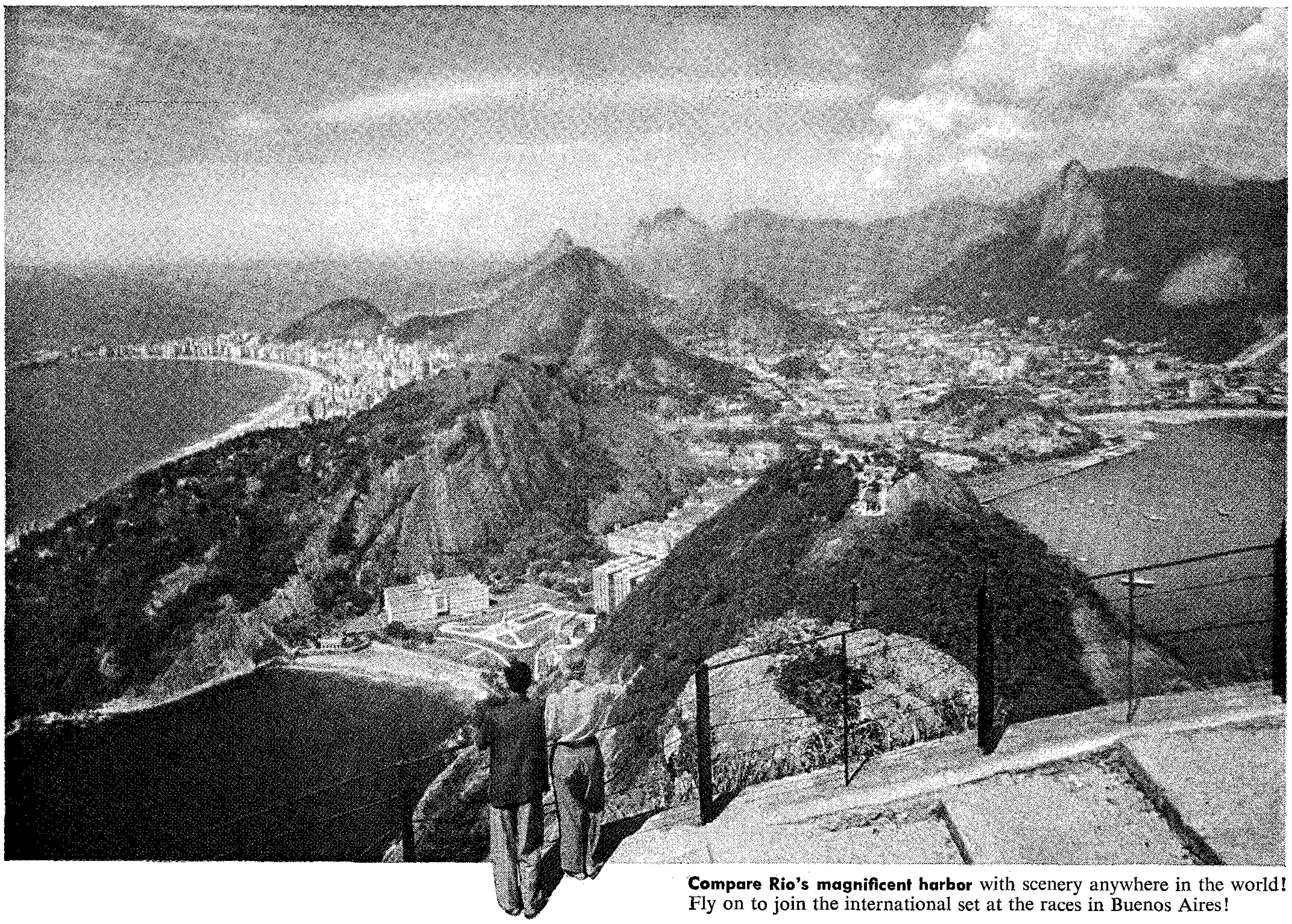
Another Exodus like that
I could not make and live—and yet,
In this green land, and warmed, and fat,
I think and think on it. . . .

—SARA HENDERSON HAY

•

Mr. Truman also asked Congress to appropriate $23,347,000 for the United States Office of Education to help local school districts which are swamped with children as a result of Federal activities.
—*The Herald Tribune.*

Wait till the Hoover Commission hears about *this!*



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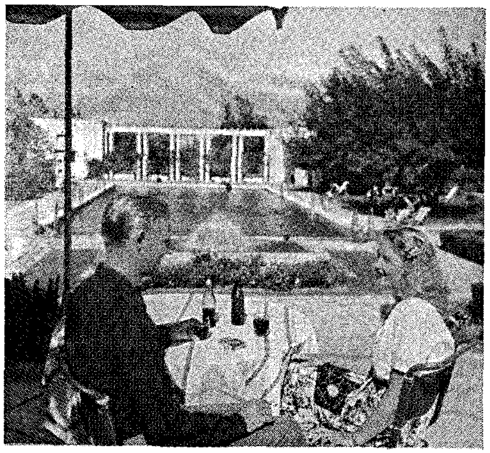

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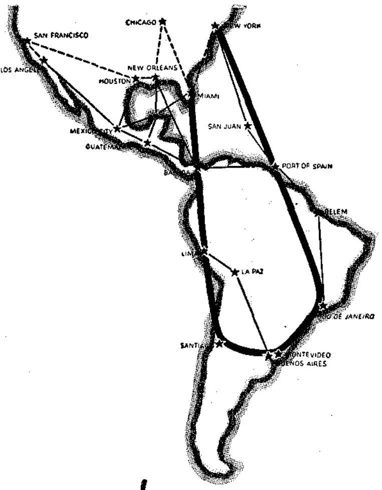
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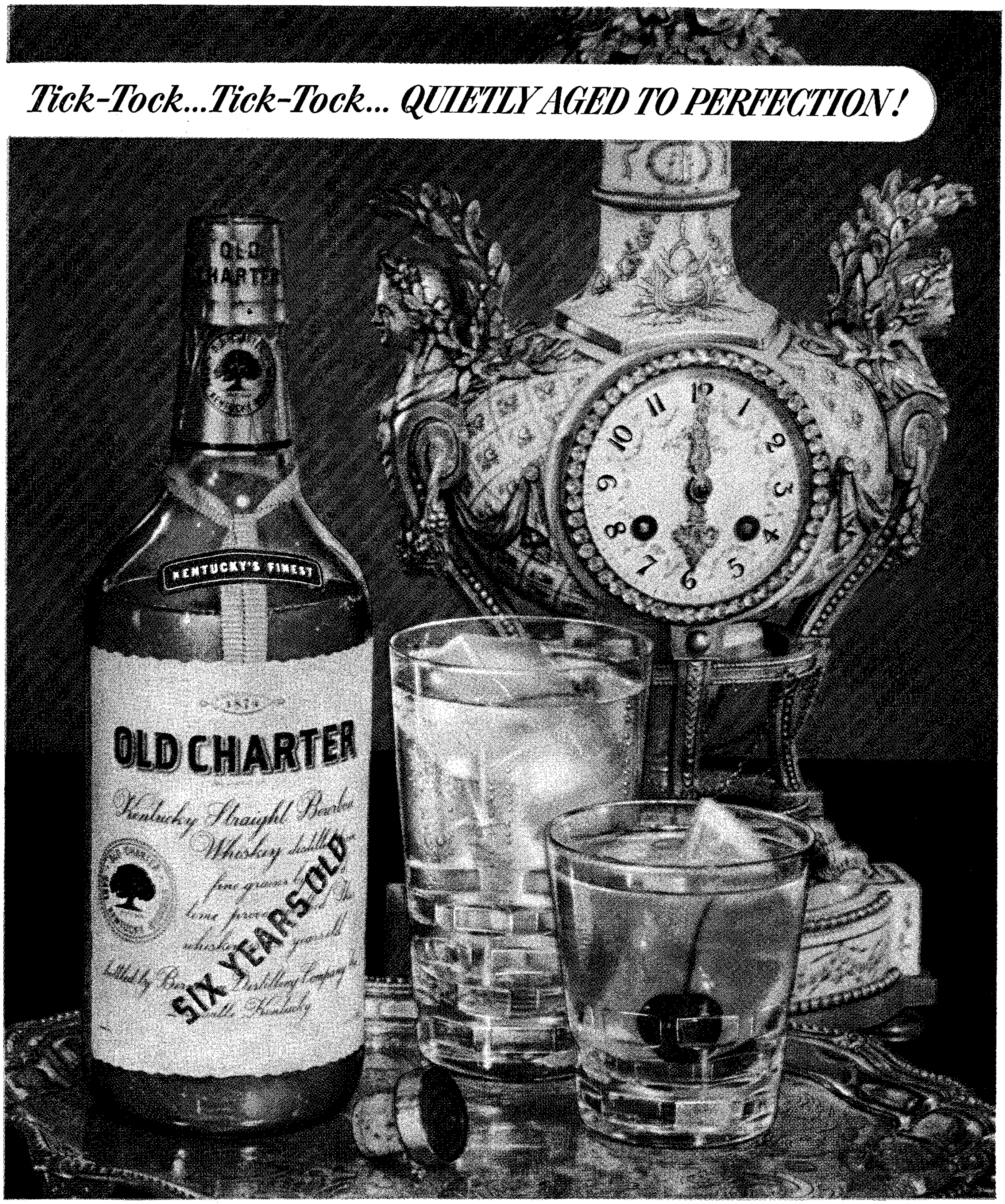
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SHINE BALL

IN Cincinnati, baseball has always been less a sport than a kind of psychosis. It is to the natives what bullfighting is to the citizens of Madrid, and is approached with the same passionate enthusiasm and subjected to the same universally expert consideration. There is, I feel sure, a larger percentage of true baseball aficionados in Cincinnati than in any other city in the country. The obsession traditionally seizes the inhabitants at an early age, and most local children can name the infield of the Reds long before they have learned to distinguish between Andrew Jackson and Andrew Johnson. Just why the Reds, a team usually to be found mired in the lower depths of the National League, should engender such loyalty is not clear. They have won the pennant only three times in history, but the hopes of their followers have been perpetually bright.

It is a fair guess that 1919 is likely to be remembered by a Cincinnatian not as the first whole year of peace after World War I, or as the year prohibition began, but, rather, as the year in which the Reds won their first pennant. Feverish excitement came early in the season that year. The team was obviously good, and the city trembled with expectation. I was seven at the time, and I recall that my schoolwork was badly disrupted by baseball hysteria throughout late May and early June. It was almost impossible to concentrate on spelling and arithmetic when all my thoughts were on Hod Eller's famous shine ball, Edd Roush's batting average, Jake Daubert's flawless playing at first base.

As soon as the school term ended, I began going to almost all the home games. I lived only about a mile from the ballpark, and at that time the management admitted children free to the weekday games if they were accompanied by adults, so my friends and I hung around the box office and asked ticket buyers to let us walk in with them. It was a beautiful and thrilling summer.

When the team was on the road, we clustered each afternoon before the front window of Ahler's Café, a neighborhood saloon that had a ticker. Mr. Ahler got the inning-by-inning score from the long yellow ribbon of paper we could occasionally see coming out of it, as well as brief notices of any such spectacular occurrences as home runs or double plays, and he chalked all this information on a big scoreboard that hung where we could easily see it through the window.

Following the games in this fashion was often maddeningly unsatisfactory, but our imagination supplied a good deal of the action we were missing. When the ticker was inactive and the Reds were at bat, for instance, we were sure that our heroes were staging a great rally and that the operator of the ticker was merely waiting for the end of the inning to send all the good news at once. If there was a considerable lull while the opposing team was at bat, we kept our spirits strong by saying that there must have been a fight on the field, or that it had begun to rain, or that the pitcher was taking a long time to warm up.

The most agonizing period for us was while the ticker was working. When it was quiet, the saloon's customers usually stood at the bar, drinking what was presumably near-beer, but as soon as the machine began to spew out its ribbon, they crowded around it. The saloon was in an old building with thick walls, and I suppose it was cooler with the door closed. In any case, the door always was closed, and we could see only that the men were laughing and slapping one another's backs or making dour faces and gestures of disgust. These pantomimes, unaccompanied by concrete information, would sometimes agitate us to a point of near-hysteria, and we would rap on the window to hurry Mr. Ahler to the board. It was a rash thing to do, for if his rheumatism was troubling him, he was likely to come out in a rage and order us away.

ABOUT the middle of September, after weeks of constant nervous strain for all Cincinnatians, the Reds clinched the National League pennant. The city erupted into celebration, but once the first outburst had passed, everyone began to worry about the Reds' opponents in the forthcoming World Series, the Chicago White Sox. Fearsome stories of Shoeless Joe Jackson's

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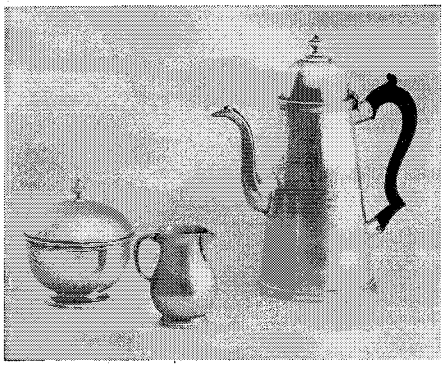

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hitting power, of the impenetrability of the Chicago infield, of the pitching of Ed Cicotte circulated freely among the faithful. I heard my father and grandfather discuss the relative merits of the two teams again and again, and they always agreed that a Chicago victory was almost certain. This adult opinion made me somewhat uneasy but did not entirely obliterate my hope.

The Series began at last, and on the first two afternoons a half dozen of my friends and I, A.W.O.L. from school, stationed ourselves in the street just outside the ballpark long before game time. There was no way for us to get inside for those games, of course, but I don't recall that any of us felt especially envious of the fortunate people who went past us through the gates. I know that I, at least, was completely happy just to be near the action. The excitement and noise of the crowd, the bellowed commands of policemen, the honking horns of taxis, the impatient clanging of streetcar bells, the cries of the hawkers selling peanuts, soft drinks, and score cards, the pervading sense of drama were sufficient reward for being there, and even for just being alive.

Once the game started, we revelled in the flat, revolverlike cracks of the bats, the explosive bursts of hoarse voices, and the moments of tense quiet, when we could hear only the shouts of the venders. Inside the stadium, some men stood with their backs against a grating high above us, and from time to time we got the attention of one of them and learned the score.

The Reds won the first two games, making me forget that I had ever doubted their invincibility. Then the teams went to Chicago for the next three games. My friends and I attended school on those afternoons, though to little purpose, and as soon as classes were dismissed, we raced to Ahler's Café. The Reds lost the first game in Chicago and won the two others. They needed only one more victory. (In 1919, it took five games to win the championship.)

On the evening of the day the Reds won their fourth game, my father, who had been reading the paper, lowered it and stared at the wall for a moment. "This doesn't make sense," he said. "The Reds aren't that good and Chicago isn't that bad. I can't figure it out."

I looked up from the homework I was doing on the floor beside his chair. "It's the shine ball," I said firmly. "They can't hit the shine ball." I had no

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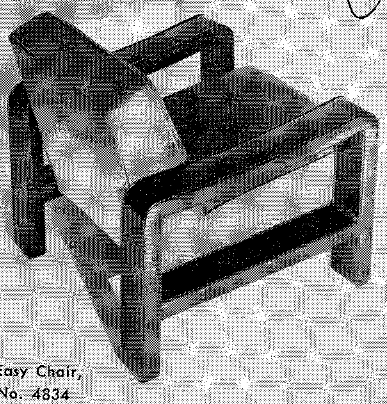

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clear idea what a shine ball was, but it was the specialty of my favorite pitcher, Hod Eller, and to me the name suggested that he did something mysterious to the ball that caused it to reflect light, like a mirror, thus temporarily blinding the opposing batter.

"It just couldn't happen this way," Father said to himself, ignoring me.

THE teams came back to Cincinnati. Those of us who had stayed out of school for the first two games of the Series had been punished with extra homework assignments, but our number had been so great that our principal dismissed school an hour early for the Reds' sixth Series game, and, after Chicago won that, for the seventh, too.

My companions and I returned to our posts by the ballpark, and when the Reds lost the sixth game, we consoled ourselves with the thought that their lead was too great to be overcome. When they were defeated again the following afternoon, however, Chicago was within one game of tying the Series. Doubt invaded all of us, and we walked away from the park with scarcely a word to say to one another.

"The percentages are beginning to pay off," my father said at dinner that evening. He spoke in the unhappy, yet satisfied, tone of a man who has correctly predicted a disaster. "That Chicago team has everything—pitching, hitting, fielding—and they were bound to get their stride. With the last two games on their home field, it doesn't look good for the Reds," he concluded, and for the first time in my life I was unable to eat dessert.

The next day was Thursday, and our group skipped school again and gathered outside Ahler's Café a few minutes before game time. My spirits were somewhat higher than they had been the night before. Hod Eller was to pitch for the Reds, and I had an almost mystic faith in his shine ball. The game began, and we waited what seemed an interminable while for the ticker to give the score. I knew the batting order by heart, of course, and I visualized the scene in Chicago, recalling the idiosyncrasies of the various players—how this one tugged at the peak of his cap before each pitch, how that one always swung four bats before going to the plate, how another never failed to knock the dirt from his spikes. Finally, we heard the faint, staccato clicking of the ticker and saw the men in the saloon gather around the machine. After a few moments, there was a great roar, and some of the men pounded

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COTY

one another on the back while three or four danced a jig. My friends and I almost broke Mr. Ahler's front window trying to hurry him to the scoreboard, and, for once, he didn't glower at us as he went toward it with a strip of yellow ticker paper in his hand. He waved to us gaily, then picked up the chalk and marked five runs for the Reds. We shouted until we were breathless.

There was never any doubt about the outcome after that first inning, and the game ended with the Reds the winners by a score of 10–5. As soon as it was over, we ran up and down the street screeching the news at the tops of our high, pre-adolescent voices. Heads popped out of windows, and before long many adults had joined us.

I TALKED and played little but baseball that year until snow and Christmas provided new interests. Christmas was especially thrilling in 1919 because my Uncle Dave, who lived in Chicago, came to Cincinnati for the holidays. He had been gassed during the war, had spent several months in a government hospital, and had recently become the operator of a racing handbook in Chicago. He was by far the most romantic figure in our family, and my affection for him was great.

He arrived the day before Christmas, still looking pale and considerably underweight, but he was full of vivacity. According to family custom, we gathered at my grandparents' home that evening and exchanged presents. I must have received many gifts that night, but all I recall is opening a large white box from Uncle Dave and finding in it a blue-gray baseball uniform with the word "Reds" spelled out in crimson felt across the shirt front. I walked toward Uncle Dave with the shirt in one hand and a blue-and-white striped stocking dangling from the other, but when I tried to thank him, my voice quavered, and all the adults laughed.

On the Sunday evening between Christmas and New Year's, Uncle Dave and my father sat in the living room after dinner, smoking their pipes and talking, while I lay on the floor next to the sofa and read the comic sheet from the morning paper. I paid no attention to their conversation until I heard my father say, "What did you think of the World Series?"

"Not much," Uncle Dave said. I looked up with interest.

Father laughed. "We thought the Reds did pretty well," he said. "They

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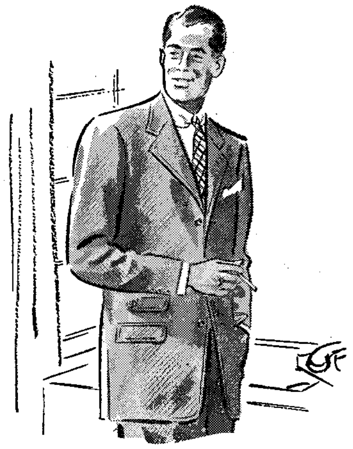

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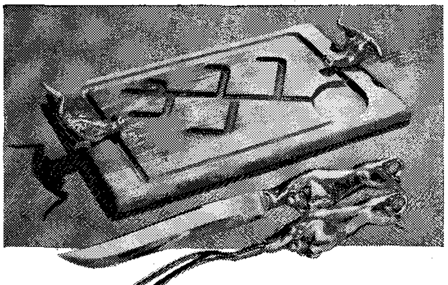

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weren't exactly the favorites, you know."

"They *should* have done pretty well," Uncle Dave said. "They had a lot more than nine men playing for them."

Father looked puzzled. "What are you talking about, Dave?" he asked.

"I mean the Series was fixed," Uncle Dave said. "The White Sox threw those games."

I looked at the two men to see if they were enjoying some joke I didn't understand, but neither of them was smiling. Father was staring blankly at my uncle. For a while neither of them spoke. "You're kidding," my father said, at last.

"Kidding, hell!" Uncle Dave said. "Shoeless Joe Jackson, Cicotte—damn near the whole Chicago team was *trying* to lose that Series."

A cold, wet band seemed to wrap itself around my chest, chilling my body and making breathing difficult.

"My God!" Father said softly.

"Every gambler in Chicago knew that the Series was in the bag for Cincinnati," Uncle Dave said. His voice sounded tired. "Why do you think the odds on the Reds went to hell before the first game? The Sox seemed a cinch to win, but there wasn't a dime's worth of smart money on them." I didn't understand much of what he said from then on, but I knew it was all bad.

"Of course," Father said. "Of course. It had to be something like that. It's the only explanation that makes sense."

"The Reds didn't win the Series," Uncle Dave said. "The Sox gave it to them."

I found myself suddenly on my feet. "That's a lie!" I shouted. "That's a dirty lie!"

The two men looked at me in astonishment. They had probably forgotten I was in the room. "Jim!" my father said to me sternly.

"You're just mad because Chicago lost!" I said. "You're a dirty loser! A dirty loser!"

"Jim, stop that!" my father said, getting up from his chair.

"Dirty loser!" I cried once more, and then I turned, ran upstairs to my room, and slammed the door. I stood there in the dark for what seemed a long time, with my face and body pressed against the wall, my hands and arms rigid at my sides, trying to control my trembling. My eyes were tightly closed, and I remember that the plaster was cool against my forehead. My stomach tightened and I fought against being sick. My breath came out with a

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harsh, rasping sound, but I didn't, or couldn't, cry.

Finally, the door opened and Uncle Dave came quietly into the room. He didn't turn on the light, but the lamp in the hall lightened the darkness somewhat. Uncle Dave stood directly behind me. "I'm sorry, Jim," he said gently. "I know how you feel." He didn't touch me, but I pushed myself harder against the wall. "I know how you feel," he repeated sadly, and then he left, closing the door behind him.

IT was in the fall of 1920, almost a year later, that the newspapers began to print the story of what came to be known as the Black Sox Scandal. Uncle Dave's correspondence with my family usually consisted of infrequent brief notes, but in November of that year—just a few weeks after the Chicago players had admitted before a grand jury that bribes had been accepted—I received a long, carefully documented letter that, I realize now, must have taken him hours of research to prepare. He had gone through the complete records of the 1919 World Series. By making his own deductions from figures I didn't wholly understand, he contrived to demonstrate to me that, as far as statistics went, nobody could say the White Sox hadn't tried their best to win, despite having been paid by the gamblers to lose. He pointed out, among other things, that Joe Jackson had tied the batting record for a World Series with twelve hits and had averaged .375, and that Chicago had made no more fielding errors than Cincinnati had. "The Reds would have won anyway," he concluded. "Remember that. The Reds would have won anyway."

My Uncle Dave was an able man with percentages, and I have never seen any reason to question his interpretation of those he sent me. As a result, I suppose I am one of the few baseball fans in the country who are still convinced that the Reds were the real champions in 1919.

—JAMES A. MAXWELL

•

DEBRIS

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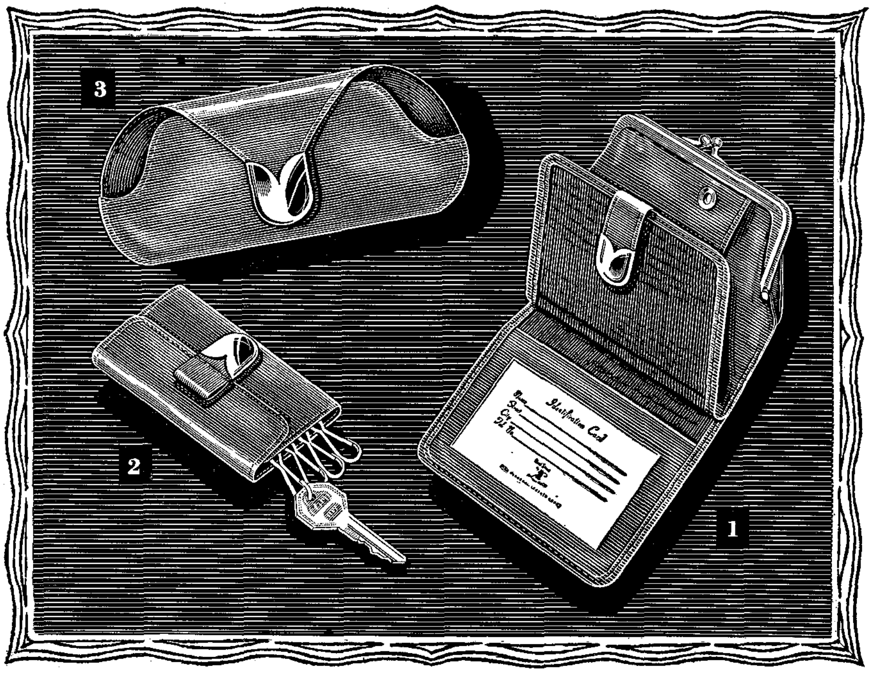
—MICHAEL DE LISIO



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THE ART GALLERIES

Slow Start

THE art season got off to a late start this year, and even now group shows are the predominant offerings, a sure sign that the galleries have still not quite hit their stride. A number of these are excellent, however, and certainly the assortment of styles—ranging from a collection of the most advanced French and American moderns, at the Sidney Janis, through a slightly staider group of contemporary drawings, at the Buchholz, to a comprehensive twenty-fifth-anniversary exhibition, at the Downtown—is lively and varied enough to satisfy almost any taste.

The affair at the Janis (called, perhaps a trifle grandiloquently, "Challenge & Defy") was, I gather from some of the statements in the catalogue, designed deliberately as a "shocker," an impression bolstered by the fact that Marcel Duchamp's contribution is a simple men's urinal—the real thing—while a number of the other exhibits are rather determinedly erotic in their suggestion. But with the spread of an easy and open acceptance of the physiological and psychological facts of life, it is getting increasingly difficult to shock anyone nowadays, particularly with the sort of practical paraphernalia that used to startle and disturb our more reticent grandparents. I must confess, though, that I was disappointed to see the customarily alert and witty Duchamp fall back on such a tired and outdated gag.

Though this side of the show is a failure, it still contains a number of very good pieces, as art. There's a Delvaux, "Temptation of Saint Anthony," dark and oddly brooding in atmosphere, that I found enjoyable; a fairly early Miró, "Singer," dated 1934, that is unusually strong in color; a fine, gaudy landscape, "Hill in Ceret," by Soutine; and an adroitly composed, if rather cryptic, study called "Every Man a King," by Matta. There are a couple of Joseph Cornell constructions, too, called "Cage" and "Aerial Act," which are as trim and austerely impeccable as always. But unquestionably the best single piece in the show is a Picasso portrait study, "Figure Seated."

Picasso has never gone in for the non-objective, and in recent years has rarely been truly abstract, at least in the traditional sense of the word. What he does instead—and the Janis canvas is a first-rate example of the method—is to indulge arbitrarily in enough distortion to give his over-all picture pattern continuous interest, while still retaining enough subject references to provide concrete meaning as well. In "Figure Seated," the subject is a woman, sitting facing the onlooker, and at first glance the whole design seems a maze of disjointed and confused whorls and angularities. But it should be observed that, very cannily, not one of these is allowed actually to obstruct one's perception of the more massive forms that are fundamental to the picture, of the body and bust and head. The result is a combination of arabesque and solidity, of the decorative and the broadly representational, that to me is extremely impressive.

AT the Downtown—which is, as I mentioned, celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary with an opening group exhibition—the highlights, perhaps, are Jacob Lawrence's small but somehow almost unbearably tense "The Concert;" Niles Spencer's "The Watch Factory," brown and gray and foreboding in its dark assemblage of walls and buttresses; and a luminously blue and very subtly handled seaside scene called "Weir," by Julian Levi. There are a number of others almost equally good, and the show as a whole is an exceptionally attractive one. Jack Levine's "Euclid Avenue," I was pleased to note, indicates that he may be outgrowing that fondness for the Venetians that held him for a while—to the detriment of his painting, I think. The new piece shows a definite return, in both treatment and subject matter, to his more personal earlier style. I liked, too, the blue-and-gray, beautifully precise "Skyline," by Charles Sheeler, and the rather more flowing landscape, by Reuben Tam, called "Sprouting Coconuts."

THE group of drawings at the Buchholz is a remarkably fine assortment, wide in range and shrewdly selected and full of that curious serenity of atmosphere that a well-arranged showing of black-and-whites can sometimes have. German, French, and Italian artists are included, as well as English and American, and the list of

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noteworthy pieces to be found among the eighty-odd items the show contains is too long for really adequate comment here. I'll just mention, though, the two handsome and sweepingly calligraphic André Massons, "Nude and Butterfly" and "Turtle;" the large, suave "Seated Girl," by Matisse; Fernand Léger's early Cubist "At the Station," and, from about the same period, Juan Gris's "Still Life with Bottle;" and, in some ways the most charming of all, two tiny Paul Klees called "Souvenir of a Ladies' Orchestra" and "Not Without Heart."

AT the Associated American Artists through this Saturday, there is a first solo exhibition of paintings by Edward Chavez, a young man from the town of Wagonmound, New Mexico, who, it seems to me, shows a good deal of promise. His subjects, as might be supposed, are more or less related to the Southwest, and it must be confessed that there are influences showing through the work here and there. (I saw traces of Graham Sutherland, for instance, in a few of his spiky desert patterns, and a hint of Marsden Hartley in the mountain landscape called "The Lake.") But such traces are nowhere obtrusive, and for the most part he reveals a sound originality of attack, and a feeling for color and form that is nicely adapted to the subject matter he has chosen. I liked especially his "Pueblo Patterns" and "Cacti," in addition to the slightly more ambitious "Mushroom Forms" and "The Pinnacle." —ROBERT M. COATES

•

The total Yale student population continues to drop. This year, according to preliminary estimates, there will be approximately 7500 students at both the undergraduate and graduate level as compared with more than 8000 last year. The greatest decline is noted at the undergraduate level with 4300 expected whereas there were 5000 the previous year.

The newspaper Rampart Forum was published in 1898 by a group of writers who, failing to strike gold in Alaska, had floated downstream on a raft to Rampart because it was too much work to pole up the Yukon river.—*Boston Herald.*

Typical Yale men.

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UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From Science News Letter*]

People possessing rare science ability must be allowed to develop and use it. That is the argument. Wasting scientific ability would be just as unwise as using precious uranium for coloring glass instead of making atomic bombs.

THE WAYWARD PRESS

BLACK AND WHITE AND RED ALL OVER

ONE of the most frequently cited newspapers in more or less general circulation today is the *Daily Worker*, and it is probably also one of the least read. Catholics, for instance, are forbidden to so much as glance at its pages unless they have a special dispensation to do so, as Police Commissioner Thomas F. Murphy learned to his embarrassment last winter after he had urged the participants in a Holy Name Society Communion breakfast to look through a few issues to ascertain for themselves what indisputably Communistic literature is like. I have been reading the *Worker* sporadically for some time, and intensively during the three-month period between the capture of Seoul by the North Koreans and its recapture—a couple of days ago, as I write this—by General MacArthur's forces, the idea having occurred to me when the Korean fighting started, on June 25th, that it might be interesting to see how the principal local outlet of the Cominform would react to developments. Reading the *Worker* faithfully has been quite an experience; it reminds me of taking a long walk through a tropical jungle, where the clinging mud underfoot not only hinders progress but smells bad.

Actually, there are two *Workers*—the *Daily Worker*, a Monday-through-Friday journal that almost always consists of twelve buzzing pages, and a Sunday edition, called simply the *Worker*, which is just as buzzing and usually twice as plump. The pages of both are sixteen and eleven-sixteenths inches long and eleven and seven-sixteenths wide, giving the two papers a slight but unarguable edge over all the other local tabloids in square inches, at least. The weekday *Worker* costs five cents a throw, and the Sunday version a dime. The *Worker*—to simplify matters, I shall call both papers that whenever feasible, treating them as a single institution—prides itself on its devotion to and presentation of The Truth, an attitude that it often assures its readers isn't shared by its journalistic peers. The *Worker* "sticks to the facts," it proclaimed in a recent editorial, adding that that is why some people are sore at it. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, the only woman member of the Communist Party's national committee in this country, who writes a column for the paper called "Life of the Party," revealed in it one day how happy she had been, while out of town on vacation, to receive a bundle of back issues. "It was like manna in the desert after trying to glean some scraps of news and truth from local papers," she wrote. When Andrei Gromyko issued a long manifesto about Korea early in July, chiding the United States for its "aggressive" actions there, the *Worker* commented editorially that it was "a calm, factual statement." This assessment puzzled me, inasmuch as a single sentence in the statement (to which the *Worker* devoted a whole page) contained two factual errors that any informed American copyreader ought to have been able to spot while half asleep: It gave the then Secretary of Defense, Louis Johnson, the title of War Minister and gave General Omar Bradley, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the title of Chief of Staff of the Armed Forces.

I have been puzzled also by the circumstance that the *Worker*, despite its doubts about the credibility of other papers, appears to have a pathetically small reportorial staff of its own and to be dependent for a great deal of what news it does carry on the United Press and on the New York *Times*, from which it quotes so often, if not always cordially, that I have concluded its editors read the *Times* even more diligently than Arthur Hays Sulzberger does. The *Worker* seems unperturbed by this reliance on what it clearly considers the forces of darkness. It has no qualms about sweepingly evaluating the entire contents of the New York *Post*, one of its especially *noir bêtes*, as "slime," and then a few days later accepting at face value and reprinting an item from the *Post* that, in the *Worker's* fickle opinion, points up the evils of the capitalistic system. One such evil, in the presentation of which the *Worker* appears to have had no outside help, was touched upon not long ago by Gus Hall, the national secretary of the Party and one of its eleven principals convicted in the trial presided over by Judge Medina last year, who said in a speech printed by the *Worker* that "the dominant characteristic of present-day Wall Street capitalism is that it has become most cannibalistic." He added, "How else could one characterize the atomic-bomb mentality except as cannibalis-

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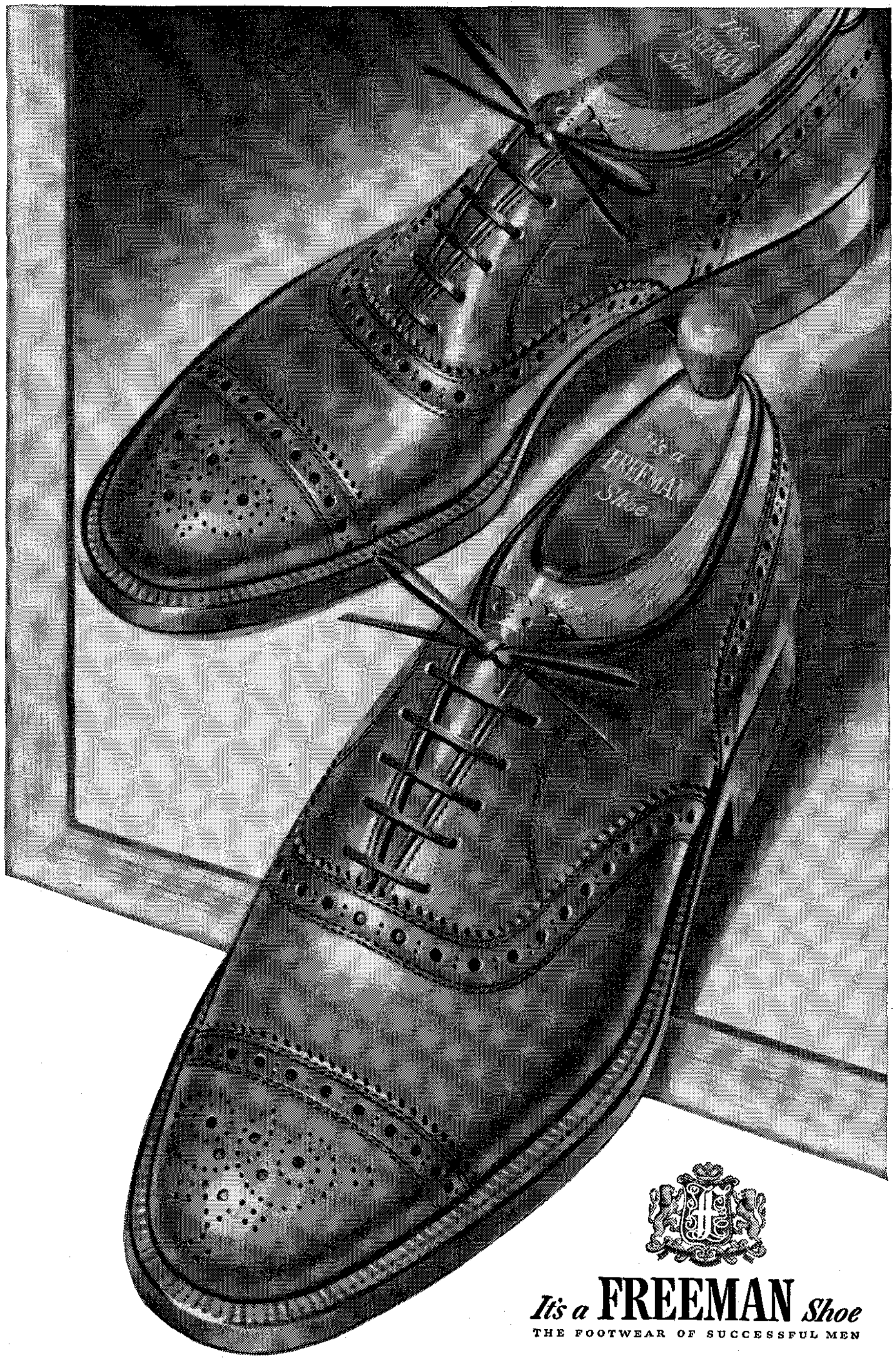
tic?" I found this distaste for anthropophagy echoed in several other issues of the *Worker*, in one of which Milton Howard, a columnist, wrote, "The respectable upper classes, with their oak-lined offices in banks, their exclusive country clubs, and their veneer of college culture, have become, literally, like the ancient monsters who could live only on corpses."

THE *Worker* is a morning paper, but it must have an uncommonly early deadline. Its sports page, for instance, sometimes fails to record the scores of the second games of double-headers played the previous afternoon. Whereas all the other morning papers on September 15th had some account of the successful landing of United Nations forces behind the North Korean lines, the *Worker* ran merely a skimpy and wishful item to the effect that the North Koreans—or Koreans, as the paper makes a point of calling them—had beaten off an attempted invasion. Similarly, on September 26th, when all the other morning papers played up MacArthur's announcement of the fall of Seoul, the *Worker* carried no mention of it. But the *Worker* was probably not too distressed in either instance at being badly scooped, since it doesn't go in heavily for what is generally considered straight news. The disclosure that General Marshall was to replace Mr. Johnson, for instance, was big news on the morning of September 13th; the story broke in time for the *Worker*, but it got such an inconspicuous play there that I had trouble finding it—a two-inch item on page 2, with a tiny headline. It was almost totally eclipsed by a booming black head above it: "UN SHIELDS ATTACK BY MACARTHUR PLANES ON CHINESE CIVILIANS." As a by then fairly practiced reader of the *Worker*, I could understand why its editors regarded the Marshall-Johnson switch as of little account; in their view, irrespective of who may be titularly Secretary of Defense, War Minister, or Secretary of State, American foreign policy is strictly in the hands of John Foster Dulles, a "mealy-mouthed, unctuous hypocrite," to whom the *Worker* gives full credit for the outbreak of hostilities in Korea and whom it has breezily nicknamed Triggerman Dulles. Triggerman is not the only culprit, however. President Truman also started the Korean business singlehanded, or, depending on the *Worker's* mood of the moment, Syngman Rhee did. I use this spelling of Rhee's first name with misgivings, for after reading the *Worker* I am perplexed as to whether it is Syngman or Synghman; the paper uses both interchangeably. At that, Mr. Rhee seems to be less of a typographical headache to the *Worker* than the leader of the North Koreans. Maybe the editors know what his name is, but I don't know, from reading the *Worker*, whether it's Kim Ir Sen, Kim Il Sung, Kim Il Seng, or Kim Il Sung. Whoever he may be, *Worker* readers know that he had nothing to do with starting the war he's in. By and large, the *Worker's* copyreading and proofreading are spotty; in one roster of illustrious names it published I came across that of Karl Mark.

The *Worker* has quite a few traits in common with other newspapers; for one thing, it believes that accidents have an appealing quality. It runs stories of fires, floods, plane crashes, earthquakes, and the like, and has found space lately to record that Mexico City is sinking at the rate of fourteen inches a year and that Aly Khan fell off a motor scooter. To some of the ordinary happenings the paper covers, it manages to give an extraordinary twist. Thus, as a headline for its announcement of the fall reopening of the city's public schools, it came up with "READING, WRITING—AND REDBAITING." Its headline for the news of the appointment of a chairman of the New York State Civil Defense Commission was "CLAY, ILSE KOCH'S PAL, TO HEAD NY 'CIVIL DEFENSE.'" An explanation of the quotation marks around "civil defense" was provided the following day in an editorial that defined the commission as a "gestapo system to crush advocates of peace, the rights of labor, and of the Negro people." In its news story, the *Worker* described Ilse Koch as "the Nazi witch of Buchenwald," which struck me as rather mild, since I recalled that General Clay, in his recent book on Germany, had described her as "the branded 'Bitch of Buchenwald.'"

Except for those school and college papers that, on the eve of the annual football game with an arch-rival, accost their readers with some such commanding headline as "BEAT TECH!" there is perhaps no journalistic outlet so dedicated to what might be called the ringing-imperative headline as is the *Worker*. On June 28th, its front page carried three ringing imperatives: "PROTEST ARREST OF SCOTTSBORO VICTIM HAYWOOD PATTERSON," "STOP WAR MOVES IN KOREA, PACK THE GARDEN TONIGHT" (the Civil Rights Congress, an organization much esteemed by the *Worker*, was holding a rally there), and "PREVENT WORLD WAR III!" This last was followed by the subhead "COMMUNISTS URGE PEOPLE HALT WALL ST. INTERVENTION IN ASIA," which referred to a statement issued by the Party's national secretariat. The statement was appraised editorially as one of "true patriotism and irrefutable truth." It read, in part: "The bipartisan war coalition has solely one aim: to conquer the peoples of Asia, to rob them of their natural resources, to multiply Big Business' profits from a subjugated world." It sounded to me more like three aims.

In its editorials, which, unlike its news stories, are sometimes plainly labelled "Editorial," the *Worker* is enthusiastically addicted to the use of emphatic capitals, in much the manner popularized by William Randolph Hearst. "Washington's plan 'to defend Europe,' " one editorial read, in part, "is a plan to replace Nazi power as the club OVER ALL EUROPE. This is the NEW MUNICH. German Nazi industrialists are appeased with loans, armaments, and power in return for their pledge to POLICE EUROPE against democracy and Socialism THROUGHOUT EUROPE, and not only in the East." Another Hearstlike device frequently employed by the *Worker*, which, for all I know, may have hit upon it independently, is that of making something out of nothing, or out of practically nothing. For example, reporting a street-corner meeting in Harlem that was addressed by Paul Robeson and Benjamin J. Davis, Jr., who is another of the convicted Communist leaders and also president of the Freedom of the Press Company, which gets out the *Worker*, the paper said, "This great meeting was the voice of Harlem, the voice of the Negro people. The Negro people will have nothing to do with this war against the colored people of Asia." That was in a news story, not in an editorial. Or take a recent picture caption: "This photo of workingclass women in South Korea washing clothes in the River Han tells its own story of the terrible conditions under the regime of the US puppet regime of Synghman Rhee." The only story the photo told me was that some women were washing clothes in a river, a custom that I have always thought widespread in un-Bendixed parts of the world. Or take, further, this front-page headline: "MANY URGE TRUMAN END KOREAN WAR." The "many" proved to be three hundred and eighty-six employees of a Ford plant at Dear-



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born, Michigan, who had sent a telegram to Senator Vandenberg (the *Worker* said on another occasion that sixty-five thousand are employed at the plant); the San Francisco branch of the Marine Cooks & Stewards Union (strength unspecified); and a handful of other small groups and a few individuals. A week later, another front-page headline read, "FORD LEADERS SAY: END WAR IN KOREA." This time, only four members of the Dearborn group seemed to be doing the saying. Four days after that came the head "BILL McKIE TELLS FORD WORKERS ABOUT KOREA." Mr. McKie was identified simply as the Grand Old Man of the Dearborn plant; in a subsequent issue of the paper he was identified as a grand old member of the Communist Party. The *Worker* did not explain why it was that a bunch of men who, according to its own files, had already taken a firm stand on Korea should have to be told about it by anybody. A headline printed concurrently with the one about Bill McKie went, "HALT INTERVENTION, MCS TELLS KOREA." This threw me until, upon reading the story beneath it, I realized that it was one of those editorial lapses and that what the *Worker* had meant to say was "HALT INTERVENTION IN KOREA, MCS TELLS TRUMAN." I had little trouble figuring out the "MCS" part of the headline; that related to the same crew of Marine Cooks & Stewards who had told Truman the same thing a couple of weeks earlier. A conscientious reader of the *Worker* soon learns to comprehend many such esoteric abbreviations. "P.P." in a headline stands for "Progressive Party," and "CRC" for "Civil Rights Congress." I have even reached the point where I can take in stride such broad-scale esoterica as the headline "KEMPTON CAUGHT RIESELING." This meant that Murray Kempton, a labor columnist on the *Post*, had, in the *Worker's* estimate, been detected committing the kind of sin the *Worker* customarily ascribes to Victor Riesel, another labor columnist, who used to write for the *Post* and now appears in the *Mirror*.

AFTER becoming acquainted with the *Worker's* operative procedure, I was not taken aback to learn on an inside page that the front-page headline "MEXICAN PRIESTS, NUNS, SIGN PEACE APPEAL" referred to two priests and nine nuns, a not terribly impressive showing in a predominantly Catholic country. The appeal in question was, of course, the Stockholm Peace Appeal, which the *Worker* has been plugging hard for months. I gather that the campaign to get people to sign this statement isn't going over as well in this country as the Communists had hoped it would. The *Worker* announced in June that the goal in the United States was five million signatures by the end of summer. By September 22nd, one day after the end of summer, only two and a half million Americans had signed up, according to the *Worker's* figures, which I do not imagine are conservative. The *Worker's* tabulations are inclined to be erratic, though. On July 9th, I read that twenty-seven million people in China had signed the appeal. On August 6th, the total there had shot up to sixty million. By September 4th it was down to forty-four million. A hundred and fifty thousand previously acknowledged American signatures had vanished by then, too. Of the worldwide total of three hundred million who, according to one issue of the *Worker*, had signed by Labor Day, a hundred and fifteen million were reported to be Russians, including, it said, every single Soviet citizen over sixteen—as imposing a demonstration of uniformity of thinking as ever I expect to read about. The Russian phenomenon, according to the *Worker*, constitutes "irrefutable proof that the land of Socialism stands first among the nations of the world against the atom bomb and aggression." In view of the fact that many people who are skeptical about the origin and purpose of the Stockholm Peace Appeal are skeptical precisely because it nowhere mentions aggression, the *Worker's* statement might be irrefutable proof that not all the scribbling Soviet citizens had had too clear an idea of what they were signing. On September 5th, the *Worker* ran an article written in Moscow by A. Bezymianski, telling how he had collected some signatures over there. First, he appealed to a veteran, with this result:

> "I know you [the veteran said]. You're a writer. It was you . . . who wrote a poem saying how the strength and determination of people was stronger than the atom bomb. Now you should write that Truman wants to drop this atom bomb he has on all those who disagree with his ideas but that we, though we know the secret of atomic energy, only want to lead the movement of people all over the world for the banning of the bomb."
>
> "Listen," I said, "I think I shall write a poem about your signature on this appeal. Isn't it after all a first-class poem on the subject you mention?"

Then Bezymianski approached a man named Ilya Linkin, who had already

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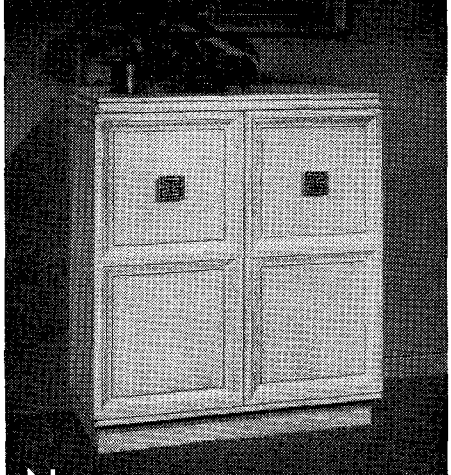

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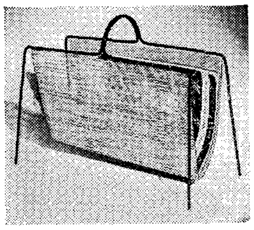

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signed. This interview was reported, in part, as follows:

> "Tell me, please [said Linkin], when did Comrade Stalin sign the Appeal?"
>
> "I don't know," I said, looking at him full in the face. "It might have been at the very moment you were signing yourself. You know as well as I do that Comrade Stalin is alongside every man who fights for the happiness of the workers. Didn't you feel when signing that Stalin was signing at the same time?"
>
> "Of course," exclaimed Ilya Linkin. And there was a look of pleasure in his eyes that I would need to write a poem to describe it.

The obtaining of signatures in this country would seem to have been a good deal more prosaic. Recounting the technique employed by one American woman who had a personal bag of eleven hundred and fifty, the *Worker* said, "She asks little children, 'Do you want war or peace?,' and when they tell her, 'I want to play,' she gets their parents to sign."

The *Worker's* espousal of the Stockholm Appeal, though clamorous, has been nearly drowned out from time to time by its espousal of the cause of the Party's convicted leaders, who are known to its readers as the Communist 11, and are not to be mixed up, as any knowledgeable *Worker* reader is aware, with the Hollywood 10, the Martinsville 7, the Trenton 6, or the Groveland 3, all of these being people in legal difficulties for whom redress is constantly being sought by the paper. One of the Communist 11, Eugene Dennis, the general secretary of the Party, has been in jail since last spring, having been convicted of contempt of Congress. A plaintive headline in the *Worker*, published a few months after he was incarcerated, said, "LIFE'S CHANGED SINCE TRUMAN JAILED DENNIS." On July 2nd, the *Worker* published a photograph of some books it said Dennis's jailers forbade him to have in his cell; having thus set the stage, the paper was able to celebrate Independence Day with the headline "IT'S JULY 4—BUT DENNIS CAN'T READ JEFFERSON." (According to the *Worker*, Jefferson would be supporting the North Koreans if he were on hand: He "would have hailed the Korean people's struggle for independence with a lusty cheer.... Tom Jefferson hated the John Foster Dulleses of his day.") Dennis may be short of reading matter, but he is able to write at length, and does. The letters he sends his wife and son from prison are of epic proportions, and a good many of them find their way into the *Worker*. As a rule, they are much less domestic than demagogic; he rarely indulges in

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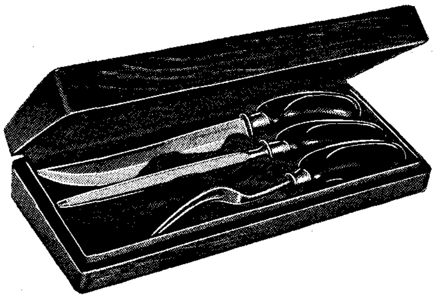

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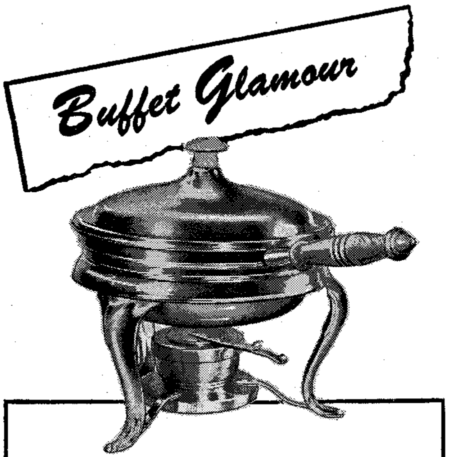

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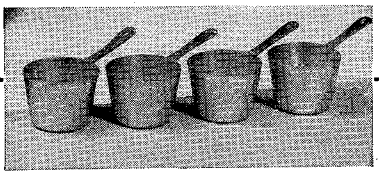

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the kind of sentimental small talk that might characterize the familial correspondence of the run-of-the-mill lonely mortal. Once when he started to digress into trivialities, he pulled himself up sharply. He wrote that a hot day was "made to order for a swim or a hammock—that is, if these were ordinary times. But I would settle for, and much prefer, just to be at liberty—anywhere; free to put my thoughts into motion, into useful action; free to cool off in the vigorous wind of the people's anti-war movement." Even while shackled, Dennis manages to lay down the Party line; before he was locked up, he foresightedly gave the answers, still being published, to a series of questions obligingly put to him by an organization called the Labor Youth League. "Would a new war be a push-button war?" the League asked Dennis, and his reply began, "Push-button wars are the bogus promissory notes of the imperialist adventurers who gamble with the lives of the people." The *Worker* itself is fond of soliciting opinions, sometimes even the opinions of the people. A few days after the fighting began in Korea, it made a survey in Detroit and ascertained that nine out of ten individuals who were accosted responded affirmatively to the question "Do you think President Truman's order that American units enter the fight in Korea endangers the peace?" Four weeks later, perhaps dissatisfied with the lack of unanimity expressed in that poll, the *Worker* interviewed nine Chicagoans—"a random sampling"—and reported that all nine were opposed to United States intervention in Korea.

IN handling the Korean situation, the *Worker* has never faltered in its insistence that the North Koreans are innocent and much-abused victims of the aggressive impulses of others. Its main headline on June 26th was "RIGHTIST ATTACK REPELLED IN KOREA," and it has taken the position ever since that the North Koreans have simply been defending themselves against assault, in the tradition of the Union forces after they were fired on at Fort Sumter. In seeking to make the present conflict analogous to the Civil War, the *Worker* has at least once tripped over its own logic: It regarded as significant and sinister the fact that when some American forces entered Taejon early in July, they were greeted by a South Korean band playing "Dixie," but it regarded as perfectly suitable the fact that some Australians partial to the North Koreans had, while picketing the United States Consulate in Sydney, equipped themselves with placards reading, "Down with Yankee Aggression." The two indigenous participants in the war between the Korean states have been easily distinguishable to the *Worker*. The South Koreans have been "fascists" and "puppets" and "mercenaries," and the North Koreans have been "liberation forces." An inkling of the kind of liberation the North Koreans offer was given by the *Worker* when it reported that the people's democracy on that side of the Thirty-eighth Parallel had set up a seven-man military committee to run things, and that this septemvirate had decreed that "All citizens, all sovereign organs, political parties, social organizations, and military organs shall absolutely obey the decisions and directives of the military committee." The *Worker* also ran three articles by A. Perventsev, a Russian who flew to North Korea to check on the status of culture there. His report concluded that the North Koreans had been making fine cultural progress, and he noted in substantiation thereof that the first monument he came upon was an obelisk dedicated to Stalin. The first music he mentioned was a popular song about Stalin, and the first cultural meeting an occasion highlighted by the showing of a Soviet movie. Some North Korean photographers he met were "anxious primarily to know what part Soviet photographers were playing in the struggle on the ideological front."

As for the Americans in Korea, the *Worker* has been unabashedly opposed to everything they have done there, and its editors seemed delighted, at the start of the fighting, to be able to report that their fellow-countrymen were suffering reverses. North Korean advances have been given such headlines as "KOREANS FREE TAEJON." A typical headline over an American countermeasure was "MACARTHUR'S BOMB-LADEN PLANES SPEED TO ATTACK KOREAN PATRIOTS." A few days ago, the United States was accused by the *Worker*—on the basis of evidence purportedly amassed by the United Democratic Fatherland Front of Korea—of having put to death, by shooting or torture, twenty thousand North Korean "patriots and civilians." None of the atrocity stories that the *Worker* has considered fit to print have had to do with atrocities committed by the North Koreans. Yet even while the *Worker* has been showing itself partial to the North Koreans, it has blandly identified itself, when it has suited its convenience, with the American troops engaged in battle. Thus, during the early stages of the fighting it led off with a first-person-plural pronoun in the headline "OUR FIRST CASUALTY LIST: LET THE SLAUGHTER STOP!" This injunction was accompanied by the names of eleven Americans who had died in an airplane crash and who, though certainly bona-fide casualties, could hardly be said to have been slaughtered. In a front-page soliloquy on an American who did die in battle, Private Kenneth Shadrick, of Skin Fork, West Virginia, the *Worker* ended up, "Ken was killed firing at people he didn't hate. The men responsible are those who ordered Ken and his buddies into battle on a muddy field 10,000 miles from Skin Fork to bolster the tottering structure of imperialism in Asia." The *Worker* furnished no evidence, in the course of this vulturine essay, of how it knew whom Shadrick did or did not hate, and I can only conclude that some member of its staff has the gift of ex-post-facto mind-reading. The London *Daily Worker*, incidentally, appears to employ equally resourceful personnel. Its New York counterpart ran a story on July 24th, under the heading "EYEWITNESS TELLS HOW MACA. PLANES AIM AT CIVILIANS," in which the "eyewitness" was a London *Worker* man. The bombing attack referred to had been made by American planes on July 13th, against the North Korean town of Wonsan. It was specifically stated in the story that the London writer hadn't reached Wonsan until July 19th, so it must be that he is a man able to arrive at a spot and see how somebody aimed a bomb that fell there six days earlier.

LATELY, the *Worker* has been playing down Korea, possibly because it feels discomfited by a bad guess its military expert, Soldado, made several weeks ago. He predicted that an evacuation resembling the one at Dunkirk was in store for the United Nations forces on the Pusan perimeter. However, Korea gets dragged into a good many stories on other subjects. This is in line with a precept doggedly followed by the *Worker*, to the effect that any subject can be tied in with any other subject if you just try hard enough. Thus, the paper heralded the annual arrival of Rosh Hashana with the headline "WALL ST. PARDONS NAZIS AS JEWISH NEW YEAR OPENS," and printed a poem about the death of a little girl in an automobile accident with the observation that the unfortunate child was "one

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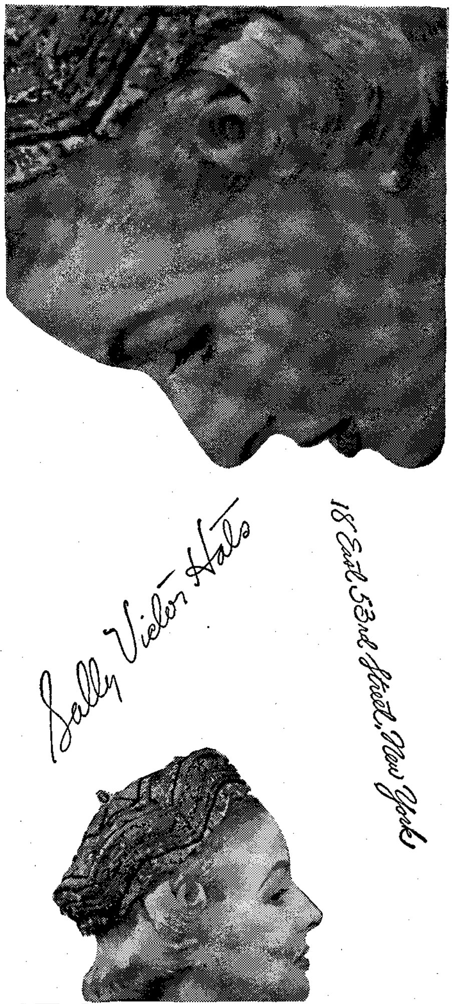
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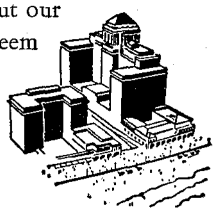
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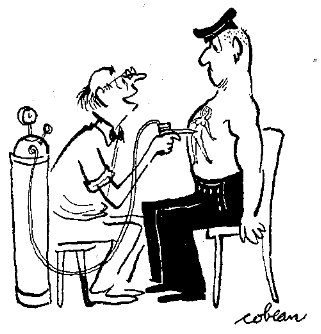

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tiny American victim of Wall Street's war against the Korean people." (The train of reasoning behind this was that if it hadn't been for Korea, there would have been more Wall Street money available for playgrounds than there is, and that if there had been more playgrounds, the girl wouldn't have been playing in the street.) The same precept is internationally observed in Communist circles, I gathered from a statement attributed by the *Worker* to a young man in Europe who has renounced his American citizenship "in protest against a government which suffers racial discrimination and the horrors of lynch, which hangs over the heads of 15 million of my black brethern [sic]." He was further quoted as saying, "As a new citizen of the Czechoslovak State, I consider it as my main duty to fight with all my strength for peace. I shall try to increase further my output at the CKD Stalingrad works in Prague, and I shall reduce the percentage of waste. By this small contribution I want to strengthen the peace front all over the world and simultaneously also the fight of the Korean people against American aggression." The *Worker* evidently feels that other newspapers should adopt a similar dialectic. "Does the *Times* really think it can hide the connection between the Truman administration's military attacks on the Korean people and the FBI's arrest of Haywood Patterson, the symbol of the capitalists' jimcrow terror against the Negro people?" it asked not long ago.

The *Worker* connects practically everything with the Negro people, including the Communist Party, though it presents no evidence that a majority of the Negro people appreciate the connection. Negro leaders who have had the temerity to disagree with the Party, among them officials of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, are described in the *Worker* as "misleaders," "bellycrawlers," "Uncle Toms," and "bandannaheads." Paul Robeson, a Negro who agrees with the Party, has been described as "the Voice of America." Shortly after the State Department, whose own Voice of America was in the same breath called a program "heard by executioners," invalidated Robeson's passport, the *Worker* ran a column about Robeson, stating that his "ten million South African allies will not be unmindful of this U.S. pigmentocrat attack on his freedom." "Pigmentocrat" is a word, presumably coined by the *Worker*, that means, I guess, "anti-Negro;" it is apparently synonymous with "lynchocrat," another philological specimen in the paper's homespun lexicon. These compoundings are undoubtedly the result of careful meditation, for the *Worker's* editors do not believe in loose usage of words, old or new, in relation to people of any color other than white. The paper rebuked Walter Lippmann a couple of months ago for having used the expression "Asiatic forces" when, according to the *Worker*, it would have been more polite to say "Asian forces." Within the next couple of months, two of the *Worker's* own contributors used "Asiatic" instead of "Asian" themselves.

The *Worker* was horrified when Negro soldiers went into combat on the United Nations side in Korea. "The Truman-MacArthur invaders of Korea have rushed in Negroes as shock troops to dam with their bodies the human Korean stream surging toward freedom," the paper's Harlem editor declared. When a Negro was appointed a member of the United States delegation to the U.N. General Assembly, a gesture that one would think, offhand, an anti-pigmentocrat publication would acclaim, the *Worker* denounced it as a "smokescreen to cover . . . oppression." As a general rule, the *Worker* is more persistent than consistent in its attitude on race relations. Its movie reviewer complained bitterly when a white actress was cast as a Negro in the motion picture "Pinky;" its drama critic told its movie critic, in a clubby interview, of his delight that a play-producing outfit of which the drama critic is the director has been casting Negro actors as Irishmen and Jews. This tendency to apply a double standard to Negroes and whites crops up in the drama critic's reviews, too. "The emergence of a new people's playwright is always something to cheer about," he wrote a while ago, "but when the playwright is a Negro woman then it's really a big deal."

The editors' passionate interest in blackness and whiteness extends to the sports page. One day Lester Rodney, its principal contributor, devoted a good part of a column over which he presides to the publication of a letter he had received from Benjamin Davis, Jr., taking him to task for not having paid enough attention to the subject of Negroes in big-league baseball. I couldn't figure out why the matter had to be covered in public correspondence, since Mr. Davis, as the boss of the *Worker*, could presumably have handled it in an inter-office memo; moreover, the letter seemed odd inasmuch as Rodney had been writing unflaggingly about Negro athletes, with particular emphasis on those in baseball, and on several occasions had credited the *Worker* with being largely responsible for the fact that there *are* any Negroes in the major leagues. His choices to win the pennant races were Cleveland and Brooklyn, which have more Negroes on their rosters than any other teams in their respective leagues. Though no great shakes as a prophet here, Rodney did better when, tying in with the Peace Appeal, he gave a tip on a horse named Peace and Food, which won at Jamaica and paid $7.30.

The *Worker's* sports page is self-proclaimed as "New York's most exciting. . . . Always something exclusive, never any punches pulled." One of Rodney's punchier scoops was the disclosure that the Soviet Union last year constructed ten thousand ski stations and fifty thousand basketball courts. Some of the edge is taken off Rodney's exclusivism by the fact that he frequently reruns a *Daily Worker* column in the *Worker*, without mentioning that it is not only not exclusive but old hat. On Sunday, August 13th, he reprinted two old columns from the previous week's *Daily Worker*. His is not the only department of this anthropophagophobocrat paper that feeds on itself. Articles, columns, and illustrations are often used over and over. An appeal for two hundred thousand dollars to help plead the case of the Communist 11, ending with the question "Who will be the first to reply?," was reprinted word for word after the paper had already acknowledged several replies. A photograph of portraits of Stalin and Mao Tze-tung flanking a dove of peace was run on July 5th, rerun on July 9th, and re-rerun on August 24th; the third time, unlike the first two times, it was deemed worthy of front-page display. Not only does the Sunday reprise the daily but it reprises itself. One week, it ran a photograph of a set of young Negro triplets, over the caption "No Atombombs For Us! We Wanna Live!," followed by the information that the children had signed the Stockholm Peace Appeal with fingerprints. The following weekend, the same picture and caption showed up again, and now they, too, had been promoted from an inside page to page 1.

Like most other newspapers, the *Worker* dotes on stories about children, but its affection for them is apt to be rather exploitative. One Sunday feature started off by saying that "Little Randy Cummings, age 2," was going to grow up peacefully, because he

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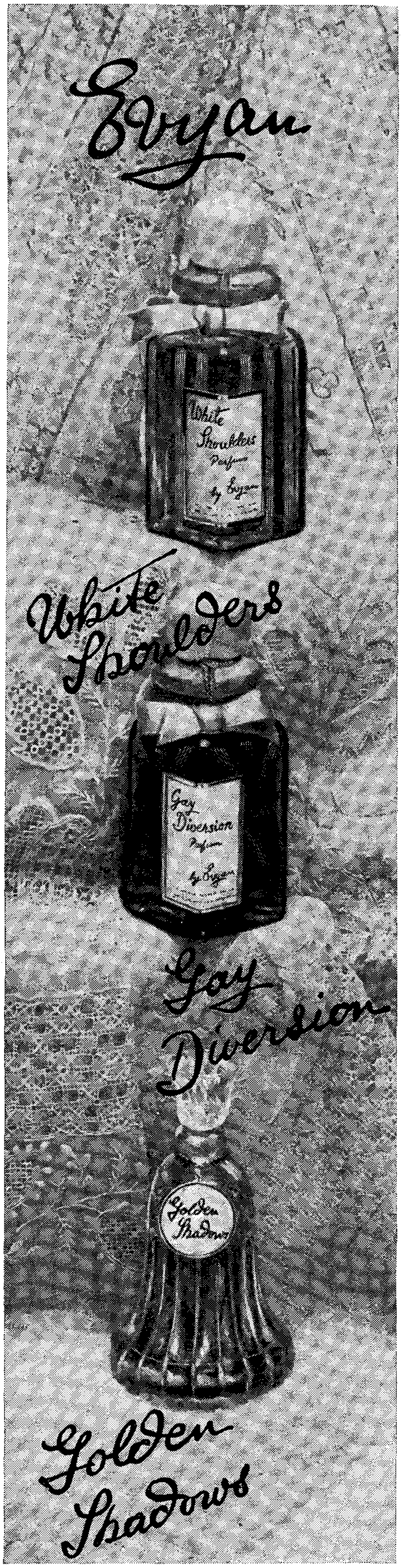

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represented the fifth living generation of a family of which the four other generations had all signed the Stockholm Pledge. Unborn children are brought into the act, too. As a special added attraction one Sunday, the paper presented a letter to the President that said, in part, "Mr. Truman, I am but five months growing within the woman who is to be my mother in life. I know not whether I am a boy or a girl. . . ." The embryonic prodigy knew enough, however, to ask Mr. Truman to "take our boys out of Korea."

Although the *Worker* has no objection to soldiers being called "boys," it has expressed itself strongly on the subject of calling mature females "girls." A few weeks ago, Claudia Jones, one of its regular Sunday columnists, published a letter she had received from a reader complaining that women, and particularly Negro women, are often referred to as "girls," despite their being as old as twenty-two or twenty-three. Miss Jones commented that the complaint was altogether justified; that this was a clear-cut case of "male chauvinist expression towards working women." Miss Jones was not daunted by the fact that, two months before, the *Worker* had printed a story in which Judith Coplon, a working woman who is several years older than twenty-three, had been male-chauvinistically insulted as a "government girl."

The *Worker* goes in sparingly for humor, both quantitatively and qualitatively. The Sunday runs no comic strips, the daily runs one—a four-panel job called "Virgil," which is about a small boy's escapades and is reminiscent of "Smitty," a strip that I recall having read occasionally as a child. "Virgil" is either completely non-ideological or too subtle for me. Those principally responsible for a lighter-vein touch in the *Worker* appear to be Ted Tinsley, who writes a column about a harassed and reflective imaginary citizen named Arch Farch, a Communist version of Westbrook Pegler's George Spelvin, and Alan Max, who, in addition to being the *Worker's* managing editor, does a column called "Point of Order," which consists of brief comments on current events, from which I cite the following item as typical: "Washington insists that our generals in Korea are conducting only a 'police action.' Where the cops and robbers are on the same side." The *Worker* came close to being downright whimsical a few weeks ago, when, taking note of the circumstance that *Counterattack* had listed a radio commentator in "Red Chan-

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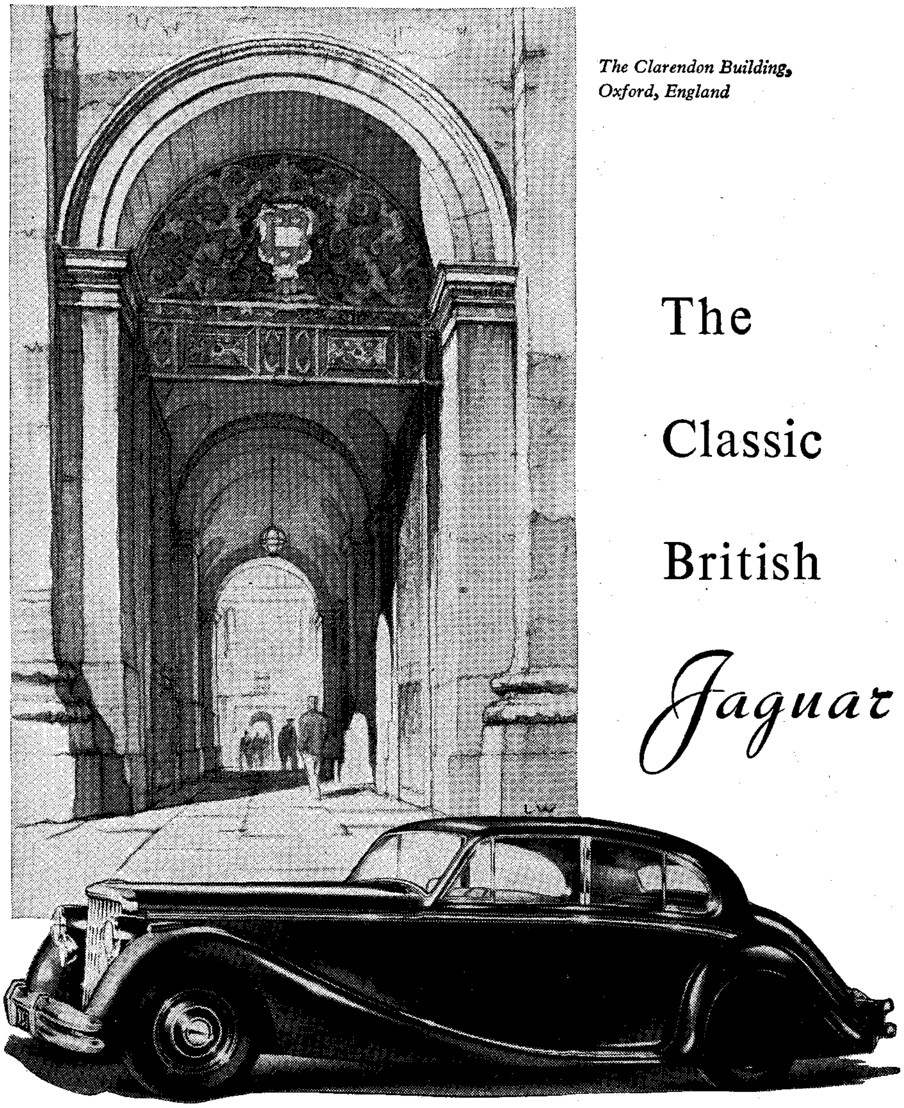
nels" solely because he had once been favorably mentioned in the *Worker*, it printed a favorable mention of *Counterattack*. The paper didn't think its readers were up to the joke, though, and spoiled the effect a few sentences later by explaining that it was just kidding.

The *Worker* is no more widely represented abroad bv its own staff people than it is at home, but some of its writers do get to make occasional trips out of the country. One, Michael Gold, who was in Europe this summer, produced a piece about the ruined condition of France, which the *Worker* capriciously illustrated with photographs of happy farmers in Rumania. Ordinarily, the *Worker* purveys singularly little inside dope from the Soviet Union itself, and one almost gets the impression that the Russians aren't doing much more in the way of coöperating with it than passing along routine handouts—statistical roundups on ski stations and basketball courts, for example. One story the *Worker* did get from there was promisingly headed "MOSCOW HEARS THE NEWS OF THE KOREAN WAR." Unfortunately, its author was a novelist, and in the roundabout fashion of his craft it took him five hundred words to get to the subject of Korea at all. By the time he did, he was addled. He wrote that the current of life in Moscow had never been so tranquil, but he also wrote that wrathful meetings were being held everywhere in town and that he himself had his fists clenched at the thought of American "hangmen in full-dress general's regalia sending planes to bomb peaceful villages and towns" in Korea. I have a hunch that the Russians have been supplying the *Worker* with this sort of self-contradictory filler because they have noticed that the *Worker* staff doesn't appear to heed too closely what it does get from friendly sources. "Heed" is putting it mildly; the *Worker* staff doesn't always seem even to *read* what it gets before printing it. It ran a long dispatch from the New China News Agency a few weeks ago, for example, telling how gently the Chinese Communist Army treats its captives and stressing the point that, to make them feel better, "they are never called war prisoners, but 'liberated fighters.'" The *Worker's* three-column headline over this read, "CHINESE PEOPLE'S ARMY HELPS ITS WAR PRISONERS."

CULTURE is a big thing with the *Worker*, but it occasionally has its troubles keeping its readers abreast of



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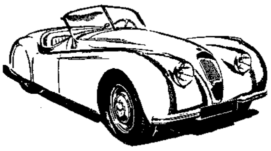

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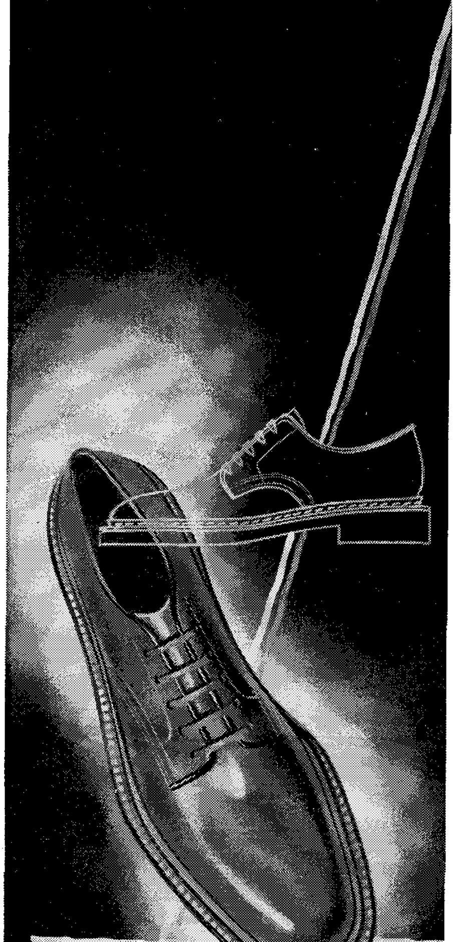

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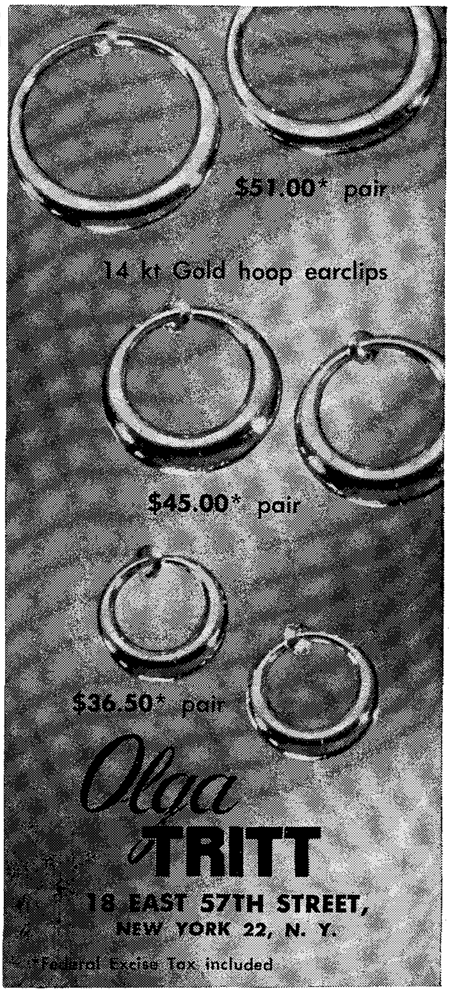
developments in this field. When a reader wrote in to ask if the paper's drama critic had been alert enough to catch some of the irritating aspects of "South Pacific" ("Why must it be the Polynesian woman who sells her daughter? Why is the excellent Negro dancer gone from the stage as soon as his dance ends?"), the editors printed the letter and appended a note lamenting that it had never reviewed "South Pacific," because its critic had never been sent the customary pair of review tickets. (Other editorial employees of the paper are subjected to similar indignities. One staff man telephoned the Police Department recently in the hope of getting a news tip confirmed, and sadly revealed in the story he later wrote that a spokesman for the Department had replied, "We wouldn't tell you even if it was true.") The *Worker* makes up for deficiencies in its general cultural coverage by giving considerable space to its own pet theatrical group, an outfit known as New Playwrights, Inc., for whose productions tickets are, in contrast to "South Pacific," abundantly available. Prospective theatregoers have to be on their toes, though. One morning, the *Worker* announced that there would be no performance of a New Playwrights show that evening, for the reason that the entire cast and stage crew were planning to attend a Civil Rights Congress shindig at the Garden; people who had contemplated seeing the play were urged to go to the Garden instead.

One of the paper's notably industrious toilers on the cultural front is Robert Friedman, among whose chores is that of reviewing books. Friedman is hard to please; he rebuked one author, who had otherwise diverted him satisfactorily, for permitting a lady millworker to fall in love with the millowner. Friedman naturally pays close attention to books dealing with the Soviet Union, pro and con. While warning his readers against "The Case of Comrade Tulayev," in the con category, he said that it was a slight work he would normally have ignored but that he was taking it up because if he didn't, "the ambiguous title might fool someone into buying it." Friedman was almost beside himself with indignation over "Verdict of Three Decades," a volume written by a group of ex-Communists. "It would be pointless to deal fully with 'Verdict of Three Decades,' " Friedman wrote, "since it is a compendium of every filthy anti-Soviet slander that ever was, and since the only people with $5 to spend on a



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book are the creatures who write such books and their masters, who only read the *Wall Street Journal*." In view of this, I was, to say the least, bewildered when I came across, in subsequent *Workers*, warm endorsements by Friedman and associate reviewers of a two-volume history of the Negro people ($10), "Pelle the Conqueror" ($5), "Russian Impact on Art" ($7.50), and "Russian Folklore" ($10).

The *Worker* has two men assigned to the motion-picture beat. Its regular reviewer is Jose Yglesias, a critic of unyielding standards, who says he would be alienated by any movie, no matter how good, that portrayed a cop as a sympathetic human being, and whose favorite movie this summer was "World Youth Festival," which was shot at a world youth festival in Budapest last year by Russian cameramen. "It is impossible to tell you in prose what a great joyous experience it is," Yglesias wrote of this picture. Tackling the impossible, nonetheless (or perhaps he views the following as poetry), he continued, "The movie strengthens and gladdens you, draws you to its bosom and sends you out into the street immeasurably uplifted to have come to know these comrades who all over the world stretch out to you their hands and their friendship for peace and happiness. In our own land of capitalistic treachery . . ." The other movie expert is David Platt, who writes a column in which, like his co-workers in neighboring departments, he has identified himself as a staunch cannibal-hater. Platt has called his readers' attention to "the cannibalism of the imperialists," and while abroad this summer to participate in an international film festival in Czechoslovakia he had the good fortune to interview an English Communist who told him that the British lion has become "a slinking petit-bourgeois jackal following the kill of the American tiger."

This trip to Europe was Platt's maiden one, and he didn't sleep a wink on the transatlantic plane, but, despite his fatigue, within moments of landing at Paris he hustled over to the French Assembly to take in a speech by Jacques Duclos, the resident Party big shot. After going on to Czechoslovakia, Platt wrote a series for the *Worker* called "I Saw the New World in Blossom," in which he gave this illuminating glimpse of the kind of flowering toward which the *Worker* appears to hanker:

> It is difficult to describe the feeling one gets in walking down the main streets of Prague and seeing the newsstands and bookshops filled with nothing but progressive literature and newspapers. . . . You see the book publishing business has been completely nationalized. No more private publishers who decide what the public should and should not read. No more books published for a small coterie of readers. No more trashy literature sold for the enrichment of a few. Only those books are published and sold which are in the interests of the workingclass and the whole people. . . .

The *Worker* has been much concerned, these past few weeks, with the new anti-subversive law—which on a single page of the *Worker* was variously entitled "McCarran-Wood," "McCarran-Mundt," "McCarran-Kilgore," and "McCarran"—and immediately after the law was passed the paper warned in an editorial that the freedom of the entire press was gravely imperilled by it. However the law may be interpreted with regard to the press, the kind of legislation the *Worker* would seem to prefer was neatly summarized in Mr. Platt's report. I deduce from it that should the *Worker's* ideal way of American life ever come into being, the only newspaper in overt circulation would be the *Worker* itself, plus God knows how many unreasonable facsimiles thereof. It is difficult, if Mr. Platt will permit me to crib his phrase, to describe the feeling I get in contemplating such a prospect, but I have strength enough left after struggling through the *Worker* all these weeks to describe it as a sensation very little different from nausea.

—E. J. KAHN, JR

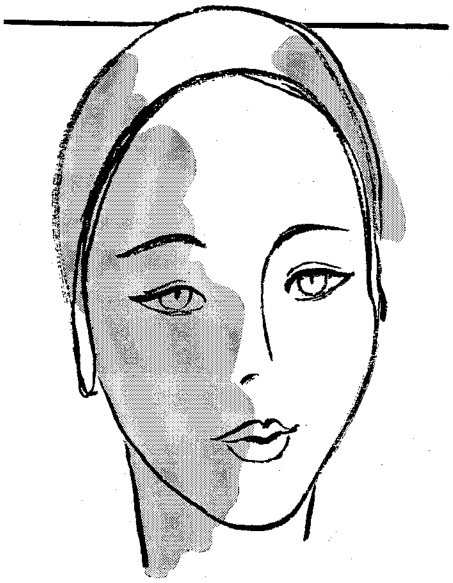
• •

A FORESHADOWING

Sudden, sudden in silence, cloud-drift shadows
The lift and run of my sunlit hill,
And summer is over.
Still the locust, shrill in the elm;
And still the river, brown in backwater swirls;
The apples hang yellow and green on their waiting bough;
But everywhere the smell of autumn comes
With the whirlwind's clutter of leaves,
And dust from the road glows golden under the trees.

—ROBERT W. PARKER

NOW



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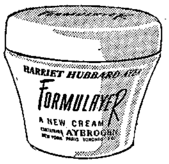

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TABLES FOR TWO

All New

WITH Jane Froman in charge of the entertainment, a drastically remodelled Persian Room, startlingly modern and very different from the old one, right down to the match folders, has opened in the stately Hotel Plaza—about the last place you'd expect to find such a décor. The room is now predominantly green and blue, and has lost a good deal of its former graciousness, but at least the visibility is still good. A lot of thought has gone into the lighting. Large braziers casting jewelled light through perforations in their undersides hang low around the place, and two of the walls are broken up with mirrors that reflect the activity within their spheres of influence; now and then it all reminded me of some splendid new cafeteria. The white ceiling is dotted with holes—small ones to emit pin-point beams and larger ones for spotlight effects—and, on the walls opposite the mirrors, there are translucent draperies, behind which, at calculated periods, a furious display of stars occurs while Dick La Salle's band plays the "Persian Room Theme," a moderate dose of musical barbiturate.

In addition to all this, there is Miss Froman. She is a proud beauty with a rich, flexible voice and an appealing delight in using it, and she has an attractive collection of new and old songs, which she tosses around brightly. She is given, as always, to excesses in her enthusiasm, holding some notes much too long and singing others too lustily, in sudden outbursts. But she conquers each time out, and that's what counts. I liked her enormously. Before Miss Froman sweeps on, Mary Raye and Naldi, a first-rate dance team, loosen things up with a long series of graceful turns about the floor, working to several styles of music. There isn't much imagination in their dancing, but proficiency and delicacy of a high order are there. Mark Monte's Continentals, a small but expert group, alternate with the La Salle orchestra, and, between the two bands, practically everybody is enticed onto the dance floor.

OVER in the Cotillion Room, at the Hotel Pierre, Mimi Benzell, who used to be with the Met, shows up at dinner and supper to shoot her coloratura voice around that vast place. She comes off very well when she is singing straight but misses the mark when she tries to jazz up her music or when she goes in for kittenish introductory remarks. The night I heard her, I felt that the special demands of café singing were taking the fine edge off both her voice and her sensitivity as an artist. This may sound fussy, but what I'm getting at is that a legitimate singer of Miss Benzell's calibre can't go around presenting arias like "Sempre libera" and "Un bel dì vedremo" to night-club patrons, and with typical night-club accompaniments, without coarsening her sense of musical values. She has a good voice, though—remarkably warm for a coloratura, and better than you have any right to expect in this milieu.

EDITH PIAF has a new, short haircut, but she still looks, in her fourth engagement at the Versailles, as if she never got a chance to eat any of the nourishing food served there. She's a small one, all right—hungry-looking and sad—and she'd better stay that way. A chubby Piaf, even a sleek Piaf, would have to get a whole new set of songs, and then, never again would I have the feeling, sitting in this East Side mission and wallowing in the poor girl's frank confessions, of longing to protect her, feed her, clothe her, give her an education, spoil her. She's just dandy the way she is, slouching around in a skimpy black dress, smiling weakly and darting mousy looks at her audience between numbers—in short, devastating everybody within range with one of the canniest and most beautifully executed routines in show business. She has a few new pieces, which fit neatly into her repertoire and give cheering evidence that whoever concocts these little French grenades is equipped to go on manufacturing them forever. There is a disconcerting moment at the end of each of Mlle. Piaf's concerts when the curtain she works in front of is drawn aside to reveal her supporting cast—a small chorus and some musicians. It is a little like having someone remove the pretty face from a watch and show you the meaningless jumble of mechanism inside.

ERROL GARNER, an exciting piano player who has tried his luck in several small clubs on the West Side during the past couple of years, has settled down, for longer than is his custom, at Café Society. Artfully backed up by a bass and drums, Garner shuffles fast, inventive performances of rhythm numbers in with poetic, full-sounding interpretations of standard love songs. He plays richly and indelicately, for the most part. He is capable of lacy passages but prefers to fill the cellar he is working in with throbbing sound. His most delightful offering the night I heard him was "Honeysuckle Rose." I was spellbound; I hadn't thought anything fresh could be done with this piece, but Garner played chorus after chorus, each different from the others and all filled with robust humor. He has a strikingly original style, characterized by an extremely delayed melody line, which is just another way of saying that his right hand is deliberately retarded most of the time. Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five, an over-refined but efficient Dixieland outfit, opens the show and plays for dancing.

—D. W.

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Madison* (*Wis.*) *Capital Times*]

My heart's desire is to own a car,
I do not wish to travel afar:
But to help my neighbors round about
When they're ailing too much to be out.

When with fever the children are fired,
Through long night watches the mother is tired,
When all my children are safe in school
I must come to help, 'tis the golden rule

When we were students in Battle Creek, San.
While learning the art; we often sang,
"With fomentations, packs, and rubs
We'll make new folks of you."

And that's what I'll try my best to do
Helping the sick and the doctors, too.
To farms and villagers, not too far,
I shall come to you in my dream car.
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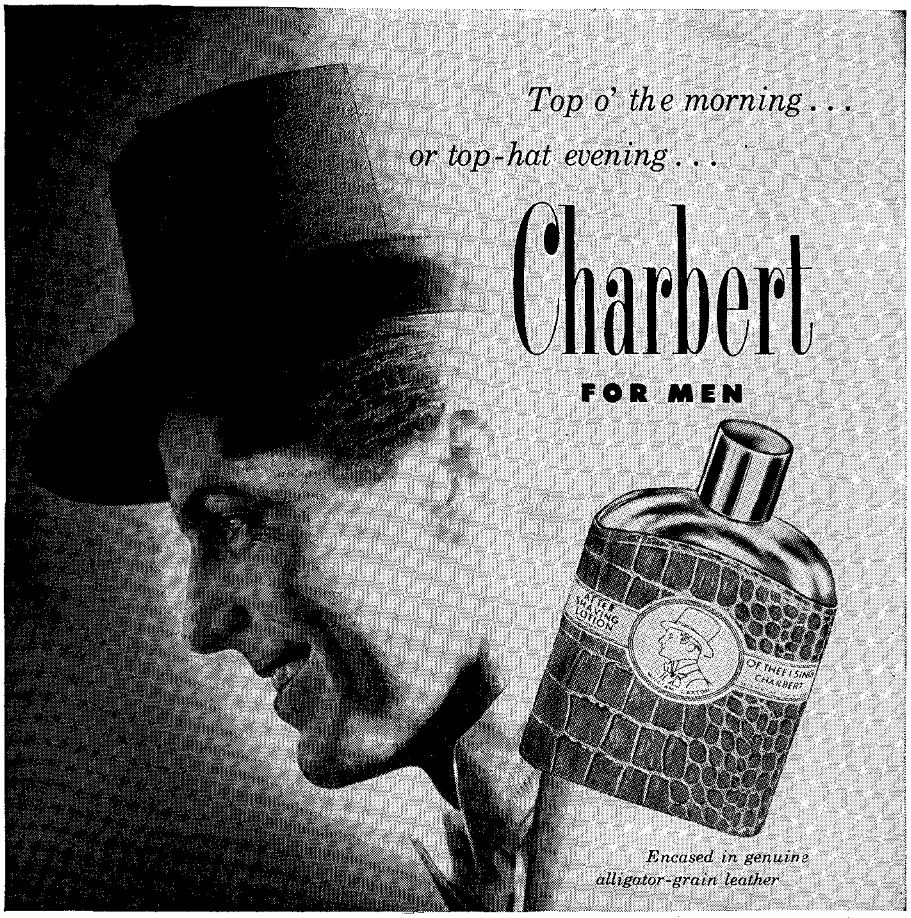
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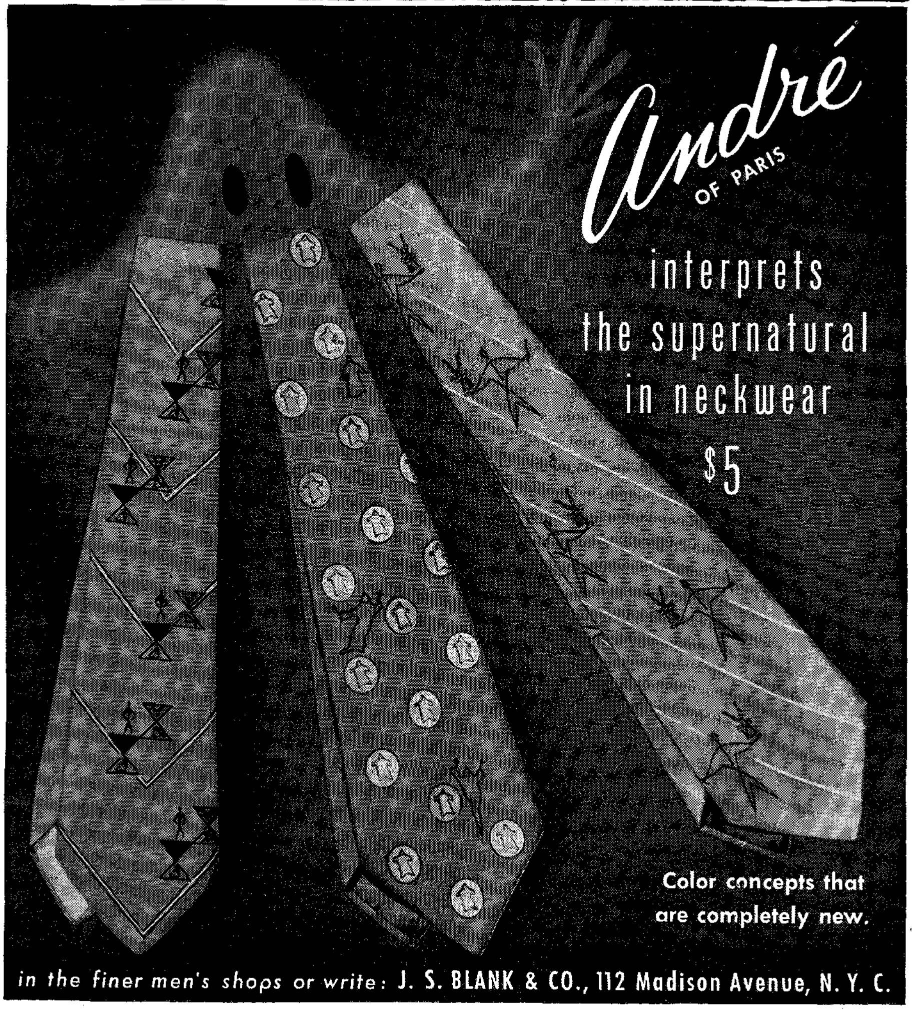
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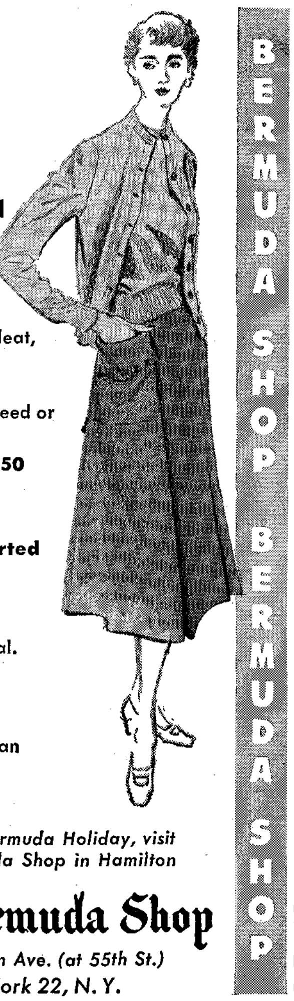

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MY DOMESTIC GHOSTS

I AM sometimes surprised when I hear people talking of whether they believe in ghosts or not. Believe in them? I have been meeting them, off and on, most of my life. I do not mean the spirits of dead acquaintances, who speak to you from another world; the ghosts I meet do not bother to identify themselves and do not "communicate." They come and go of their own accord and seem to be occupied solely with their own business. My encounters with them have been somewhat in the nature of collisions—our paths have crossed, but without hard feelings on either side.

It was, in sober fact, a ghost that set me to writing this piece, about twenty minutes ago. It was midmorning and I was sitting here in my living room, just as I am now, except that I was knitting. It was raining hard; it still is. I am alone in the house, and I was alone then. My place here is a cottage set in a deep woods and reached only by a private road. I heard a man cough loudly under the side windows of the living room. I got up, absent-mindedly assuming that my visitor was one of my rural neighbors, and, not wanting to keep him waiting in the wet, I went to a side door near where he seemed to be. I opened it. There was nobody in sight.

I went to the front door then, and opened *it*. There was nobody there, either. I looked up and down the road; nothing was to be seen—nothing but the rain falling. I went to every window. I inspected the side yards and the back yard; they were empty. Returning to the side door, I opened it again and went out and examined the ground where whoever or whatever had coughed must have been standing. The soil was muddy, but there were no tracks—none coming, none going. There was no sign of human presence at all.

I returned to the living room and there I got my clue. It came from my dog. He was behaving significantly: he was simply lying on the floor, wide awake and silent. If any human being had been outside, he would have barked, and in a normal state of affairs, he would have come with me when I opened the doors. But he lay quite still, nose on paw, watching me, waiting for me to catch up with him. He had known what it was all along.

I said, "So." He sighed and relaxed.

Do not ask me why a bodiless being needs to utter a loud, masculine cough. I have no idea. I never try to explain these things. I do not know anything about them—except that they occur.

NEVER in my life have I lived in a house that had the name of being "haunted," but never have I lived in one where things did not happen that were beyond rational explaining. There was, for instance, a house where my family lived for many years. It was new, modern, and solidly built of brick; it stood at the corner of two unmemorable small-city streets; it had no history; no one had ever died in it. And it was so much the residence of an unseen being that we presently gave the being a name. We called our ghost Kelly. That, however, was not until we had become used to him—or her, or it.

The first time I was conscious of this Kelly was one afternoon in late winter when I was in the house alone. I was in my room upstairs, dressing, and was expecting my sister Dorothy to arrive any minute. She was not living at home that year, because she was the assistant dean of women at a local college and had her quarters in a college house. She was busy and so did not get home often. But that day she had phoned to say she would be around, and I had taken her call myself.

While I was still dressing, I heard someone walk across the front porch and open the front door. It was her step; I consciously recognized it. Then I heard the door close. It had a trick of catching on the last inch or so of sill when it was being shut, so that we of the household, who knew the fault, always gave it the extra pressure needed to bring it to. Whoever or whatever came in that day gave that extra shove. I not only heard the door close firmly—I also felt its familiar jar when it caught and had to be pushed hard. Then I heard Dorothy's step in the downstairs hall.

I called out, "I'll be down in a minute."

There was no answer.

I went on dressing, and I was so sure my sister was below that I shouted several more remarks. There was still no reply. When I came downstairs, I found nobody; the house was empty.

Dorothy arrived about five minutes later. She had not been there before, and no other member of the family had been there, either. Burglars do not walk into houses in broad daylight slamming front doors behind them. A delivery man or a neighbor would have answered me when I called out.

Another afternoon—this one in sum-

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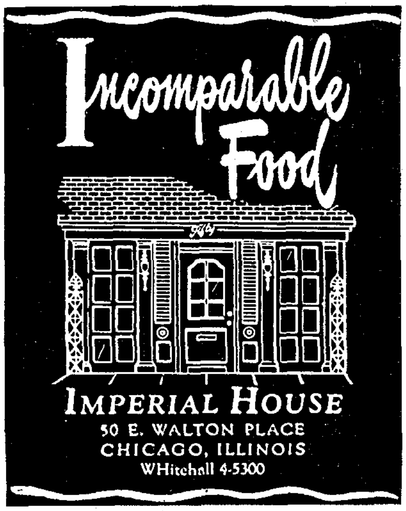

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mer—my sister Anne and I were sitting in the living room of that same house, happily consuming a healthy, girlish snack, which we had laid out on the tea wagon. The only other person at home was our mother, who, half an hour before, had told us that she was going to take a nap. That meant that she had retired to her bedroom, which was on the third floor. Kelly then, with flagrant sound effects, came down the two flights of stairs. What is more, he imitated Mother's step all the way. She was heavy and slightly lame, and when she descended the staircase, she always leaned hard on the banisters and proceeded slowly, making frequent pauses. Kelly did just that.

Anne and I heard him on the upper flight. We looked at one another, a little surprised, and one of us said, "Mother's gotten up." Then we went on eating our snack, supposing that she was merely coming down to the second floor to get something she wanted. When, however, her steps began to descend the lower flight, we paid attention, wondering what had made her change her mind about her nap. And when she should have been about halfway down, I went into the hall to meet her. She was not there—nobody was there. But the sound of her feet kept right on descending, the stairs and the banisters creaking all the while. On the bottom tread, there was an extra-loud creak, and then silence. I turned and found Anne standing beside me. She had heard it all, just as it had sounded to me.

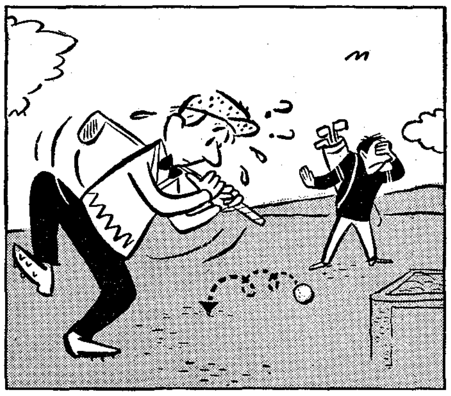
We went upstairs then, to the third floor, exchanging looks rather frequently, and tiptoed into Mother's room. She was asleep on her bed.

Again, I am without a theory.

I LEFT home over twenty years ago and that ended my connection with the family phantom. For you may *talk* about a ghost, especially under such provocation as we had from Kelly, but somehow you do not ask about him in letters. So I do not know whether or not he remained in the house after I left. But he was there as long as I was.

It was I who was responsible for his being named Kelly. During the first stages of our acquaintance with him, we all spoke a good deal about the supernatural, and by that talk I was moved to write a ghost story, which I eventually read aloud to the family. My tale was about a different kind of spirit from ours—the ghost of a man whose physical nature was so much stronger than his spiritual that when Death came for him, it was the spiritual

SEVEN YEARS



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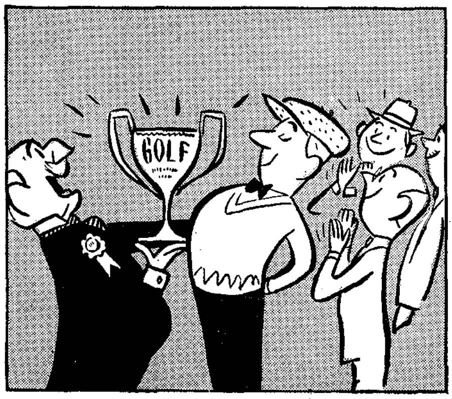

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part of him, not the physical, that died. But his body was by no means disconsolate; relieved of its spirituality, it became a joyous, roaring, and exceedingly tangible and visible kind of hant. I called the piece "Kelly's Ghost," and the family transferred the name of my hero to our household presence. He seemed not to take offense.

Our Kelly was never visible and he was not always audible. Sometimes he would come into a room and, without a sound, sit down in a rocking chair. At least, we assumed that he was sitting in the chair; he may, of course, just have given it a push. What happened over and over again was that an empty rocker began incontinently to rock. My brother, who was of a scientific turn of mind, said that the phenomenon could have been caused by a change in temperature, but the catch in this theory was that none of us could ever detect that there had been a change in temperature when a chair began to move. Chairs rocked in summer with the windows open, chairs rocked in winter with the furnace on. We had one period piece of fumed oak and black leather, a regular antediluvian monster, wide enough for two sitters and almost as heavy as a piano. It was quite a sight to see that thing—dead empty—start off gaily swinging to and fro with no discernible propulsion.

There were two very nice things about Kelly. He never did any spectacular haunting when we had company; we used to hear him prowling around sometimes when we were entertaining guests, but he made only offstage noises, and never in a way to attract a stranger's attention. And he was strictly a daylight ghost; there was never a sound out of him at night.

LATER in my life, I acquired what you might call a personal ghost, one that not only lived with me but followed me around. I had this one in three different residences: an apartment in New York City, an apartment in Easton, Pennsylvania, and a house in Rehoboth Beach, Delaware. It was no more visible than Kelly but, unlike him, it did not walk. It seemed to be an altogether aerial spirit. It manifested itself by making a sound, and a sound not audible to me alone, I want it understood. Anybody who was near me could hear it and a number of people did. But nobody could ever find the explanation. It was like the snapping of fingers three times in succession, but the snaps followed each other faster than any human fingers could have

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made them. I always heard it in front of me and a little to the left. It did not come often; days would pass between its occurrences.

I did not like the idea of being haunted, and so, when this noise began, I undertook to find a sensible cause for it. I had a plumber in to look at the steam and water pipes. I questioned the landlord severely about termites and mice and other fauna that might be lurking in the walls. No sensible cause could be discovered. That was in the first apartment. When the phantom fingers began to move around with me, I stopped trying to explain them.

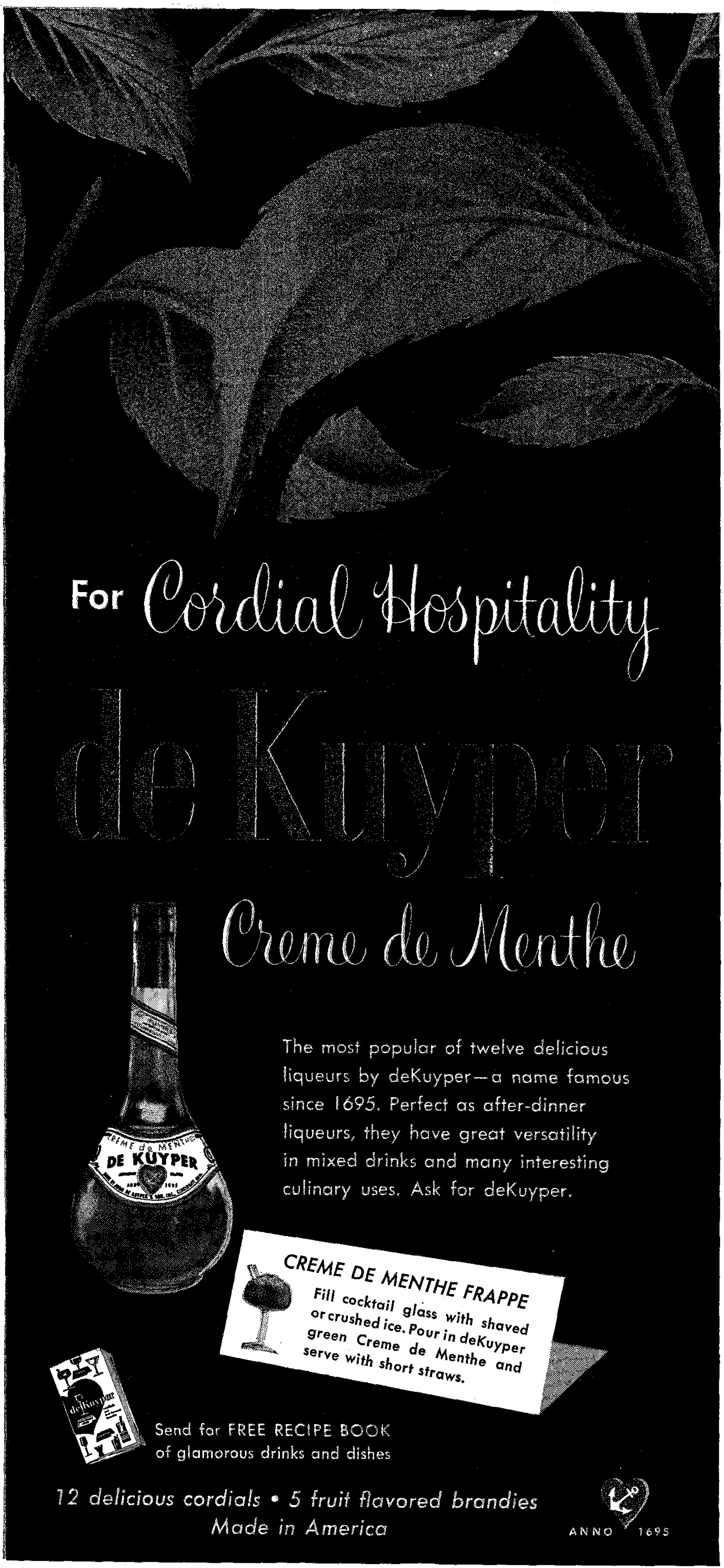
More recently I have had a ghost that whistles. It began to live with me when I was renting a farmhouse in Silver Hill, Maryland, and it accompanied me—or followed me—to my present Maryland home, on South River. It, too, is aerial. It makes a high, fairly musical little toot, which lasts for about two seconds. The sound is not loud but it is perfectly audible; other people have heard it, too. The finger-snapper, I should perhaps record, had taken his leave before the whistler came.

WITH all this, I can say unhesitantly that I have never *seen* a ghost or thought I was seeing one. But I have seen a witch. Or perhaps the Devil himself, the Old One—a creature that was hellish, anyway.

Again I want to say that I am not particularly interested in this subject; I do not go around alerted for supernatural solicitings. I have lived a long time, I have encountered only one witch, and I did not expect to encounter *her*. But I did see her and I can find no reason for pretending that I did not.

It was in New York City about twenty years ago. I was walking up Sixth Avenue between Tenth and Eleventh Streets at about eleven o'clock at night. The avenue was well lighted, and there was the usual late-hour scattering of pedestrians and cars. Nobody was very close to me; on my side of the block I was the only human being on the sidewalk. But there was another creature there—a little white dog.

He had been trotting along ahead of me for some distance and I had been watching him, for I like animals. He was just a cur—short-legged, curly-haired, sturdy, and brisk. I thought idly, as I saw how he kept both with me and yet out of my reach, This little chap would like to be friendly, he has a good heart, but he has learned from experience not to trust anybody without making a test. And, giving the matter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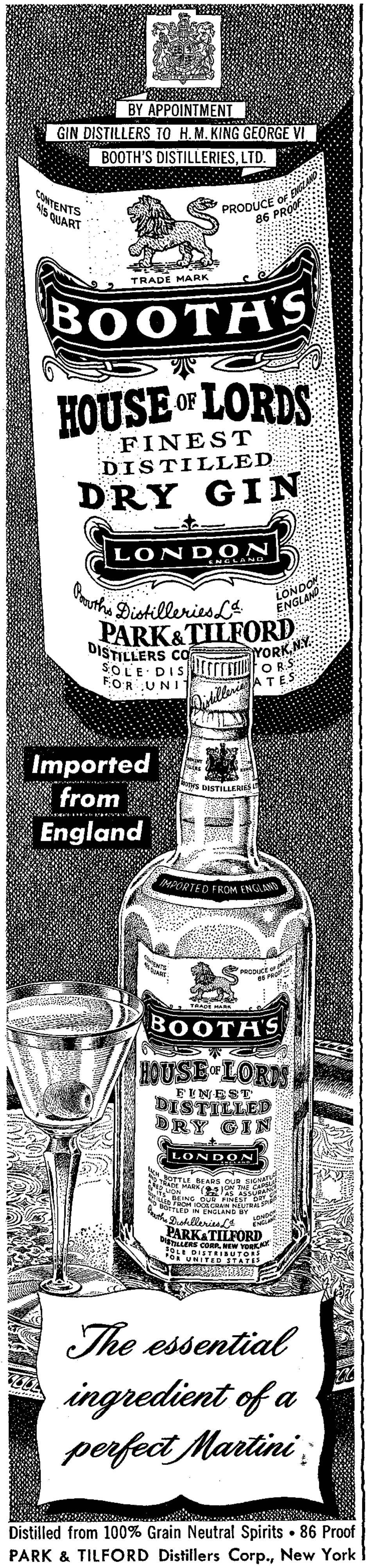

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no real attention, I wondered what his test would be. Then, out of a doorway, came the witch.

She was just like all the pictures of witches—the aquiline face, the body bent forward in a preying curve. She was dressed in a flowing, hooded black cape, and she looked terribly old. She was such a picture of a witch, indeed, that I would not have given her a thought apart from noting her picturesqueness if it had not been for one thing. I would probably have put her down as just a neighborhood granny of foreign origin—there were many Italians in that section then—except for the expression of her face.

I have seen the eyes of a copperhead that was fighting for its life; once, through a strong lens, I inspected the appalling countenance of a venomous spider. Both these creatures made me sick. So did the old woman, and for much the same reason: All three had the face of murder.

My witch was out on the sidewalk that night looking for a victim. I saw her find it. She stood there talking to herself, lashing her jaws together, snarling, dribbling at the mouth, and her eye fell on the little white dog. She stopped speaking to herself then and spoke to him. And he gave a small, desperate howl and rolled over on his back. I thought at first this was merely the abject plea for kindness that a poor cur will sometimes make if he senses unkindness coming. But it was more than that. The little dog went into a convulsion and within ten seconds was dead. I do not know how long I stood there, staring at his body, but when I looked up again, I was alone on the sidewalk. The witch had gone—back into her doorway, in all likelihood.

Well, I have told this story before and I have never said that I saw the creature vanish on a broomstick or that I smelled sulphur. I have written here what I did see, and, as the one who saw it, I feel that it needs no exaggeration.

Believe in the supernatural? Having no real knowledge, I do not waste the energy needed to believe in it, and, by the same token, I do not disbelieve in it. When I collide with a ghost, I just say, "Excuse it, please," and go on about my business, trusting it to do the same.

—Mary-Carter Roberts

•

Like Greta Garbo, a sow wants to be alone at farrowing time.—*The Farm Quarterly*.

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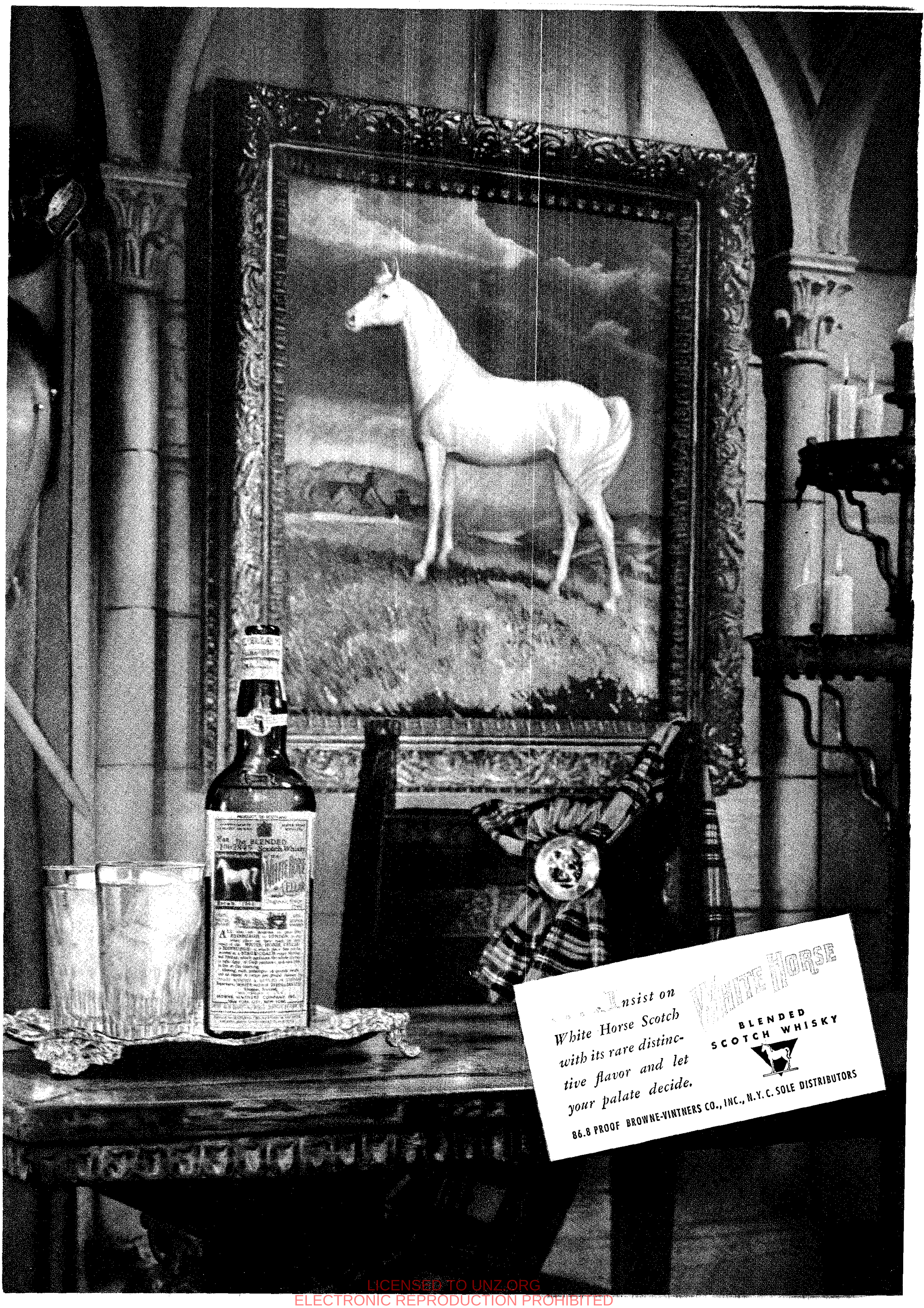

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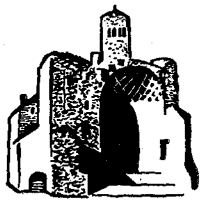
LETTER FROM ROME

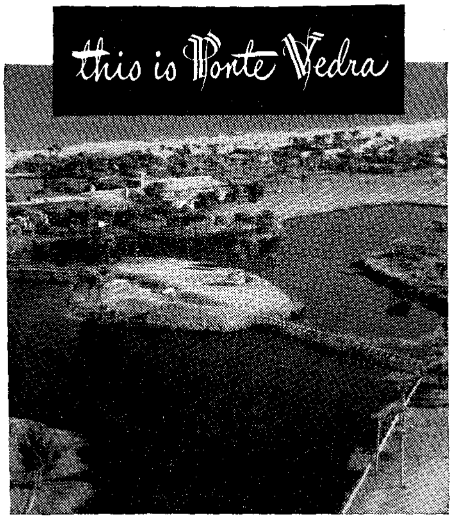
SEPTEMBER 28



AS befits the city that first laid down a transportation system in Europe, two thousand years ago, Rome now has Europe's handsomest new railway station. The huge, white modernist edifice, situated on the ghost of its yellow-faced stucco predecessor, which was built in 1870, has been given as a foreground a new, seven-hectare piazza, almost twice as large as St. Peter's, for purposes of beauty, bus stops, perspectives, tram traffic, taxi stands, and so on. Across the piazza, as one looks out through the station's airy glass façade, can be glimpsed the heavy brick walls of Emperor Diocletian's baths, and from them, of course, one can see the station—exciting, diametrically opposite scenes. The top of the station's façade is rimmed with a straight, overhanging porch of white travertine, and behind the façade, as one looks in, rises a striped, curved ceiling, arched rather like a swan's neck, which covers the huge ticket-booth section. The façade, the product of six architects' ideas, gives a fillip to the whole building. For the rest, the station is conveniently set flat on the ground, so that you don't fall up and down steps with your luggage, and has an excellent interior of glass, marble, and metal, used functionally. There are twenty-seven tracks, the station is nine hundred metres long, and a post office, a bank, and modern plumbing will be installed. Wild talk went around that there were two swimming pools among the five kilometres of underground passages in the three-story basement, but these turned out to be two mere marble staircases leading down to what one day may be the Metropolitana, or subway. If it ever gets built, Rome's new station is ready for it.

M-G-M's filming of Henryk Sienkiewicz's famed novel "Quo Vadis?," at the Cine Città studios here, is a gigantic sunshine, celluloid, and Technicolor event that for months has been involving lions, bulls, Christian martyrs, pagan slaves, Max Baer's giant brother Buddy, Robert Taylor in a gold breastplate, ten thousand costumes, and a replica of the Circus Maximus of Nero's day. One of the men in authority for the last three months has been Hugh Gray, a worldly, entertaining, forty-year-old Irishman, so erudite that M-G-M originally hired him simply as a script-writer. Gray speaks Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, German, Welsh, and Gaelic; knows Greek, Sanskrit, and Latin; was schooled at Oxford University and Louvain University; intended to enter the Church; and has written a novel dealing with Ovid. For much of the past two years, he has been inditing a four-volume "Quo Vadis?" guide for the correct presentation of Nero's times. M-G-M's notion of Technicolored antique history—to judge by what visitors see on the Cine Città's set—is that it should include, among other anachronisms, welters of red velvet, a fabric not invented till medieval times, but Gray has personally worked in the interests of authenticity, and has introduced some experts and gossipers that are new to Hollywood circles. For the guidance of wardrobe mistresses and others, his book draws on Juvenal, Suetonius, Ovid, Petronius, Tacitus, Daremberg, and Saglio, and provides hymns for the Christian extras to sing that were culled from Yemenite melodies composed during the Babylonian captivity (from which some Early Christian music sprang), and brings the news that, as a Roman intellectual snob, Nero preferred to speak Greek, had no fiddle (he had a Greek lyre), and was not a real pyromaniac. For stage carpenters building a set of Petronius' house, Gray's notes read, "We may dispense with the tablinum leading from the atrium to the peristyle." His research index covers more than a hundred thousand references, with everything from how togas were properly worn to Roman mob psychology, the protocol for seating guests at orgies, and the circus arrangements for martyrdoms. Gray's erudition is appreciated by the M-G-M moguls here. One of them recently said, "That man knows Nero's Rome like I know the Gimbel family."

THE most discussed new book among intelligent readers here this summer was "L'Orologio" ("The Clock"), by the painter-writer Carlo Levi, author of "Christ Stopped at Eboli." "The Clock" is not another "Christ Stopped at Eboli." It is a tale of the importance of time in the shaping of a man's life, in which coincidence strikes like a chime, marking his small, sensitive hours of drama or destiny. The story, told in the first person, is concerned with the mental and physical



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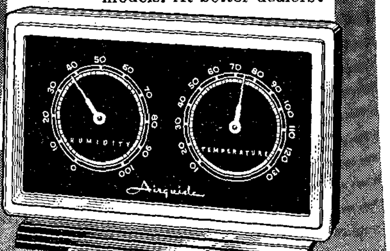

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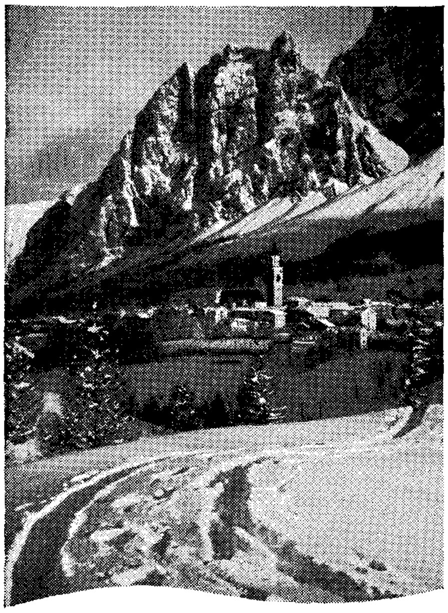

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adventures of a Rome newspaper editor during three days and nights in the winter of 1945, after the end of the war. The editor owns a watch, an heirloom inherited from his father, which he dreams is stolen and broken. The dreamer wakes, picks up his watch, and drops it, and the dreamed-of breakage occurs. Duplication starts again when he finds an unknown dead man on his apartment-house steps the next night, and then gets a message from Naples that his uncle is ill. In Naples the following day, he learns that the uncle has died, leaving him *his* watch, a duplicate of the one he got from his father. Between these two watches of night and morning flows life, real and recalled, in war-shocked Italy—an astonishing recollection, for instance, of the death of a Partisan on the streets of Florence, as seen from a window there and remembered, as in a mirror, when looking out a window in Rome; a search for a friend's prostitute sweetheart in a Rome slum; and a Cabinet crisis during Rome's early-postwar political turmoil. This material is handled beautifully and in Levi's very original fashion. In his daily life in Rome, Levi has of late years developed a social-buffoon quality. He is often seen on a warm day near the Via Margutta wearing an odd fur cap, as though it were a cover for his intelligence. There is no fur cap in this book.

THE Italian Parliament has opened its winter session with Premier Alcide de Gasperi limping from a vacation attack of phlebitis but with his Cabinet less out of step with the times than usual. His Council of Ministers has prepared a major proposal for public defense, "to prevent sabotage and disintegration within the country in the deprecated event of conflict." In other words, in case of world or civil war, a *Difesa Pubblica* would be prepared to try to defend Italy against Italian Communists. As was expected, the Communists have started shouting against the undemocracy of it all. The plan will doubtless be bitterly debated in Parliament. So far, the *Difesa Pubblica*, as projected over the next three years, is to consist of a hundred and fifty billion lire's, or two hundred and forty million dollars', worth of new police and modern equipment for them, since postwar democratic Italy is permitted almost no army. This expanded police force would include new battalions of *La Celere*, the government's brutal, efficient motorized riot squads, which members of the Left Wing, and even many Republicans, deplore as a painful suggestion of

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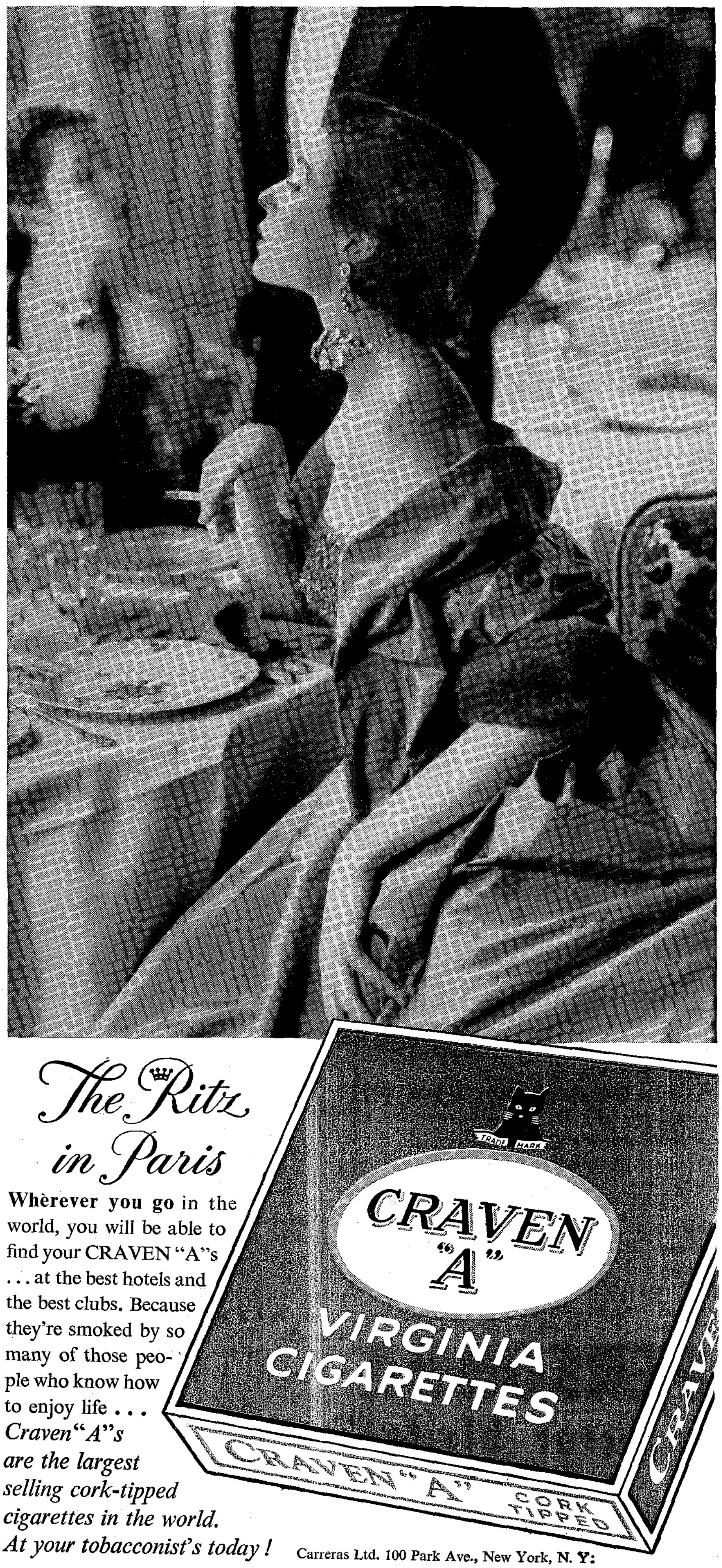
a police state. Certainly they looked formidable when seen tooling along on their recent autumn maneuvers through a peaceful, somnolent countryside—in full force, a parade of about thirty troop-filled, maroon-painted U.S. Army vehicles, including jeeps, command cars, and armored cars with swivel guns, preceded by motor-bike outriders and followed by a radio car and a maroon ambulance—without doubt the most spick-and-span, the toughest, and the best organized paramilitary police in West Europe. The *Difesa Pubblica* is obviously one European result of the still worrisome Korean war. It expresses the Italians' realization that, as Mediterraneans, they must throw up some Atlantic Pact defenses in their own back yard.

ITALY's land reform, which the Demo-Christians promised two years ago and which some Italians feel has been needed for centuries, actually got under way last Sunday, September 24th. It was a great day for a few peasants. The reform began on the ball of Italy's foot, at Santa Severina, a lofty, ancient Calabrian village on the mountain plateau of the Sila, near the Ionian Sea. In the festooned, parched village square, in the presence of national dignitaries and neighborhood crowds, a little girl in her Sunday best drew by lot from an urn the first of the slips of paper by which three hundred and ninety-six lucky peasant families became, for the only time in local annals, owners of land—about three hectares each. In a speech of thanks, the peasants' leader said, "Since the world began, we never thought to see so luminous a day," and tried to kiss the hand of Minister of Agriculture Segni. Signor Segni is the government agrarian expert and hard-headed idealist who this summer began pushing the reform scheme through. The peasants' three hectares were expropriated, with compensation, by government decree from two local baronial families, the Berlingeri and the Baracco, who own entire landscapes. This is the first time in modern Europe that land has been expropriated in a democracy according to a government plan of "public justice and good." Not all members of the government and not all citizens, by a long shot, favored such justice and good. Under last-minute pressure from landowning interests, the reform bill was nearly defeated by a hundred and fifty Deputies, including some Demo-Christians. Americans who wonder where on earth their Marshall Plan money is really going may be in-



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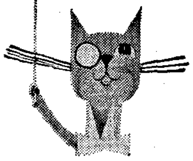

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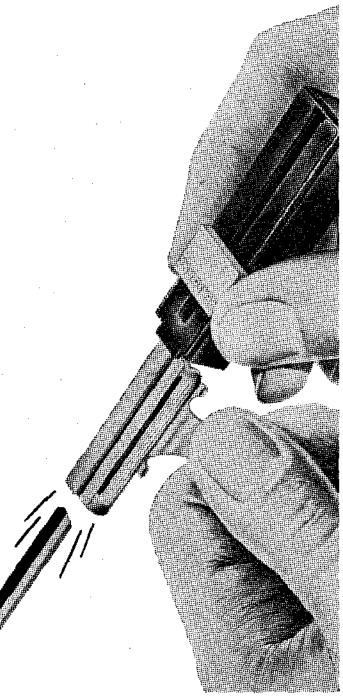

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terested to know that E.C.A. put fifteen billion lire and a lot of advice into the Sila project. Most Americans in Rome administration circles think it is one of E.C.A.'s best political investments in Italy. In Calabria last year, the Communists successfully incited the land-starved peasants to rise and seize the earth. This year, the Communists might find the peasants less responsive.

Twenty-eight thousand hectares have already been expropriated for the Sila project, with seventy thousand more to come. Santa Severina was just the official beginning. Its peasants are reported to have knelt and kissed their land when they took possession. It is poor land, of clay, sand, and rocks, eroded, deforested, with little water, with mean pastures that were once rich fruit uplands, and with only occasional oases of green in the valleys. Like all Calabria, the land also includes magnificent scenery, art monuments, and malaria. All the dozen important Rome newspapers sent reporters to Santa Severina; the event absorbed the entire attention of the nation and its press. Regardless of their papers' political or class affiliations, the reporters used phrases like "medieval poverty" and "corner of rural desolation" to describe what had suddenly met their citified eyes. In his speech to the peasants, Signor Segni said, "Your ethical elevation to the dignity of man is the first aim of this work. From this earth you can gain not prosperity but only the modest protection of security." Italy's land-reform plan, which is complex, painful, hopeful, and incapable of bringing heaven on earth to such an overpopulated nation, has at last and at least started on its historic way.

—GENÊT

•

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[*From the November 23, 1779, issue of the New Jersey Journal, a weekly newspaper published in Chatham, N.J.*]

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•

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OF ALL THINGS

THE President has sent Douglas MacArthur the thanks of our government and people for the victory in South Korea. Mr. Truman always seems to like MacArthur best when he acts like a general instead of like a Secretary of State.

•

South Korean forces crossed the Thirty-eighth Parallel as if they didn't know it was there. Probably the line stripe was obliterated earlier in the game.

•

There is some mystery about what became of the Communist forces in the southern part of Korea. One theory is that the People's Army is running around disguised as people.

•

The Russian novelist Sholokhov has made the ugly charge that President Truman wears neat neckties, just as some of the Nazi criminals at Nuremberg did. This would appear to be the Soviet version of guilt by association.

•

There is widespread regret in this area over the downfall of Joe Louis. He had the misfortune to be caught in a jam between Father Time and the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

•

Washington politicians confess themselves puzzled about the mood of the voters toward the coming election. How different it was two years ago, when everybody knew exactly what would happen!

•

Our lawmakers are back in their districts, trying to ensure their return to Washington. A congressman thinks his home town is all right for a visit but he wouldn't live there if they gave him the place.

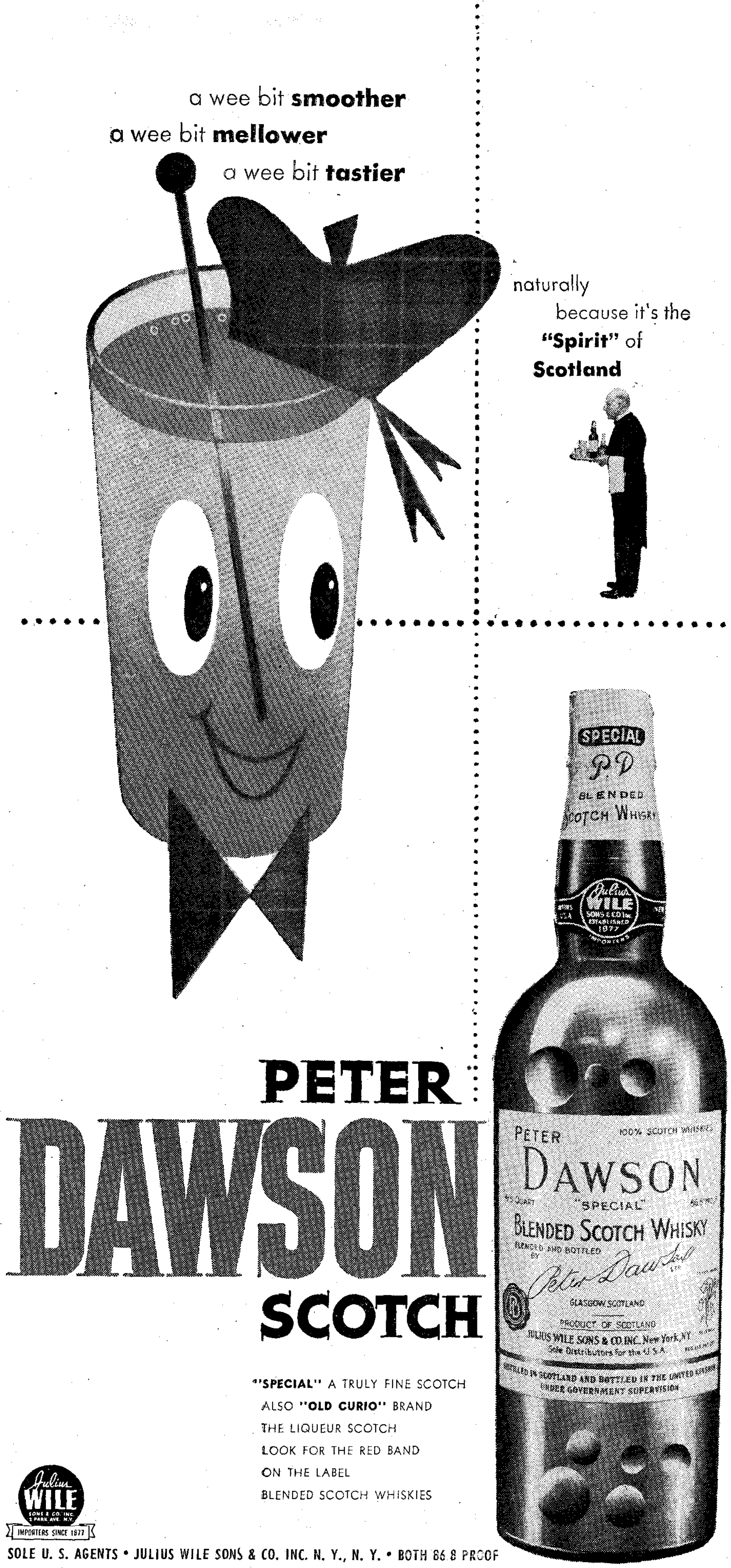
•

The victory of New York in the American League was not predicted by many experts last April. The sportswriters, like the North Koreans, tended to underestimate the Yankees.

•

The Dodgers captured the imagination of all baseball fans by their courageous attempt to stave off the Grim Reaper. Probably there is a little bit of Brooklyn in the best of us.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER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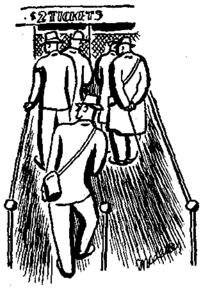

IT has long been one of my convictions—since the Saratoga Special, at any rate—that Battlefield can run rings around any of the other two-year-olds out this season. I must admit that he didn't win the Futurity at Belmont last Saturday quite as easily as all that, but I don't think I'm being prejudiced when I say that his performance was exceptional. It looked to me, watching the race from the roof of the grandstand (the best place at Belmont to see what's going on), as if Battlefield were lengths behind the leaders for half the way. Then he began to run. He was 19–20 in the tote betting, but at that moment I wouldn't have taken him at 20–1. In fact, until he was less than a dozen strides from the winning post, I doubted whether he could catch Big Stretch. He did, and won by a nose. I imagine that at any time during the next few minutes, while we waited for the judges to examine the photograph of the finish, the owners of both colts would have settled for a dead heat.

For those who like all the details, I can report that it was the foggiest Futurity I remember, for just about post time such a heavy haze settled over the course that the racing silks of the fourteen riders were barely distinguishable, even through good binoculars. I can report, too, that the starting gate was placed in the middle of the track instead of with one end against the rails, as it usually is. I don't know who thought up this innovation, but he deserves full thanks. Jockeys insist that the middle of the track has the firmest footing, so they always do their best to get there as soon as they can, and the result is often a roughhouse. With the gate in the new position, there wasn't any scramble. By and large, the Futurity was, as racegoers say, a truly run race. Mohammedan was quickest away and led for half a mile, with Rough'n Tumble (who finished third), To Market, Big Stretch, and Battle Morn the closest of the others. A little farther along, Big Stretch took the lead, and Battlefield began to get in his best licks. Arcaro, who rode Battlefield, remarked, "That one was a little too close for comfort." I daresay it was, but, as one sage horseman pointed out, Arcaro has won a lot of big ones by the length of a cigarette.

In the Futurity, I always look among the losers for a horse that I think is worth keeping in mind. This year I'll give you two—Big Stretch and Battle Morn, who finished fourth. I can't include To Market, who was fifth. I say this reluctantly, because he is about the handsomest and by far the biggest two-year-old I've seen this season, and he has a bold way of galloping. When he was a furlong from home, I thought he was going to win. Then he seemed to go all to pieces. Maybe his ankles hurt, or maybe he didn't like the straight course; some horseplayers don't, either.

As for Battlefield, he is a medium-size, well-made chestnut colt by War Relic out of Dark Display, neither of whom was a particularly famous racer. He was bred in Kentucky, by John A. Bell III, and, in case you want to cast his horoscope (as a matter of fact, some horseplayers go in for such divination in their search for winners), was foaled on May 8, 1948. George D. Widener bought him at the Saratoga sales last year for $4,500, because he wanted a colt to race in Florida and preferred to keep his homebreds in reserve for better things. Well, sir, the Widener homebred colts haven't done a thing all summer worth mentioning, but Battlefield has won ten out of thirteen starts and $198,677 in prize money, $81,715 of it in the Futurity. By the way, an interesting how-de-do popped up after the race. It is the custom for the president of the Westchester Racing Association to present the Futurity trophy to the owner of the winner, and Diogenes Checkpoints was curious to hear what Mr. Widener the head of the Westchester Racing Association would say to Mr. Widener the owner of Battlefield. He'll never know; C. V. Whitney made the presentation. To get back to Battlefield, no doubt he'll be kept in training for the Pimlico Futurity next month, and he should win it. What he'll do next year is anyone's guess; mine is that he'll do well, for he's a stoutly bred, sturdy fellow. Also, he has spirit, which is better than size or conformation.

IT is no more than fair that this department should apologize to Bed o' Roses for having suggested that she was getting uppity notions from her temperamental stablemate Next Move. Certainly nothing could have been more impressive than the way she won the Lawrence Realization Stakes, by lengths, the other afternoon. Now, no matter what Next Move may win from here on in, the wiseacres are going to be in something of a quandary when they get around to selecting the season's best three-year-old filly. They may even have to flip a coin. Whether it comes up heads or tails, Alfred Vanderbilt can't lose; he owns both horses. On the other hand, it's also no more than fair to point out that Bed o' Roses was lucky. If Hill Prince had run in the Realization, her owner wouldn't have started her. And if Greek Ship and Theory hadn't raced each other dizzy in the first mile of the mile and five furlongs, Bed o' Roses might not have won so easily. Anyhow, she's the first of her sex to win the classic since 1927, when Nimba did it.

AT the risk of exciting a great many Californians who have adopted Noor, I am obliged to put forward my not at all timid guess that Hill Prince will beat him for the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont this weekend. As you may have heard, Hill Prince coughed and ran a mild temperature a few days after he won the Jerome Handicap, and although the attack of snuffles lasted less than twenty-four hours, he was withdrawn from the Realization. He missed only one workout and is in top form again. The Jockey Club Gold Cup will be his last race here this season. He will leave Belmont for California in about a fortnight, and his first start on the Coast will be in the Hollywood Gold Cup on December 9th. Then he'll move on to Santa Anita for the Maturity Stakes.

THE New York Handicap, the longest race hereabouts, is almost never distinguished by exhibitions of good jockeyship, so it's a pleasure to stick what silver stars this department has on a young man named Robert J. Martin, for his handling of Pilaster in the race last Saturday. He kept his mount well in front throughout the two miles and a quarter, and won handily. Nice timing. —AUDAX MINOR

•

WHICH BAEDEKER D'YA READ?

Jamaica is very mountainous, and history relates that Columbus, wishing to describe its features to Queen Isabella, took a piece of paper in his hands and crumpled it up.—*"Pocket Guide to the West Indies," by Sir Algernon Aspinall.*

Mexico is a crumpled land, like that piece of paper Cortés wadded in his fist and dropped on the table before the King of Spain in answer to the question, "What is the country like?"—*"Timeless Mexico," by Hudson Strode.*

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BOOKS

Christopher Tietjens: His Life and Times

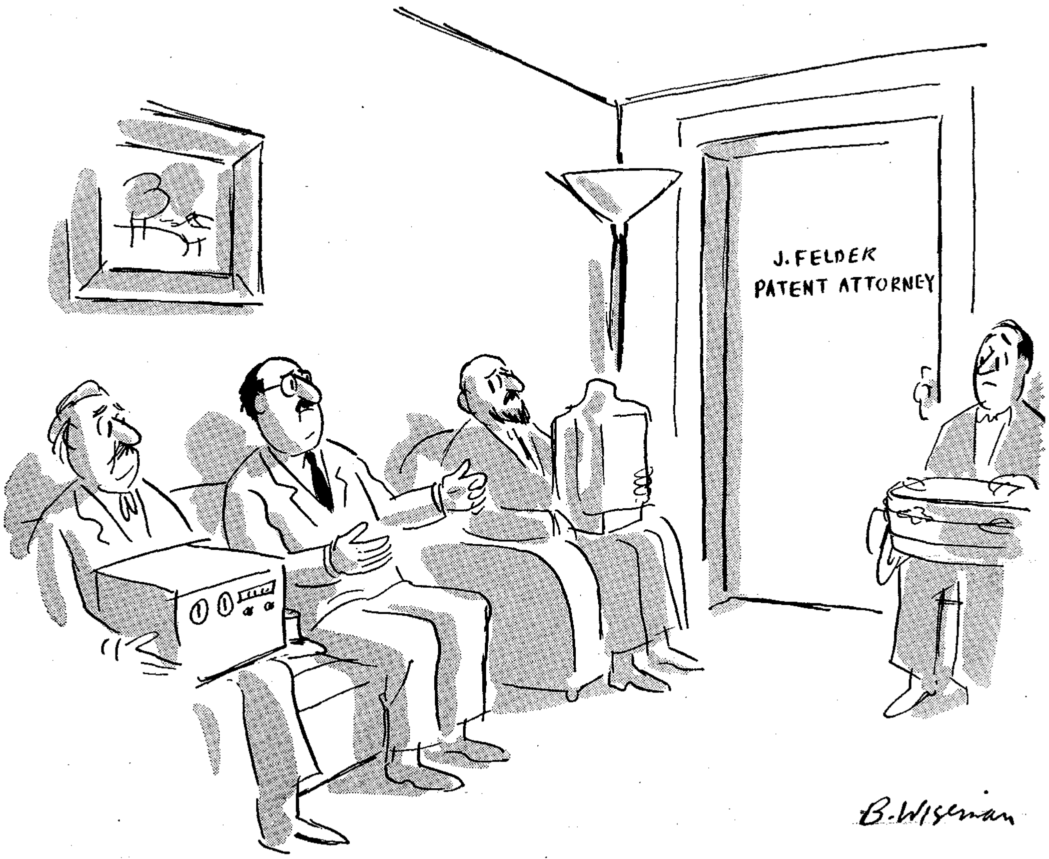
“PARADE’S END,” by Ford Madox Ford (Knopf), is an omnibus collection of four books that make up a single novel, along with an introduction by Robie Macauley. The titles of the books, as they originally appeared, over a period of five years (1924-28), are “Some Do Not. . .,” “No More Parades,” “A Man Could Stand Up—,” and “The Last Post.” The author, who died in 1939 and who was one of the younger members of the generation of writers that included Joseph Conrad, Henry James, Stephen Crane, and H. G. Wells, built his novels around a central character named Christopher Tietjens. The time encompassed was the period of the First World War—before, during, and immediately after.

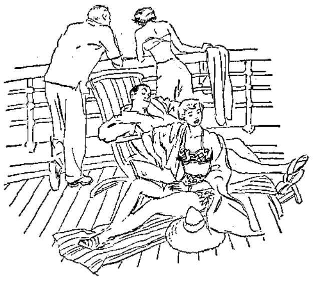
When the Tietjens novels were first published, they were regarded collectively by many as being in the same category as “What Price Glory?” and “All Quiet on the Western Front”—another story, though longer than most, of a soldier’s disillusioning experiences in modern warfare. Ford himself fostered the notion. “This is what the late war was like,” he wrote, in connection with “A Man Could Stand Up—.” “This is how modern fighting of the organized, scientific type affects the mind.” But his actual purpose, as Mr. Macauley points out in his introduction, was infinitely more ambitious. Ford intended his four books to be a saga of a whole era; he was writing about what he saw as the collapse of modern society. Christopher Tietjens is not so much a character as a symbol of the old, comfortable, leisurely England that had the props knocked from under it by the first of this century’s long series of wars. “His character,” Mr. Macauley writes, “is synonymous with the character of an ordered, bounded, and harmonious past. . . . Tietjens is humane in his relationships, feudal in his outlook, Christian in his beliefs, a classicist by education.” Ford at one point describes Christopher Tietjens as “the last English Tory;” Mr. Macauley, whose introduction is certainly the most sympathetic that Ford has ever had, agrees with this definition of him.

In his identity as the last English Tory, Tietjens finds himself entirely out of place in a disintegrating society. He undergoes one humiliation, embarrassment, and persecution after another. His friends, his acquaintances, his fellow-officers, and his superiors all attack, injure, discredit, or betray him. And most of all his wife, Sylvia. If Mr. Macauley is correct in his interpretation of Ford’s symbolism, as I think he is, Sylvia is to be regarded as a personification of the moral anarchy of the new order. She and practically everybody else appear to look upon Tietjens as a kind of walking reproach. Driven by their individual varieties of compulsive hatred, they feel it necessary to destroy him. In the end they do.

There could hardly be a better theme for a novel than this. It suggests the dual note so often struck by Joseph Conrad—the individual’s sense of moral isolation, and the fate of a man, stripped of all the ordinary supports of friendship, love, and position, who is hunted to his doom. The size and nature of Ford’s debt to Conrad, with whom he collaborated in his earlier years on three books, need not concern us here; more to the point is the use he made of his rather Conradian theme. Mr. Macauley feels that he completely succeeded with it. So does Graham Greene (“There is no novelist of this century more likely to live than Ford Madox Ford”), Glenway Wescott (“the most grievously neglected of the major works of fiction of this century”), and Granville Hicks (“a brilliance that was at times almost too dazzling”). These appreciations, which appear on the book’s dust jacket, are bolstered by others in a similar vein, contributed by William Troy, Arthur Mizener, and Carl Van Doren. In the glare of such admiration, fierce enough to cause a sun tan, it is moderately discouraging to have to enter a contrary opinion. It is my notion, however, that Ford made pretty much of a hash of things. He had a theme and he had an ambition. What he did not have, as I see it, was the ability to measure up to their demands.

The entire book, as is apparent, rests on the person of Christopher Tietjens; if he doesn’t hold it up, the whole thing is bound to collapse. Moreover, he has to carry conviction not only as a character in a novel but in the larger, symbolic role that Ford assigned to him—the last





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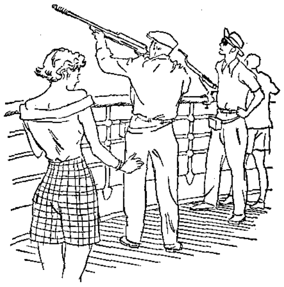

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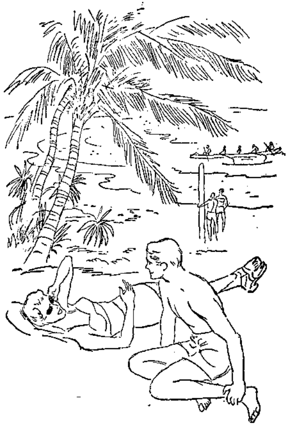

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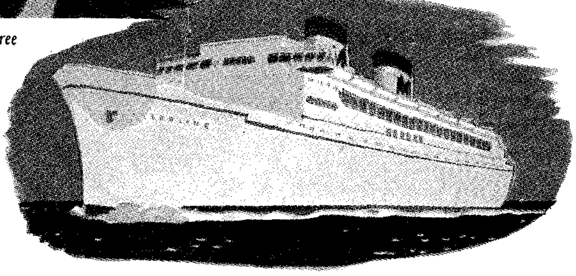

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English Tory. Ford asks us to believe that all Tietjens' misfortune and misery come to him as a result of his being in possession of a particular set of standards and values. This is especially true of his relation with Sylvia, a chronically unfaithful woman who has presented him with a son whose paternity is most uncertain. Disintegrating epochs and social landslides to the side, the heart of the book lies in the conflict between Tietjens and Sylvia. She makes life a hell on earth for him; she makes it a hell for some eight hundred and thirty-six pages. Why, then, doesn't he divorce her? It is in this connection that some of the Toryism of this last English Tory comes into play. Here, for instance, are three examples:

> The lady was subsequently [after the birth of her child], on several occasions, though I do not know how many, unfaithful to me. She left me with a fellow called Perowne, whom she had met constantly at the house of my godfather. . . . My wife, after an absence of several months with Perowne, wrote and told me that she wished to be taken back into my household. I allowed this. My principles prevented me from divorcing any woman, in particular any woman who is the mother of a child.
>
> I have always held that a woman who has been let down by one man has the right—has the duty for the sake of her child—to let down a man.
>
> She had never been anything but unfaithful to him, before or after marriage. In a high-handed way so that he could not condemn her, though it was disagreeable enough to himself. . . . And now she was running about the world declaiming about her wrongs. What sort of a thing was that for a boy to have happen to him? A mother who made scenes before the servants! That was enough to ruin any boy's life . . .

These passages have their moments of comedy, but comedy was not even incidental to Ford's intention. In urging this fantastic point of view upon us as an integral part of the Tory faith, he is owl-solemn throughout. So is he in another place, when he writes about Tietjens' inner, secret character: "His private ambition had always been for saintliness: he must be able to touch pitch and not be defiled. . . . And his desire was to be a saint of the Anglican variety. . . . The desire of every English gentleman . . . A mysticism . . ."

It would be possible to fill up several pages with similar revelations of the Tory creed, but I hardly think it necessary. The truth of the matter is that all this huffing and puffing about Toryism caused Ford to blow his own house down; he ended up by making Christopher Tietjens more of a booby—because he is such a pretentious booby—than

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Reading Douglas Goldring's biography of Ford, "The Last Pre-Raphaelite," one gets the impression that Ford's knowledge of the former ruling class in England was based largely on hearsay; the child of a professor-critic father and a painter-of-sorts mother, he moved all his life in what used to be called an artistic atmosphere. More important, it would appear that he stood in rather strenuous opposition—and this is borne out by some of his other books—to a large proportion of the established, conservative, traditional values that in his long novel he would have Christopher Tietjens adhere to. Yet, despite these limitations, he attempted to write from the ruling-class point of view. That he failed is not surprising; what is surprising is that he thought he could bring it off. There are some good things in his novel—many of the war episodes, glimpses of the English and European countryside, an occasional bit of crooked humor—but these come about when Ford is writing about matters that he has known or experienced at first hand. As a matter of fact, there is a rather large element of autobiography in the book; Christopher Tietjens is best seen not as the last, or any other kind of, English Tory but as a spokesman for Ford Madox Ford. Even so, I have my doubts about the book's being anything but a minor performance. H. L. Mencken once wrote of Ford, "The high, purple spot of his life came when he collaborated with Conrad, and upon the fact, I daresay, his footnote in the Literature books will depend." It was one of Mencken's more pugnacious judgments, but I wouldn't be surprised if it should stand. —HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BARONS, by Charles Wertenbaker (Random House). The Barons—not a title but a proper name, which carries, one suspects, sociological implications—are a large, inbred family of French descent who own a munitions plant in a town called Susquehanna, somewhere between Philadelphia and Baltimore. Unlike previous commentators on this supposedly mythical clan, Mr. Wertenbaker is in a mellow rather than an indignant frame of mind as he traces its rise to a position of industrial impregnability between the years 1906 and 1921. The Baron in whom he is most interested is a potentially liberal-

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minded fellow, Stuart, who keeps bringing his kinsmen down around his ears because of what is deemed in Susquehanna to be his antic attitude toward both business and matrimony, and who meets with a not unexpected ironic comeuppance. Mr. Wertenbaker is considerably more successful at turning the town of Susquehanna inside out than he is at analyzing the Barons. Unfortunately for his over-all effect, the place reflects far too accurately the tedious behavior of its leading lights.

JUBEL'S CHILDREN, by Lenard Kaufman (Random House). After the death of his wife, Jubel Watson goes visiting among his children, all of whom are grown up and none of whom are very happy. In every household, his arrival accelerates a crisis, but whether the crisis merely seems a pleasant relief from the dreadful grayness of all the lives in question or whether things are really improved by the old man's visit is a matter each reader must decide for himself. Jubel is an admirable old man, and Mr. Kaufman does better by him than by any of his children, who may be taken, one by one, as models of joyless, commonplace humanity, too petty for dignity and too dreary for laughs.

FIRST ON THE ROPE, by R. Frison-Roche (Prentice-Hall). A novel about the men who guide mountaineers and would-be mountaineers up the French Alps. M. Frison-Roche, who used to lead such expeditions himself, writes with great enthusiasm about the perils and triumphs of climbing but is very much less at ease in the purely romantic parts of his book, which read as though he had discovered, too late, that the truth about his guides' lives was infinitely more engrossing than any fiction he could produce about them.

THE TOWER BY THE SEA, by Meindert DeJong (Harper). A brief tale about a wise old woman who narrowly escapes being burned for witchcraft in a Dutch village during the Middle Ages. Mr. DeJong presents his material, which can, of course, be construed as a timely parable, in a simple, silken way that is perhaps designed to catch the attention of readers of any age. A good percentage of them will undoubtedly get the point. Illustrated by Barbara Comfort.

THE TIN TRUMPET OF CHINA, by George C. Appell (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). An episode of the war in

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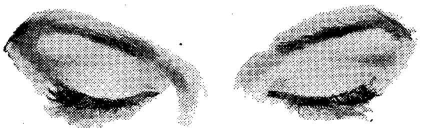

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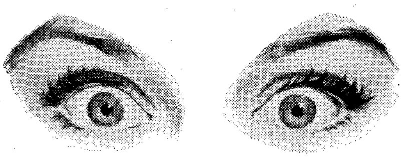

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China, in the year 1938. Among the most important people involved are a Chinese infantry captain named Liang, a beautiful Russian girl named Natasha, and an American newspaperman named Barret. Mr. Appell is strongest in dealing with scenes of pain and shock; he has at least two extraordinarily cruel accounts of violent death. He is also able to give a sharp sense of the detachment of people in times of panic—their detachment from one another and from their predicament. With all this, it is a pity that his writing in general is so disarranged, for it creates a smoke screen that delays the reader without adding anything to the wallop of the story.

BLANDINGS' WAY, by Eric Hodgins (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Hodgins writes with practiced, athletic humor about physical comfort, financial security, and New York advertising people. This is a very long story about Mr. Blandings' tilt with country living (country living in this instance being synonymous with conscience, community spirit, and the dreams of youth, one at a time or all together), about his triumphant retreat to the city, and about his resignation to being middle-aged and making lots more money. A Book-of-the-Month-Club selection for October.

THE RINGING OF THE GLASS, by Preston Schoyer (Dodd, Mead). A shiny adventure novel about China in the years immediately following the end of the last war. Mr. Schoyer tosses people and incidents about rather lightly, not seeming to care very much where or how they land in the story, although he does take the trouble to accord proper human treatment to the character and attitude of his heroine, Miss Genevieve Young, a pretty Eurasian girl living on her own in Shanghai.

THE CAGED BIRDS, by LeRoy Leatherman (Harcourt, Brace). A slow, moody Southern novel, in which the author holds his characters together in a flexible framework of stresses and strains, giving each person a shape and a name, but no identity apart from his (or her) role in the emotional tug of war. Jim Daigre, a lonely eight-year-old, is the center of the story, with his mother, almost equally important, on his right, and on his left an eccentric old rich man who is their neighbor. Mr. Leatherman writes with care and thought and a good deal of artistry, but he is so plainly striving for effect that in

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the long run any one of his paragraphs seems more important than any of his characters.

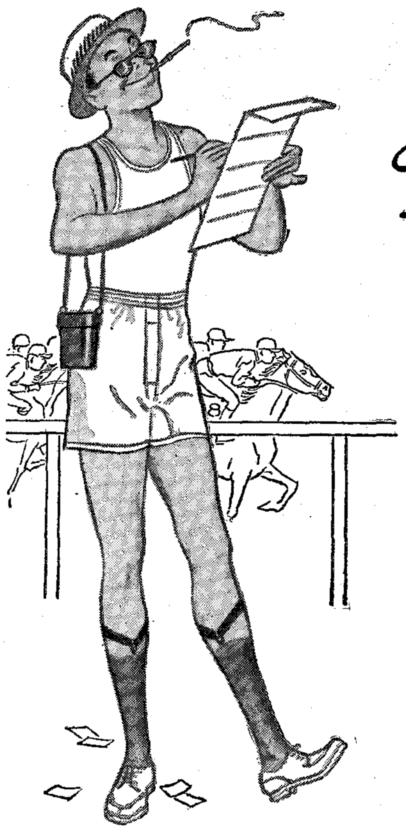
THE GRAND SOPHY, by Georgette Heyer (Putnam). A readable, if somewhat overstuffed, novel of eighteenth-century London. The people in the plot are all of the upper class, and most of them have titles and money, and sense enough to make way readily for Miss Heyer's Sophy, who is almost six feet tall and possessed of the rowdy and rebellious charm that twentieth-century readers like to see in a historical heroine.

ESTHER, by Norah Lofts (Macmillan). Mrs. Lofts describes Esther's annexation of King Artaxerxes with all the wary geniality, mingled with respect, that a Hollywood woman columnist might devote to the union of any movie queen, whatever her name, with any titled person of wealth.

GENERAL

BERNARD BARUCH: PORTRAIT OF A CITIZEN, by W. L. White (Harcourt, Brace). A systematic study of Mr. Baruch and his career, split up into four parts: "Baruch and Wall Street," "Baruch and Woodrow Wilson," "Baruch and F.D.R," and "Baruch and the Atom." The first tells how Baruch made his money, and the second goes into his years as mobilizer-and-expediter extraordinary of industry during World War I. "Baruch and F.D.R." is not a very inspiring chronicle, for Baruch was not sympathetic to the New Deal; President Roosevelt complained that he was just too stubborn. (Senator Carter Glass, when he heard that, remarked that Baruch sure was—"especially on a proposition like two plus two equals four. Bernie can be dogmatic as hell about that.") The last section contains the full text of the Baruch Plan for control of the atomic bomb. Mr. White has done an able journalistic job, although he sometimes sounds as if he were about to nominate Baruch for President.

NOBLE ESSENCES, by Sir Osbert Sitwell (Little, Brown). This book, the fifth and, according to its author, final volume of Sir Osbert's running autobiography, is a sort of literary and artistic at home, in the course of which the author parades before the reader, to the enchantment of both, a number of glittering personalities he has known. Among these, comfortably occupying a chapter each, are Sir



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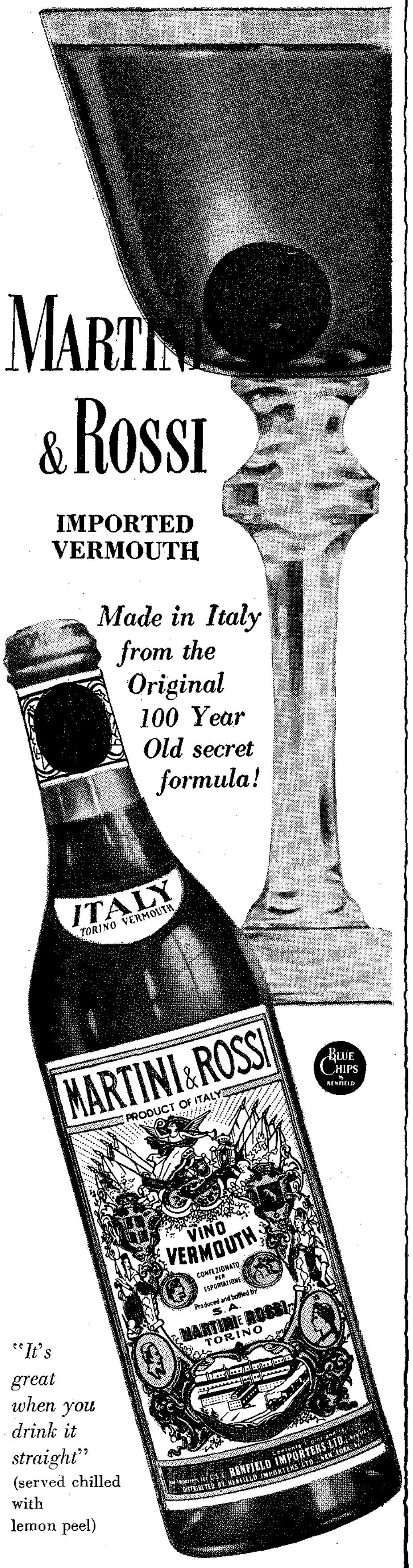

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Edmund Gosse, the prankish dean of English critics and preface writers of thirty years ago; Wilfred Owen, the young poet who was killed in the First World War; Walter Richard Sickert, raconteur and painter; and the astonishing and strange novelist Ronald Firbank. In signing off (he takes his time about it, too), Sir Osbert declares that the grand design of his autobiography is now complete. This would be very bad news indeed if one were silly enough to believe it.

FIFTH CHINESE DAUGHTER, by Jade Snow Wong (Harper). An account of how a young woman of notable intelligence, good humor, and talent handled the job of dovetailing American ways with a Chinese upbringing. Miss Wong, the daughter of a manufacturer in San Francisco's Chinatown, notes in her introduction that a book in the first person would seem "outrageously immodest to anyone raised in the spirit of Chinese propriety." Therefore, her recollections of her rigidly regimented family life as contrasted with her American education are told in the third person, a device that is especially successful when she is dealing with the period in her development when, to her parents' consternation, she began to break with Chinese traditions. An engrossing story, related with the same skill the author apparently manifests in her present occupation of designing and making pottery. Illustrated by Kathryn Uhl.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY, by Will Cuppy (Holt). A cheerful collection of brief pieces about various historical figures, with special stress on such piquant ones as Nero, Attila, Lucrezia Borgia, Lady Godiva, and Catherine the Great, all of whose careers lend themselves most effectively to Mr. Cuppy's special treatment. This involves a liberal use of footnotes, containing not only the author's informal and facetious asides but a really impressive amount of authentic historical lore. Ably illustrated by William Steig.

BELLES ON THEIR TOES, by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey (Crowell). Further escapades of the Gilbreth family, the animated protagonists of "Cheaper by the Dozen." In this sequel, the eleven youngsters, ranging in years from pre-primary-school to college age, pitch in and help Mrs. Gilbreth, a motion-study expert, to keep their

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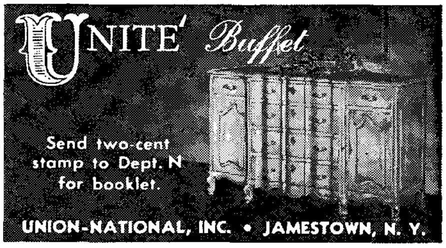

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house in Montclair going after the death of their father in 1924. The domestic complications that arise aren't entirely unexpected, in view of such factors, now familiar to the public, as the size of the brood and the unorthodox nature of Mr. Gilbreth's educational theories, nor are they quite as funny as the previous ones, since the authors are apparently under the impression that humor, like bedmaking, is improved by the repetitive techniques advocated by efficiency experts, and that it can be both streamlined and mass-produced. Illustrated by Donald McKay. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection for October.

THE COMPLETE DETECTIVE, by Rupert Hughes, with an introduction by Erle Stanley Gardner (Sheridan House). A biography of Raymond Schindler, undoubtedly the most famous private detective in America today. Mr. Hughes' prose style is rather primitive (there is probably no author with a greater weakness for exclamation points and for capitalizing common nouns), and his admiration for his subject may strike some as a little excessive, but the book is always lively and often fascinating. Mr. Hughes deals with a multitude of his hero's cases, including his successful operations in behalf of Alfred de Marigny, who was charged with the murder of Sir Harry Oakes; his equally successful exposure of Dr. Arthur Warren Waite as the poisoner of his wife's father and mother; and his victory over municipal corruption in Atlantic City. They are all excellent stories, demonstrating that detection in real life, though less hazardous than that in fiction, is still a picturesque and demanding business.

THE HICKORY LIMB, by Henry Noble MacCracken (Scribner). The president emeritus of Vassar reviews, in a fashion alternately crisp and autumnal, his thirty-year stretch on a campus noted for, among other things, its oddly assorted architecture. Dr. MacCracken feels that throughout his career he played the role of *enfant terrible* in higher educational circles, mostly because he adhered to his basic idea that a college ought to be run for its students rather than for its faculty or trustees. In addition to propounding this theory, he comes out strongly for Chaucer, euthenics, Shakespeare gardens, and better working conditions for the college help, and against (but not so fervently) visiting lecturers, alumnae groups,

(*Advertisement*)

THE
Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
COLUMN
by **CEDRIC ADAMS**
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

JUST FOUND THE PERFECT method for stopping hiccoughs. And it's so simple. Next time hiccoughs seize you, open your mouth wide and hold your breath. Zingo! They're gone . . . Buying a home? Judge it somewhat by the houses across the street, because you'll be seeing almost as much of them as you will be of your home . . . Arthur Godfrey's sister, using the name Kathy Morton, is conducting a commentary series on a Phoenix radio station . . . New name for women who hoard: "Grab Bag." Best way to guard against a fountain pen's leaking on a plane flight is to fill it to capacity. A partly filled pen permits the air to expand when you get up high. The leak follows . . . Statistics prove that in the first year of marriage the bride will have two big spats with the Man of Her Life and twice will she wish she had married the other guy.

★

MOTHERS, DON'T LEAVE it to nature whether a tot is to become a right-hander or a southpaw. Train the baby to right-handedness beginning in the cradle. No baby is born lefthanded. The training should be unobtrusive. Don't make a scene by grabbing a toy away from a tot who has taken it in his left hand. Be persistent in encouraging the use of the right hand. Let the child feed himself with his right hand. When you give a baby a toy put it in his right hand. Place the articles he's going to use frequently on his right side. But get this—after a child has been writing for a year with his left hand, it's too late to try a switchover . . . When you're called upon to cool pop or other bottled drinks in ice, put them in with the necks down, they'll cool faster. Don't ask me why.

★

YOU CAN GET A SUN TAN from a coin machine soon. General Electric engineers have been experimenting with a sun tan unit which doubles for the sun in such places as doctors' and dentists' offices, beauty shops, lounges and hotel rooms. The machine uses a heat lamp in conjunction with a sun lamp to produce mild perspiration which conditions the skin for tanning. A timer and a tape for measuring the proper exposure and distance safeguard the customer . . . A chicken breeder out in Washington has developed a crossbreed chicken that has a layer of white meat on the drum sticks . . . Revised definition: Career Girl—All work and no playboy.

★

WORST LINE I'VE seen in months: "Your wife is as old as she looks before breakfast." Who would ever have the nerve to utter that one? . . . Chicago still has Minneapolis whipped as the Swedish capital of our land. Chicago still outranks us in the number of Swedes . . . Next thing the phonograph makers will pop is a slow-speed disk that will play one hour on each side . . . Diet experts are out now with a slow but easy method of taking off poundage. Latest recommendation is to reduce your lunch to two dishes of ice cream—nothing more though, remember.

★

WE'RE RATHER LIKE A PROUD MOTHER at the Minneapolis Star and Tribune these days because we're welcoming back a distinguished colleague. He is Nat Finney, a member of the Star and Tribune Washington bureau for nine years and 1948 winner of the Pulitzer and Raymond Clapper awards for outstanding reporting. Nat is returning home to become editorial page editor of the Star. To people of this great Upper Midwest region, Nat's new assignment is further indication of the topflight editorial leadership they have come to expect of their best-read, most respected newspapers—**the Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 475,000) and **the Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 600,000).

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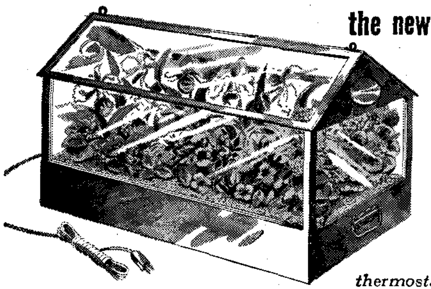

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and personal visits by the president to Middle Western preparatory schools. As far as the Daisy Chain is concerned, he sticks to the middle of the road.

THE YEAR OF THE OATH, by George R. Stewart (Doubleday). A report, commendably dispassionate in tone, on the serious situation created this past year at the University of California when the faculty members were required by the regents to take a non-Communist oath. (Just after this book went to press, thirty-one non-signers, all of whom had previously been cleared by the university of any suspicion of Communistic inclinations, were dismissed from their jobs.) After stating in the simplest possible terms the reasons for the stands taken by both the anti- and the pro-oath factions in the various branches of the university, Mr. Stewart points out not only the long-range implications of such political tests—closely resembling those imposed on German and Italian university professors before the last war—but their immediate and unnerving results: In a relatively short period, a distinguished and well-functioning university has become riddled with suspicion and fear, a setup obviously not conducive to the carrying out of its educational aims.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

IN THE BEST FAMILIES, by Rex Stout (Viking). Confronted with the murder of a new client, an ugly heiress who has just given him a ten-thousand-dollar retainer, Nero Wolfe does an unprecedented thing. He disappears, after disposing of his house, his orchids, and his faithful cook, leaving Archie Goodwin to hold the bag. This heiress has an acquisitive family, and they, augmented by the police of New York and Westchester Counties, make Archie's life decidedly uncomfortable. It is a great relief to Archie when his boss reappears, a hundred and seventeen pounds lighter, and points an unerring finger at the killer.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Photograph caption in the Tampa Tribune*]

Miami Beach—Mrs. Irma Hamilton gets a hug from son Ronald, 5, after she won the title of Mrs. South Florida here. She will go on to New Jersey for the Mrs. America finals next week. She wears the title of Mrs. South Florida because a recent rash of hurricanes kept some contestants from reaching the state finals.

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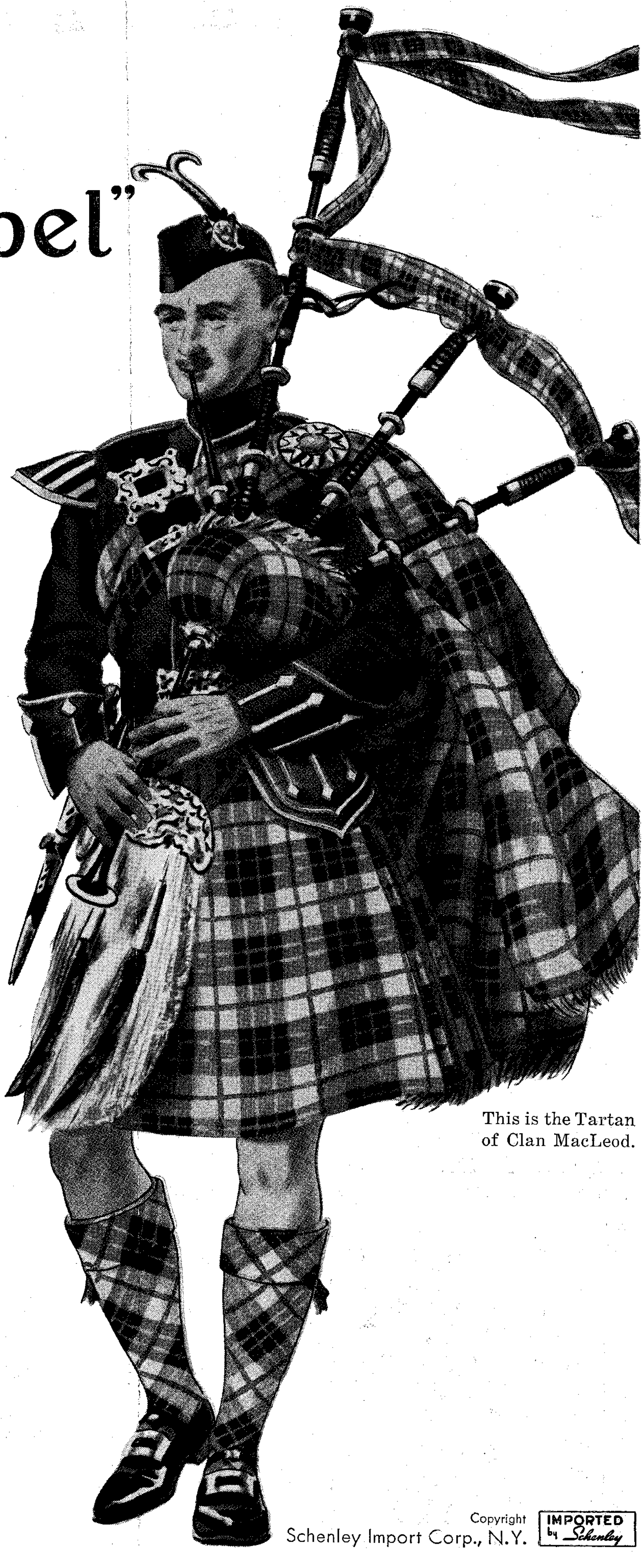

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